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### PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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# Eclectic Magazine

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MIND AND MOTION.

[REDE LECTURE, 1885.]

BY GEORGE T. ROMANES.

IT is to me an interesting reflection that since the time when in this Senate House I took my degree—now nearly fifteen years ago—the University of Cambridge has undergone changes which, both in number and in magnitude, are greater than any to which she has been subject in the whole course of her previous history. I will not wait to enumerate these changes, which in their aggregate have done so much to bring the University well abreast with the requirements of an age of rapid progress. But there is one of these changes—and this, in my opinion, one of the most important—to which I desire especially to point, as constituting my reason for choosing the subject on which I propose to address you.

The year to which I have alluded  
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was the year in which Trinity College founded the Cambridge School of Physiology. I well remember the beginnings of that school. In a small make-shift laboratory, which was also used as a lecture-room, a young man, who was called the Prælector of Physiology, used to instruct some half a dozen undergraduates in the rudiments of his science. This small and isolated group of workers was at that time an object of what I may term good-natured contempt, on the part of all the undergraduate world belonging to the larger and more venerable schools of learning. But that small and isolated group was a seed which had fallen upon good ground, and from it we now behold a growth which I can designate only by the word amazing. If, therefore, I am now addressing any of

my former friends who used to laugh at us in these good old days, I claim from them the tribute of other feelings when I say, that the Prælector of Physiology was the now illustrious Professor Michael Foster, and that the unpretending band of pupils whom he had then gathered around him included Martin, Dew-Smith, Gaskell, Francis Darwin, and last, though not least, that extraordinary youth, whom to know was to love, and the meteoric career of whose genius is perhaps without a parallel in the history of science—Francis Maitland Balfour. Chiefly owing to his great influence, working in harmonious combination with that of Professor Foster, the others whom I have named, and some who followed afterwards, the Cambridge School of Biology has grown to be what now we behold it—a power not only in its parent University, but a power also in the whole world of science.

Nor is it Biology alone which has made such vast progress in this University since the time of which I speak. Side by side with the school of Biology two other schools of science have grown, which in respect alike of ability and equipment are able to challenge comparison with any similar institutions of the world. On the one hand we have the munificent foundation by our Chancellor of the Cavendish Laboratory, for the study of experimental physics—a foundation which will always be associated with the great names of Maxwell and Rayleigh. Maxwell we have lost, and Rayleigh has resigned; but the founders of the third great school to which I have alluded are still among us: and all who pursue in earnest the study of mental science will agree with me in assigning to the foremost rank of honor the names of Venn and Ward and Sidgwick.

Having regard, then, to these great changes which have taken place since I left Cambridge, it has appeared to me that I could choose no subject for the Rede Lecture of 1885 more appropriate than a consideration of the bearings upon one another of those sciences which here and now have struck so firm a root—Physiology (which is based upon Physics), and Psychology. With your permission, therefore, I propose to discuss what we at present know concern-

ing the relations between the external world of Nature and the internal world of Mind.

The earliest writer who deserves to be called a psychologist is Hobbes; and if we consider the time when he wrote, we cannot fail to be surprised at what I may term his prevision of the most important results which have now been established by science. He was the first clearly to sound the note which has ever since constituted the bass, or fundamental tone, of scientific thought. Let us listen to it through the clear instrumentality of his own language:—

"All the qualities called sensible are, in the object which causeth them, but so many motions of the matter by which it presseth on our organs diversely. Neither in us that are pressed are they anything else but divers motions; for motion produceth nothing but motion. . . . The cause of sense is the external body or object, which presseth the organ proper to each sense, either immediately, as in taste and touch, or mediately, as in hearing, seeing, and smelling; which pressure, by the mediation of the nerves, and other strings and membranes of the body, continued inward to the brain and heart, causeth there a resistance, or counter-pressure, or endeavor. . . . And because *going, speaking*, and the like voluntary motions, depend always upon a precedent thought of *whither, which way, and what*; it is evident that the imagination [or idea] is the first internal beginning of all voluntary motion. And although unstudied men do not conceive any motion at all to be there, where the thing moved is invisible; or the space it is moved in is, for the shortness of it, insensible; yet that doth not hinder, but that such motions are. These small beginnings of motion, within the body of man, before they appear in walking, speaking, striking, and other visible actions, are commonly called ENDEAVOR."

These quotations are sufficient to show that the system of Hobbes was prophetic of a revelation afterwards declared by two centuries of scientific research. For they show how plainly he taught that all our knowledge of the external world is a knowledge of motion; and, again, that all our acquisitions of knowledge and other acts of mind themselves imply, as he elsewhere says, some kind of "motion, agitation, or alteration, which worketh in the brain." That he conceived such motion, agitation, or alteration to be, from its extreme minuteness, "invisible" and "insensible," or, as we should now say, molecular, is likewise evident. I can

therefore imagine the delight with which he would hear me speak when I say, that it is no longer a matter of keensighted speculation, but a matter of carefully demonstrated fact, that all our knowledge of the external world is nothing more than a knowledge of motion. For all the forms of energy have now been proved to be but modes of motion; and even matter, if not in its ultimate constitution vortical motion, at all events is known to us only as changes of motion: all that we perceive in what we call matter is change in modes of motion. We do not even know what it is that moves; we only know that when some modes of motion pass into other modes, we perceive what we understand by matter. It would take me too long to justify this general statement so that it should be intelligible to every one; but I am confident that all persons who understand such subjects will, when they think about it, accept this general statement as one which is universally true. And, if so, they will agree with Hobbes that all our knowledge of the external world is a knowledge of motion.

Now, if it would have been thus a joy to Hobbes to have heard to-day how thoroughly he has been justified in his views touching the external world, with no less joy would he have heard that he has been equally justified in his views touching the internal world. For it has now been proved, beyond the possibility of dispute, that it is only in virtue of those invisible movements which he inferred that the nervous system is enabled to perform its varied functions.

To many among the different kinds of movement going on in the external world, the animal body is adapted to respond by its own movements as best suits its own welfare; and the mechanism whereby this is effected is the neuromuscular system. Those kinds of movement going on in the external world which are competent to evoke responsive movements in the animal body are called by physiologists stimuli. When a stimulus falls upon the appropriate sensory surface, a wave of molecular movement is sent up the attached sensory nerve to a nerve-centre, which thereupon issues another wave of molecular movement down a motor nerve to the group of

muscles over whose action it presides; and when the muscles receive this wave of nervous influence they contract. This kind of response to stimuli is purely mechanical, or non-mental, and is ordinarily termed reflex action. The whole of the spinal cord and lower part of the brain are made up of nerve-centres of reflex action; and, in the result, we have a wonderfully perfect machine in the animal body considered as a whole. For while the various sensory surfaces are severally adapted to respond to different kinds of external movement—the eye to light, the ear to sound, and so on—any of these surfaces may be brought into suitable relation with any of the muscles of the body by means of the cerebro-spinal nerve-centres and their intercommunications.

So much, then, for the machinery of the body. We must now turn to consider the corporeal seat of the mind, or the only part of the nervous system wherein the agitation of nervous matter is accompanied with consciousness. This is composed of a double nerve-centre, which occurs in all vertebrated animals, and the two parts of which are called the cerebral hemispheres. In man this double nerve-centre is so large that it completely fills the arch of the skull, as far down as the level of the eyebrows. The two hemispheres of which it consists meet face to face in the middle line of the skull, from the top of the nose backwards. Each hemisphere is composed of two conspicuously distinct parts, called respectively the grey matter and the white matter. The grey matter is external, enveloping the white matter like a skull-cap, and is composed of an inconceivable number of nerve-cells connected together by nerve-fibres. It is computed that in a human brain there cannot be less than a thousand millions of cells, and five thousand millions of fibres. The white matter is composed only of nerve-fibres, which pass downwards in great strands of conducting tissue to the lower centres of the brain and spinal cord. So that the whole constitutes one system, with the grey matter of the cerebral hemispheres at the apex or crown.

That the grey matter of the cerebral hemispheres is the exclusive seat of mind is proved in two ways. In the

first place, if we look to the animal kingdom as a whole, we find that, speaking generally, the intelligence of species varies with the mass of this grey matter. Or, in other words, we find that the process of mental evolution, on its physical side, has consisted in the progressive development of this grey matter superimposed upon the pre-existing nervous machinery, until it has attained its latest and maximum growth in man.

In the second place, we find that when the grey matter is experimentally removed from the brain of animals, the animals continue to live; but are completely deprived of intelligence. All the lower nerve-centres continue to perform their mechanical adjustments in response to suitable stimulation; but they are no longer under the government of the mind. Thus, for instance, when a bird is mutilated in this way, it will continue to perform all its reflex adjustments—such as sitting on a perch, using its wings when thrown into the air, and so forth; but it no longer remembers its nest or its young, and will starve to death in the midst of its food, unless it be fed artificially.

Again, if the grey matter of only one hemisphere be removed, the mind is taken away from the corresponding (*i.e.*, the opposite) side of the body, while it remains intact on the other side. For example, if a dog be deprived of one hemisphere, the eye which was supplied from it with nerve-fibres continues able to see, or to transmit impressions to the lower nerve-centre called the optic ganglion; for this eye will then mechanically follow the hand waved in front of it. But if the hand should hold a piece of meat, the dog will show no mental recognition of the meat, which of course it will immediately seize if exposed to the view of its other eye. The same thing is found to happen in the case of birds: on the injured side *sensation*, or the power of responding to a stimulus, remains intact; while *perception*, or the power of mental recognition, is destroyed.

This description applies to the grey matter of the cerebral hemispheres as a whole. But of course the question next arises whether it only acts as a whole, or whether there is any localization of different intellectual faculties in different parts of it. Now, in answer to this

question, it has long been known that the faculty of speech is definitely localized in a part of the grey matter lying just behind the forehead; for, when this part is injured, a man loses all power of expressing even the most simple ideas in words, while the ideas themselves remain as clear as ever. It is remarkable that in each individual only this part of one hemisphere appears to be used; and there is some evidence to show that left-handed persons use the opposite side from right-handed. Moreover, when the side which is habitually in use is destroyed, the corresponding part of the other hemisphere begins to learn its work, so that the patient may in time recover his use of language.

Within the last few years the important discovery has been made, that by stimulating with electricity the surface of the grey matter of the hemispheres, muscular movements are evoked; and that certain patches of the grey matter, when thus stimulated, always throw into action the same groups of muscles. In other words, there are definite local areas of grey matter, which, when stimulated, throw into action definite groups of muscles. The surface of the cerebral hemispheres has now been in large measure explored and mapped out with reference to these so-called motor-centres; and thus our knowledge of the neuromuscular machinery of the higher animals (including man) has been very greatly furthered. Here I may observe parenthetically that, as the brain is insentient to injuries inflicted upon its own substance, none of the experiments to which I have alluded entail any suffering to the animals experimented upon; and it is evident that the important information which has thus been gained could not have been gained by any other method. I may also observe that as these motor-centres occur in the grey matter of the hemispheres, a strong probability arises that they are not only the motor-centres, but also the volitional centres which originate the intellectual commands for the contraction of this and that group of muscles. Unfortunately we cannot interrogate an animal whether, when we stimulate a motor-centre, we arouse in the animal's mind an act of will to throw the corresponding group of muscles into action;

but that these motor-centres are really centres of volition is pointed to by the fact, that electrical stimuli have no longer any effect upon them when the mental faculties of the animal are suspended by anæsthetics, nor in the case of young animals where the mental faculties have not yet been sufficiently developed to admit of voluntary co-ordination among the muscles which are concerned. On the whole, then, it is not improbable that on stimulating artificially these motor-centres of the brain, a physiologist is actually playing from without, and at his own pleasure, upon the volitions of the animal.

Turning, now, from this brief description of the structure and leading functions of the principal parts of the nervous system, I propose to consider what we know about the molecular movements going on in different parts of this system, and which are concerned in all the processes of reflex adjustment, sensation, perception, emotion, instinct, thought, and volition.

First of all, the rate at which these molecular movements travel through a nerve has been measured, and found to be about 100 feet per second, or somewhat more than a mile a minute, in the nerves of a frog. In the nerves of a mammal it is just about twice as fast; so that if London were connected with New York by means of a mammalian nerve instead of an electric cable, it would require nearly a whole day for a message to pass.

Next, the time has also been measured which is required by a nerve-centre to perform its part in a reflex action, where no thought or consciousness is involved. This time, in the case of the winking reflex, and apart from the time required for the passage of the molecular waves up and down the sensory and motor nerves, is about  $\frac{1}{10}$  of a second. Such is the rate at which a nerve-centre conducts its operations when no consciousness or volition is involved. But when consciousness and volition are involved, or when the cerebral hemispheres are called into play, the time required is considerably greater. For the operations on the part of the hemispheres which are comprised in perceiving a simple sensation (such as an electrical shock) and the volitional act of signalling

the perception, cannot be performed in less than  $\frac{1}{10}$  of a second, which is nearly twice as long as the time required by the lower nerve-centres for the performance of a reflex action. Other experiments prove that the more complex an act of perception, the more time is required for its performance. Thus, when the experiment is made to consist, not merely in signalling a perception, but in signalling one of two or more perceptions (such as an electrical shock on one or other of the two hands, which of five letters is suddenly exposed to view, &c.), a longer time is required for the more complex process of distinguishing which of the two or more expected stimuli is perceived, and in determining which of the appropriate signals to make in response. The time consumed by the cerebral hemispheres in meeting a "dilemma" of this kind is from  $\frac{1}{10}$  to  $\frac{1}{5}$  of a second longer than that which they consume in the case of a simpler perception. Therefore, whenever mental operations are concerned, a relatively much greater time is required for a nerve-centre to perform its adjustments than when a merely mechanical or non-mental response is needed; and the more complex the mental operation the more time is necessary. Such may be termed the physiology of deliberation.

So much, then, for the rate at which molecular movements travel through nerves, and the times which nerve-centres consume in performing their molecular adjustments. We may next consider the researches which have been made within the last few months upon the rates of these movements themselves, or the number of vibrations per second with which the particles of nervous matter oscillate.

If, by means of a suitable apparatus, a muscle is made to record its own contraction, we find that during all the time it is in contraction, it is undergoing a vibratory movement at the rate of about nine pulsations per second. What is the meaning of this movement? The meaning is that the act of will in the brain, which serves as a stimulus to the contraction of the muscle, is accompanied by a vibratory movement in the grey matter of the brain; that this movement is going on at the rate of nine pulsations per second; and that the

muscle is giving a separate or distinct contraction in response to every one of these nervous pulsations. That such is the true explanation of the rhythm in the muscle is proved by the fact that if, instead of contracting a muscle by an act of the will, it be contracted by means of a rapid series of electrical shocks playing upon its attached nerve, the record then furnished shows a similar trembling going on in the muscle as in the previous case; but the tremors of contraction are now no longer at the rate of nine per second: they correspond beat for beat with the interruptions of the electrical current. That is to say, the muscle is responding separately to every separate stimulus which it receives through the nerve; and further experiment shows that it is able thus to keep time with the separate shocks, even though these be made to follow one another so rapidly as 1,000 per second. Therefore we can have no doubt that the slow rhythm of nine per second under the influence of volitional stimulation, represents the rate of which the muscle is receiving so many separate impulses from the brain: the muscle is keeping time with the molecular vibrations going on in the cerebral hemispheres at the rate of nine beats per second. Careful tracings show that this rate cannot be increased by increasing the strength of the volitional stimulus; but some individuals—and those usually who are of quickest intelligence—display a somewhat quicker rate of rhythm, which may be as high as eleven per second. Moreover, it is found that by stimulating with strychnine any of the centres of reflex action, pretty nearly the same rate of rhythm is exhibited by the muscles thus thrown into contraction; so that all the nerve-cells in the body are thus shown to have in their vibrations pretty nearly the same period, and not to be able to vibrate with any other. For no matter how rapidly the electrical shocks are allowed to play upon the grey matter of the cerebral hemispheres, as distinguished from the nerve-trunks proceeding from them to the muscles, the muscles always show the same rhythm of about nine beats per second: the nerve-cells, unlike the nerve-fibres, refuse to keep time with the electric shocks, and will only re-

spond to them by vibrating at their own intrinsic rate of nine beats per second.

Thus much, then, for the rate of molecular vibration which goes on in nerve-centres. But the rate of such vibration which goes on in sensory and motor nerves may be very much more rapid. For while a nerve-centre is only able to *originate* a vibration at the rate of about nine beats per second, a motor-nerve, as we have already seen, is able to *transmit* a vibration of at least 1,000 beats per second; and a sensory nerve which at the surface of its expansion is able to respond differently to differences of musical pitch, of temperature, and even of color, is probably able to vibrate very much more rapidly even than this. We are not, indeed, entitled to conclude that the nerves of special sense vibrate in actual unison, or synchronize, with these external sources of stimulation; but we are, I think, bound to conclude that they must vibrate in some numerical proportion to them (else we should not perceive objective differences in sound, temperature, or color); and even this implies that they are probably able to vibrate at some enormous rate.

With further reference to these molecular movements in sensory nerves, the following important observation has been made—viz., that there is a constant ratio between the amount of agitation produced in a sensory nerve, and the intensity of the corresponding sensation. This ratio is not a direct one. As Fechner states it, "Sensation varies, not as the stimulus, but as the logarithm of the stimulus." Thus, for instance, if 1,000 candles are all throwing their light upon the same screen, we should require ten more candles to be added before our eyes could perceive any difference in the amount of illumination. But if we begin with only 100 candles shining upon the screen, we should perceive an increase in the illumination by adding a single candle. And what is true of sight is equally true of all the other senses: if any stimulus is increased, the smallest increase of sensation first occurs when the stimulus rises one per cent. above its original intensity. Such being the law on the side of sensation, suppose that we place upon the optic nerve of an animal the wires pro-

ceeding from a delicate galvanometer, we find that every time we stimulate the eye with light, the needle of the galvanometer moves, showing electrical changes going on in the nerve, caused by the molecular agitations. Now these electrical changes are found to vary in intensity with the intensity of the light used as a stimulus, and they do so very nearly in accordance with the law of sensation just mentioned. So we say that in sensation the cerebral hemispheres are, as it were, acting the part of galvanometers in appreciating the amount of molecular change which is going on in sensory nerves; and that they record their readings in the mind as faithfully as a galvanometer records its readings on the dial.

Hitherto we have been considering certain features in the physiology of nervous action, so far as this can be appreciated by means of physiological instruments. But we have just seen that the cerebral hemispheres may themselves be regarded as such instruments, which record in our minds their readings of changes going on in our nerves. Hence, when other physiological instruments fail us, we may gain much additional insight touching the movements of nervous matter by attending to the thoughts and feelings of our own minds; for these are so many indices of what is going on in the cerebral hemispheres. I therefore propose next to contemplate the mind, considered thus as a physiological instrument.

The same scientific instinct which led Hobbes so truly to anticipate the progress of physiology, led him not less truly to anticipate the progress of psychology. For just as he was the first to enunciate the fundamental principle of nerve-action in the vibration of molecules, so was he likewise the first to enunciate the fundamental principle of psychology in the association of ideas. And the great advance of knowledge which has been made since his day with respect to both these principles, entitles us to be much more confident than even he was that they are in some way intimately united. Moreover, the manner in which they are so united we have begun clearly to understand. For we know from our study of nerve-action in general, that when once a wave of in-

visible or molecular movement passes through any line of nerve-structure, it leaves behind it a change in the structure such that it is afterward more easy for a similar wave, when started from the same point, to pursue the same course. Or, to adopt a simile from Hobbes, just as water upon a table flows most readily in the lines which have been wetted by a previous flow, so the invisible waves of nerve-action pass most readily in the lines of a previous passage. This is the reason why in any exercise requiring muscular co-ordination, or dexterity, "practice makes perfect:" the nerve-centres concerned learn to perform their work by frequently repeating it, because in this way the needful lines of wave-movement in the structure of the nerve-centre are rendered more and more permeable by use. Now we have seen that in the nerve-centres called the cerebral hemispheres, wave-movement of this kind is accompanied with feeling. Changes of consciousness follow step by step these waves of movement in the brain, and therefore when on two successive occasions the waves of movement pursue the same pathway in the brain, they are attended with a succession of the same ideas in the mind. Thus we see that the tendency of ideas to recur in the same order as that in which they have previously occurred, is merely an obverse expression of the fact that lines of wave-movement in the brain become more and more permeable by use. So it comes that a child can learn its lessons by frequently repeating them; so it is that all our knowledge is accumulated; and so it is that all our thinking is conducted.

A wholly new field of inquiry is thus opened up. By using our own consciousness as a physiological instrument of the greatest delicacy, we are able to learn a great deal about the dynamics of brain-action concerning which we should otherwise remain in total ignorance. But the field of inquiry thus opened up is too large for me to enter upon to-day. I will therefore merely observe, in general terms, that although we are still very far from understanding the operations of the brain in thought, there can be no longer any question that in these operations of the brain we have what I may term the objective machinery of

thought. "Not every thought to every thought succeeds indifferently," said Hobbes. Starting from this fact, modern physiology has clearly shown why it is a fact; and looking to the astonishing rate at which the science of physiology is now advancing, I think we may fairly expect that within a time less remote than the two centuries which now separate us from Hobbes, the course of ideas in a given train of thought will admit of having its footsteps tracked in the corresponding pathways of the brain. Be this, however, as it may, even now we know enough to say that, whether or not these footsteps will ever admit of being thus tracked in detail, they are all certainly present in the cerebral structures of each one of us. What we know on the side of mind as logical sequence, is one the side of the nervous system nothing more than a passage of nervous energy through one series of cells and fibres rather than through another: what we recognize as truth is merely the fact of the brain vibrating in tune with Nature.

Such being the intimate relation between nerve-action and mind-action, it has become the scientifically orthodox teaching that the two stand to one another in the relation of cause to effect. One of the most distinguished of my predecessors in this place, the President of the Royal Society, has said in one of the most celebrated of his lectures:—"We have as much reason for regarding the mode of motion of the nervous system as the cause of the state of consciousness, as we have for regarding any event as the cause of another." And, by way of perfectly logical deduction from this statement, Professor Huxley argues that thought and feeling have nothing whatever to do with determining action: they are merely the by-products of cerebration, or, as he expresses it, the indices of changes which are going on in the brain. Under this view we are all what he terms conscious automata, or machines which happen, as it were by chance, to be conscious of some of their own movements. But the consciousness is altogether adventitious, and bears the same ineffectual relation to the activity of the brain as a steam-whistle bears to the activity of a loco-

motive, or the striking of a clock to the time-keeping adjustments of the clock-work. Here, again, we meet with an echo of Hobbes, who opens his work on the Commonwealth with these words:—

"Nature, the art whereby God hath made and governs the world, is by the *art* of man, as in many other things, in this also imitated, that it can make an artificial animal. For seeing life is but a motion of limbs, the beginning whereof is in the principal part within; why may we not say, that all *automata* (engines that move themselves by springs and wheels as doth a watch), have an artificial life? For what is the *heart*, but a *spring*; and the *nerves*, but so many *strings*; and the *joints*, but so many *wheels*, giving motion to the whole body, such as was intended by the artificer?"

Now, this theory of conscious automatism is not merely a legitimate outcome of the theory that nervous changes are the causes of mental changes, but it is logically the only possible outcome. Nor do I see any way in which this theory can be fought on grounds of physiology. If we persist in regarding the association between brain and thought exclusively from a physiological point of view, we must of necessity be materialists. Further, so far as we are physiologists our materialism can do us no harm. On the contrary, it is to us of the utmost service, as at once the simplest physiological explanation of facts already known, and the best working hypothesis to guide us in our further researches. But it does not follow from this that the theory of materialism is true. The bells of St. Mary's over the way always ring for a quarter of an hour before the University sermon; yet the ringing of the bells is not the cause of the sermon, although, as long as the association remains constant, there would be no harm in assuming, for any practical purposes, that it is so. But just as we should be wrong in concluding, if we did not happen to know so much about the matter as we do know, that the University sermon is produced by the vibration of bells in the tower of St. Mary's Church, so we may be similarly wrong if we were definitely to conclude that the sermon is produced by the vibration of a number of little nerve-cells in the brain of the preacher.

Now, if time permitted, and if I supposed that you would all care to go with me into matters of some abstruseness, I

could certainly prove that whatever the connection between body and mind may be, we have the best possible reasons for concluding that it is not a casual connection. These reasons are, of course, extra-physiological; but they are not on this account less conclusive. Within the limits of a lecture, however, I can only undertake to give an outline sketch of what I take to be the overwhelming argument against materialism.

We have first the general fact that all our knowledge of motion, and so of matter, is merely a knowledge of the modifications of mind. That is to say, all our knowledge of the external world—including the knowledge of our own brains—is merely a knowledge of our own mental states. Let it be observed that we do not even require to go so far as the irrefutable position of Berkeley, that the existence of an external world without the medium of mind, or of being without knowing, is inconceivable. It is enough to take our stand on a lower level of abstraction, and to say that whether or not an external world can exist apart from mind in any absolute or inconceivable sense, at any rate it cannot do so *for us*. We cannot think any of the facts of external nature without presupposing the existence of a mind which thinks them; and therefore, so far at least as we are concerned, mind is necessarily prior to everything else. It is for us the only mode of existence which is real in its own right; and to it, as to a standard, all other modes of existence which may be *inferred* must be *referred*. Therefore, if we say that mind is a function of motion, we are only saying, in somewhat confused terminology, that mind is a function of itself.

Such, then, I take to be a general refutation of materialism. To use but a mild epithet, we must conclude that the theory is unphilosophical, seeing that it assumes one thing to be produced by another thing, in spite of an obvious demonstration that the alleged effect is necessarily prior to its cause. Such, I say, is a general refutation of materialism. But this is far from being all. "Motion," says Hobbes, "produceth nothing but motion;" and yet he immediately proceeds to assume that in the case of the brain it produces, not only

motion, but mind. He was perfectly right in saying that with respect to its movements the animal body resembles an engine or a watch; and if he had been acquainted with the products of higher evolution in watch-making, he might with full propriety have argued, for instance, that in the compensating balance, whereby a watch adjusts its own movements in adaptation to external changes of temperature, a watch is exhibiting the mechanical aspect of volition. And, similarly, it is perhaps possible to conceive that the principles of mechanism might be more and more extended in their effects, until, in so marvellously perfected a structure as the human brain, all the voluntary movements of the body might be originated in the same mechanical manner as are the compensating movements of a watch; for this, indeed, as we have seen, is no more than happens in the case of all the nerve-centres other than the cerebral hemispheres. If this were so, motion would be producing nothing but motion, and upon the subject of brain-action there would be nothing further to say. Without consciousness I should be delivering this lecture; without consciousness you would be hearing it; and all the busy brains in this University would be conducting their researches, or preparing for their examinations, mindlessly. Strange as such a state of things might be, still motion would be producing nothing but motion; and, therefore, if there were any mind to contemplate the facts, it would encounter no philosophical paradox: it would merely have to conclude that such were the astonishing possibilities of mechanism. But, as the facts actually stand, we find that this is not the case. We find, indeed, that up to a certain level of complexity mechanism alone is able to perform all the compensations or adjustments which are performed by the animal body; but we also find that beyond this level such compensations or adjustments are never performed without the intervention of consciousness. Therefore, the theory of automatism has to meet the unanswerable question—How is it that in the machinery of the brain motion produces this something which is not motion? Science has now definitely proved the correlation of all the

forces ; and this means that if any kind of motion could produce anything else that is not motion, it would be producing that which science would be bound to regard as in the strictest sense of the word a miracle. Therefore, if we are to take our stand upon science—and this is what materialism professes to do—we are logically bound to conclude, not merely that the evidence of causation from body to mind is not so cogent as that of causation in any other case, but that in this particular case causation may be proved, again in the strictest sense of the term, a physical impossibility.

To adduce only one other consideration. Apart from all that I have said, is it not in itself a strikingly suggestive fact that consciousness only, yet always, appears upon the scene when the adjustive actions of any animal body rise above the certain level of intricacy to which I have alluded ? Surely this large and general fact points with irresistible force to the conclusion, that in the performance of these more complex adjustments, consciousness—or the power of feeling and the power of willing—is of some use. Assuredly on the principles of evolution, which materialists at all events cannot afford to disregard, it would be a wholly anomalous fact that so wide and important a class of faculties as those of mind should have become developed in constantly ascending degrees throughout the animal kingdom, if they were entirely without use to animals. And, be it observed, this consideration holds good whatever views we may happen to entertain upon the special theory of natural selection. For the consideration stands upon the general fact that all the organs and functions of animals are of use to animals : we never meet, on any large or general scale, with organs and functions which are wholly adventitious. Is it to be supposed that this general principle fails just where its presence is most required, and that the highest functions of the highest organs of the highest animals stand out of analogy with all other functions in being themselves functionless ? To this question I, for one, can only answer, and answer unequivocally, No. As a rational being who waits to take a wider view of the facts than that which is open to the

one line of research pursued by the physiologist, I am forced to conclude that not without a reason does mind exist in the frame of things ; and that apart from the activity of mind, whereby motion is related to that which is not motion, this planet could never have held the wonderful being, who in multiplying has replenished the earth and subdued it—holding dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth.

What, then, shall we say touching this mysterious union of mind and motion ? Having found it physically impossible that there should be a causal connection proceeding from motion to mind, shall we try to reverse the terms, and suppose a causal connection proceeding from mind to motion ? This is the oldest and still the most popular theory—the theory of spiritualism. And, no doubt, in one important respect it is less unphilosophical than the opposite theory of materialism. For spiritualism supposes the causation to proceed from that which is the source of our idea of causality—the mind : not from that into which this idea has been read—the brain. Therefore, if causation were to be accepted as a possibility either way, it would be less unreasonable to suppose mental changes the causes of material changes than *vice versâ* ; for we should then at least be starting from the basis of immediate knowledge, instead of from the reflection of that knowledge in what we call the external world. Seeing that the external world is known to us only as motion, it is logically impossible for the mind to infer its own causation from the external world ; for this would be to infer that it is an effect of motion, which would be the same as saying that it is an effect of its own knowledge ; and this would be absurd. But, on the other hand, it is not thus logically impossible for the mind to infer that it may be the cause of some of its own knowledge, or, in other words, that it may have in some measure the power of producing what it knows as motion. And when the mind does infer this, no logic on earth is able to touch the inference ; the position of pure idealism is beyond the reach of argument. Nevertheless, it is opposed to the whole momentum of science.

For if mind is supposed, on no matter how small a scale, to be a cause of motion, the fundamental axiom of science is impugned. This fundamental axiom is that energy can neither be created nor destroyed—that just as motion can produce nothing but motion, so, conversely, motion can be produced by nothing but motion. Regarded, therefore, from the standpoint of physical science, the theory of spiritualism is in precisely the same case as the theory of materialism: that is to say, if the supposed causation takes place, it can only be supposed to do so by way of miracle.

And this is a conclusion which the more clear-sighted of the idealists have expressly recognized. That subtle and most entertaining thinker, for example, the late Professor Green of Oxford, has said that the self-conscious volition of man "does not consist in a series of natural events, . . . is not natural in the ordinary sense of that term; not natural at any rate in any sense in which naturalness would imply its determination by antecedent events, or by conditions of which it is not itself the source."

Thus the theory of spiritualism, although not directly refutable by any process of logic, is certainly enfeebled by its collision with the instincts of physical science. In necessarily holding the facts of consciousness and volition super-natural, extra-natural, or non-natural, the theory is opposed to the principle of continuity.

Spiritualism being thus unsatisfactory, and materialism impossible, is there yet any third hypothesis in which we may hope to find intellectual rest? In my opinion there is. If we unite in a higher synthesis the elements both of spiritualism and of materialism, we obtain a product which satisfies every fact of feeling on the one hand, and of observation on the other. The manner in which this synthesis may be effected is perfectly simple. We have only to suppose that the antithesis between mind and motion—subject and object—is itself phenomenal or apparent: not absolute or real. We have only to suppose that the seeming duality is relative to our modes of apprehension; and, therefore, that any change taking place in the mind, and any corresponding change taking place in the brain, are really not

two changes, but one change. When a violin is played upon we hear a musical sound, and at the same time we see a vibration of the strings. Relatively to our consciousness, therefore, we have here two sets of changes, which appear to be very different in kind; yet we know that in an absolute sense they are one and the same: we know that the diversity in consciousness is created only by the difference in our modes of perceiving the same event—whether we see or whether we hear the vibration of the strings. Similarly, we may suppose that a vibration of nerve-strings and a process of thought are really one and the same event, which is dual or diverse only in relation to our modes of perceiving it.

The great advantage of this theory is that it supposes only one stream of causation, in which both mind and motion are simultaneously concerned. The theory, therefore, escapes all the difficulties and contradictions with which both spiritualism and materialism are beset. Thus, motion is supposed to be producing nothing but motion; mind-changes nothing but mind-changes: both producing both simultaneously, neither could be what it is without the other, because without the other neither could be the cause which in fact it is. Impossible, therefore, is the supposition of the materialist that consciousness is adventitious, or that in the absence of mind changes of brain could be what they are; for it belongs to the very causation of these changes that they should have a mental side. The use of mind to animals is thus rendered apparent; for intelligent volition is thus shown to be a true cause of adjustive movement, in that the cerebration which it involves could not otherwise be possible: the causation would not otherwise be complete.

A simple illustration may serve at once to render this doctrine more easily intelligible, and to show that, if accepted, the doctrine, as it appears to me, terminates the otherwise interminable controversy on the freedom of the will.

In an Edison lamp the light which is emitted from the burner may be said indifferently to be caused by the number of vibrations per second going on in the carbon, or by the temperature of the

carbon ; for this rate of vibration could not take place in the carbon without constituting that degree of temperature which affects our eyes as luminous. Similarly, a train of thought may be said indifferently to be caused by brain-action or by mind-action ; for, *ex hypothesi*, the one could not take place without the other. Now, when we contemplate the phenomena of volition by themselves, it is as though we were contemplating the phenomena of light by themselves : volition is produced by mind and brain, just as light is produced by temperature in carbon. And just as we may correctly speak of light as the cause, say, of a photograph, so we may correctly speak of volition as the cause of bodily movement. That particular kind of physical activity which takes place in the carbon could not take place without the light which causes a photograph ; and, similarly, that particular kind of physical activity which takes place in the brain could not take place without the volition which causes a bodily movement. So that volition is as truly a cause of bodily movement as is the physical activity of the brain ; seeing that, in an absolute sense, the cause is one and the same. But if we once clearly perceive that what in a relative sense we know as volition is, in a similar sense, the cause of bodily movement, we terminate the question touching the freedom of the will. For this question in its last resort—and apart from the ambiguity which has been thrown around it by some of our metaphysicians—is merely the question whether the will is to be regarded as a cause in Nature. And the theory which we have now before us sanctions the doctrine that it may be so regarded, if only we remember that its causal activity depends upon its identity with the obverse aspect known as cerebration, without which identity in apparent duality neither volition nor cerebration could be the cause which in fact they are. It thus becomes a mere matter of phraseology whether we speak of the will determining, or being determined by, changes going on in the eternal world ; just as it is but a matter of phraseology whether we speak of temperature determining, or being determined by molecular vibration. All the requirements alike of

free-will and of the bond-will hypotheses are thus satisfied by a synthesis which comprises them both. On the one hand, it would be impossible for an *unconscious* automaton to do the work or to perform the adjustments of a conscious agent, as it would be for an Edison lamp to give out light and cause a photograph when not heated by an electric current. On the other hand, it would be as impossible for the will to originate bodily movement without the occurrence of a strictly physical process of cerebration, as it would be for light to shine in an Edison lamp which had been deprived of its carbon-burner.

It may be said of this theory that it is highly speculative, not verifiable by any possible experiment, and therefore at best is but a mere guess. All which is, no doubt, perfectly true ; but, on the other hand, we must remember that this theory comes to us as the only one which is logically possible, and at the same time competent to satisfy the facts alike of the outer and of the inner world. It is a speculation in the sense of not being verifiable by experiments ; but it has much more value than ordinarily attaches to an unverifiable speculation, in that there is really no alternative hypothesis to be considered : if we choose to call it a guess, we must at the same time remember it is a guess where it does not appear that any other is open. Once more to quote Hobbes, who, as we have seen, was himself a remarkable instance of what he here says : "The best prophet naturally is the best guesser ; and the best guesser, he that is most versed and studied in the matters he guesses at." In this case, therefore, the best prophet is not the physiologist, whose guess ends in materialism ; nor the purely mental philosopher, whose guess ends in spiritualism ; but rather the man who, being "versed and studied" in all the facts appertaining to both sides of the matter, ends in the only alternative guess which remains open. And if that most troublesome individual, the "plain man" of Locke, should say it seems at least opposed to common sense to suppose that there is anything in a burning candle or a rolling billiard-ball substantially the same as mind, the answer is that if he could look into my brain at this moment he would see nothing

ing there but motion of moleculars, or motion of masses ; and apart from the accident of my being able to tell him so, his "common sense" could never have divined that these motions in my brain are concerned in the genesis of my spoken thoughts.

It is obvious that from this hypothesis as to the substantial identity of mind and motion, two important questions arise ; and I feel that some reference to these questions is in present circumstances forced upon me, because they have both been considered in precisely the same connection by one of the most powerful intellects that was ever sent out into the world by this University. I mean the late Professor Clifford. As my intimate and valued friend, I desire to mention his name in this place with all the affection, as well as with all the admiration, to which I well know it is so fully entitled ; and if I appear to mention him only in order to disagree with him, this is only because I know equally well that his large and magnanimous thought differences of philosophical opinion were never felt to weaken the bonds of friendship.

In his well-known lecture on *Body and Mind*, Professor Clifford adopted the hypothesis of identity which we are now considering, and from it was led to the conclusion that if in the case of cerebral processes motion is one with mind, the same must be true of motion wherever it occurs ; or, as he expressed it subsequently, the whole universe must be made of mind-stuff. But in his view, although matter in motion presents what may be termed the raw material of mind, it is only in the highly elaborated constitution of the human brain that this raw material is sufficiently wrought up to yield a self-conscious personality. Hence the dissolution of a human brain implies the dissolution of a human mind ; and hence also the universe, although entirely composed of mind-stuff, is itself mindless. Now, all I have to say about these two deductions is this—they do not necessarily follow from the theory which is before us. In holding that the mind of man perishes with his body, and that above the mind of man there is no other, Clifford may have been right, or may have been

wrong. I am not here to discuss at length any questions of such supreme importance. But I feel that I am here to insist upon the one point which is immediately connected with my subject ; and this is, that whether or not Clifford was right in his conclusions, these conclusions certainly did not follow by way of any logical sequence from his premises. Because within the limits of human experience mind is only known as associated with brain, it clearly does not follow that mind cannot exist in any other mode. It does not even follow that any probability upon this matter can be thus established. The basis of analogy on which Clifford sought to rear an inference of cosmical extent, was restricted to the one instance of mind as known upon one planet ; and, therefore, it is hard to imagine a more precarious use of that precarious method which is called by logicians simple enumeration. Indeed, even for what it is worth, the inference may be pointed with quite as much effect in precisely the opposite direction. For we have seen how little it is that we understand of the one mode in which we certainly know that mind does exist ; and if from this little we feel impelled to conclude that there is a mode of mind which is not restricted to brain, but co-extensive with motion, is substantial and co-eternal with all that was, and is, and is to come ; have we not at least a suggestion, that high as the heavens are above the earth, so high above our thoughts may be the thoughts of such a mind as this ? I offer no opinion upon the question whether the general order of Nature does not require some one explanatory cause ; nor upon the question whether the mind of man itself does not point to something kindred in the self-existing origin of things. I am not concerned to argue any point upon which I feel that opinions may legitimately differ. I am only concerned to show that, in so far as any deductions can be drawn from the theory which is before us, they make at least as much against as in favor of the cosmical conclusions arrived at by Clifford.

On February 17, in the year 1600, when the streets of Rome were thronged with pilgrims from all quarters of Christendom, while no less than fifty cardinals were congregated for the Jubilee ; into

the densely crowded Campo di Fiori a man was led to the stake, where, "silent and self-sustained," before the eyes of all nations, he perished in the flames. The death was the death of a martyr: it was met voluntarily in attestation of truth. But most noble of all the noble army to which he belonged, the name of that man is written large in history, as the name of one who had fortitude to die, not in the cause of religious belief, but in that of scientific conviction. For why did Bruno suffer? He suffered, as we all know, because he refused to recant his persuasion of the truth of the Copernican theory. Why, then, do I adduce the name of Bruno at the close of this lecture? I do so because, as far as I have been able to ascertain, he was the first clearly to enunciate the monastic theory of things to which the consideration of my subject has conducted us. This theory—or that as to the substantial identity of mind and motion—was afterwards espoused, in different guises, by sundry other writers; but to Bruno belongs the merit of its original publication, and it was partly for his adherence to this publication that he died. To this day Bruno is ordinarily termed a pantheist, and his theory, which in the light of much fuller knowledge I am advocating, Pantheism. I do not care to consider a difference of terms, where the only distinction resides in so unintelligible an idea as that of the creation of substance. It is more to the purpose to observe that in the mind of its first originator—and this a mind which was sufficiently clear in its thought to die for its perception of astronomical truth—the theory of Pantheism was but a sublime extension of the then contracted views of Theism. And I think that we of today, when we look to the teaching of this martyr of science, will find that in his theory alone do we meet with what I may term a philosophically adequate conception of Deity. If the advance of natural science is now steadily leading us to the conclusion that there is no motion without mind, must we not see how the independent conclusion of mental science is thus independently confirmed—the conclusion, I mean, that there is no being without knowing? To me, at least, it does appear that the time

has come when we may begin, as it were in a dawning light, to see that the study of Nature and the study of Mind are meeting upon this greatest of possible truths. And if this is the case—if there is no motion without mind, no being without knowing—shall we infer, with Clifford, that universal being is mindless, or answer with a dogmatic negative that most stupendous of questions—Is there knowledge with the Most High? If there is no motion without mind, no being without knowing, may we not rather infer, with Bruno, that it is in the medium of mind, and in the medium of knowledge, we live, and move, and have our being?

This, I think, is the direction in which the inference points, if we are careful to set the logical conditions with complete impartiality. But the ulterior question remains, whether, so far as science is concerned, it is here possible to point any inference at all: the whole orbit of human knowledge may be too narrow to afford a parallax for measurements so vast. Yet even here, if it be true that the voice of science must thus of necessity speak the language of agnosticism, at least let us see to it that the language is pure; let us not tolerate any barbarisms introduced from the side of aggressive dogma. So shall we find that this new grammar of thought does not admit of any constructions radically opposed to more venerable ways of thinking; even if we do not find that the often-quoted words of its earliest formulator apply with special force to its latest dialects—that if a little knowledge of physiology and a little knowledge of psychology dispose men to atheism, a deeper knowledge of both, and, still more, a deeper thought upon their relations to one another, will lead men back to some form of religion, which, if it be more vague, may also be more worthy than that of earlier days.

"It is a beauteous evening, calm and free;  
The holy time is quiet as a nun,  
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun  
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;  
The gentleness of heaven is on the sea:  
Listen! the mighty being is awake,  
And doth with his eternal motion make  
A sound like thunder, everlastingly."

—*Contemporary Review.*

## ROMAN LIFE AND CHARACTER.

BY T. MARION CRAWFORD.

THE question is often asked, Is Rome a desirable place of residence or not? Like most questions asked by the man of average intelligence concerning foreign countries, this is a very vague inquiry. Desirable, for what end? To live in, of course. Are you young or old? Have you children to educate, an *exigeant* wife to amuse, an invalid aunt to take care of, a scapegrace son to reform, a brace of superfluous daughters to marry, an injured fortune to repair, a tarnished reputation to polish, or an inclination to hereditary gout? If you are troubled with any of these cardinal evils of the flesh do not come to Rome. Your reputation will not be whitewashed, your fortune will probably suffer, you will not marry your superfluous daughters, your scapegrace son will go to the bad, your invalid aunt will die, your wife will be bored, your children will grow up full of foreign prejudices, and your gout will become unbearable. Not that it is impossible to avoid each and all of these catastrophes, but because it is ten to one that you would be able to avoid them better in your own country.

Rome may be regarded by the foreigner from two very opposite points of view, namely, as a place to visit, and as a place to live in. The tourist who comes to see what he can in a given time is one kind of person, the individual who for reasons of his own elects to reside for any period in the capital of Italy is quite another. The one comes, sees, and conquers a certain number of sights, rejoicing in the versatility of his own comprehension, and paying for the use of the kaleidoscope at a fixed rate, so to speak; the other comes, pitches his tent, and in the course of time is incorporated into the life of the city, himself an object of curiosity to foreigners. The tourist deserves credit for his laudable attempt to enlarge his views, but it is hard for him, if not impossible, to understand even the rudiments of the Roman social and political situation. Rome is one of the best abused cities in Europe. It is impossible to mention it without eliciting the two standard re-

marks which everybody has ready: "It is fatally unhealthy, and it has been ruined by the modernizing improvements it is now undergoing." The ruin referred to is of an artistic kind, and any judgment passed upon it must necessarily be subject to individual taste; but the popular prevailing opinion concerning the health of the city is a palpable libel.

Rome has always stood among the great cities which have the lowest death rates, and last year it was third among the great cities of Europe. Roman fever is a sort of red rag wherewith it is possible to bait the foreign bull to the verge of distraction; the very name is misunderstood, for what is commonly called by foreigners the "Roman fever" is the typhoid, which it is generally allowed may be contracted elsewhere; whereas the "*perniciosa*," which the Romans themselves dread, and which sometimes kills its victims in a couple of hours, is a malady that hardly ever attacks any but natives. It is neither contagious nor infectious, but purely sporadic. It is an easy matter to be well in Rome. Eat and drink well—the Romans eat more meat than any people in Italy—live anywhere except in a house built against a hill, and wear flannels, or at all events carry an overcoat upon your arm if you are likely to be out after sunset. Avoid violent exertion on the one hand and laziness on the other; in other words, try to live as Romans live, and you will assuredly enjoy good health in Rome; but avoid Rome in August, September, and the beginning of October. Rome is a very desirable place of residence for persons with a fixed income and few ties. There is a wide choice open to every one as regards expenditure and society; above all, Rome is a city where it is possible to live in absolute independence, in seclusion, if need be, without annoyance. An Englishman may live in Rome for years and not be called to speak to any one of his own nationality, an advantage which cannot be overestimated by a race of men who systematically avoid each other

when away from home. Take a furnished lodging west of the Corso, or else far up in the new quarter towards St. John Lateran, where the houses are newer and cleaner, but less healthy, hire a couple of North Italian servants, and do not nail your visiting card upon your door, and I will venture to say that you could not be more completely isolated if you were Robinson Crusoe on a South Sea island, or boycotted on an Irish farm. Stay in town until July or even August if you do not mind the heat, and keep away until October or November, and unless you rashly expose yourself to the chilly damp at sunset or over-heat yourself in the insane idea that violent exercise is necessary for your health, or starve yourself in order to look a bilious Italian poet, you will never be ill.

But, if you take a house in the new quarter, satisfy yourself about the drainage. The old part of the city is rendered healthy by the immense quantity of pure water and by the ventilation of the streets and sewers produced by the very rapid current of the Tiber; the new quarters are less plentifully supplied with water, and are far removed from the river. The native Roman prefers the portion of the city included in the irregular figure of which the northern extremity is at the Piazza del Popolo, the southern at the Capitol, while the western side follows the river from about the island of St. Bartholomew to the *Passeggiato di Ripetta*.

The tourist in Rome necessarily occupies himself far more with things than with people. He comes to Rome primed with a certain amount of classical learning, or information hastily acquired from the guide-book. Armed at all points with preconceived ideas as to the history and topography of the city, the relative interest and beauty of the points he promises himself to visit, the unity of Italy, the relations between the Quirinal and the Vatican, and the greatness of the late General Garibaldi, he passes a few weeks very pleasantly in verifying the accuracy of the opinions he had formed before coming to Rome, and comfortably rejoices in the certain knowledge that his own religious and political persuasions, whatever they may be, have been strengthened and consoli-

dated by what he has seen and learned of Church and State. If he escapes the fever he will ever afterwards speak of his month in Rome in glowing terms; if not, he will never cease to anathematise the country, the climate, and the people.

Of the people themselves, however, he will have seen almost nothing, having been brought into daily contact only with a class of persons who get their living from him and his kind. If he has made any acquaintances during his short stay, they have probably been formed among people of his own nationality, or, at all events, among non-Italians. It is next to impossible for him to have obtained access to the intimacy of Roman family life. The Roman is hospitable, but tenacious of his privacy. He loves his shirt sleeves like other Italians. He is fond of appearances, but does not think it necessary that they should be perpetually maintained, provided he avoids being seen by a stranger when he has laid them aside. In France, in Germany, in England, in most of the great cities of Europe, a stranger will find many families of excellent social position who, for a consideration, will receive him amongst themselves at once as a lodger and as an acquaintance, but there is none of this in Rome. The foreigner who lives in lodgings catches occasional glimpses of an untidy landlady, and has ample opportunities for acquainting himself with the strongest words in the Italian language. His landlord's family use them all in every variety and quality of altercation, from morning till night, on the landing, in the kitchen, and in the "cor-tile." But there his experience of Italian family life begins and ends.

As for the expense of living in Rome, it may be fairly said that the question of rent is the one of most importance. A bachelor who lives in a couple of rooms would have no difficulty in being extremely comfortable upon £200 during nine months of the year. The rent of rooms varies from about £3 to £10 monthly, but excellent lodgings can always be had for £5. The permanent resident, however, should always take an unfurnished apartment; a very large suite of rooms, comprising the second floor of a palace or other extensive

building, with attics, can generally be had from 5,000 to 8,000 francs yearly, at from three to five years' lease (£200 to £320). The cost of furniture will always be found to be covered by difference of rent after four years. Generally, I should say that a family of four or five persons can live for nine months of the year in Rome in great comfort for £1,000, and in considerable luxury for £2,000. As regards servants, the North Italians are cleaner, more exact, and less talkative than the southern people; but the southerners are more faithful, more gentle, and far more willing. There are dishonest servants here as elsewhere, and as the foreigner is especially defenceless he is more likely to hire them, and consequently abuses the whole race as liars and thieves, which they are not. I need hardly say more about the expense or manner of living. Italian cookery is not generally to the taste of Englishmen, but there are plenty of good cooks in Rome. Eating is after all a matter of taste. I have heard Greeks bitterly lamenting over the "kartoffel knodel," the "suppenfleisch," and the "compotes" of Bavaria, and I have seen Russians putting caviare and sweet pastry into a "consommé à la Reine" at Voisin's. Sir William Thompson has seen aldermen in London swallowing the common conger-eel of commerce in the full and satisfactory belief that they were eating turtle soup. How then can any philosopher find it in his heart to inveigh against the macaroni, the roast kid, and the wild boar of Rome? The foreigner is not obliged to go and eat stewed porcupine at the Falcone, nor to devour artichokes fried in oil with garlic at the inn of Abramone, the Jew of the Ghetto.

What is much more important to the foreigner is a knowledge of the elements which compose the Roman world. Broadly speaking, these are three in number, comprising three distinct species of humanity: the Roman, the Italian, and the foreigner. Prior to 1870 the Italian (as the Roman himself calls him) was an unknown component; there was a Roman society and a foreign society, and the two had many points of contact. The dominating foreign element was French, and the relations between the latter and the Romans were very

close, if not always very sincere. The French have ceased to play an important part in Roman politics, and their place is taken, and more also, by the Italians. The immediate result has been that a portion of Roman society has amalgamated with the Italians, as represented by the court, and that the remaining families, the *beaux restes* of the Roman aristocracy, have not only refused to acknowledge the court, but have become far more exclusive than they formerly were as regards foreigners. It is needless to say that there are many subdivisions in the Italian party, subject to the political changes of the day, and that the members of the Chambers, together with the principal office-holders of the various administrative departments, and a large number of ex-ministers, lobbyists, and men of genius in search of employment, form a number of distinct circles all comprised with the class known as Italians and generically as the white party.

It must be borne in mind that, if we except Greece, Italy is the most democratic kingdom in Europe. The powers of the king are less than those of the Queen of England, far less, of course, than those wielded by the president of a great republic like France or the United States. The suffrage is now greatly extended, and the representatives are frequently men risen from the lowest orders. The work of the Chambers is largely in the hands of lobbyists, and the amount of jobbery done would do credit to any republic in the world. The interests of the army and navy and of the individual provinces are worked by a system of bureaucracies which are generally quite beyond the reach of royal or parliamentary interference. On the whole it may be said that, whether Italians are well or ill-governed, they are governing themselves as completely as though they had thrown off the monarchy and had elected a president for their republic. The only improvement they could make if a republic were ever proclaimed would be to introduce the Carthaginian scheme of electing two presidents at enmity with each other, and crucifying either as soon as he becomes obnoxious.

This is not the place, however, to enter into a discussion upon the consti-

tution of the Kingdom of Italy, nor upon the results which are likely to arise out of it. It is enough to say that the governing body in Rome now forms the preponderating element in polite society, and is in every respect the opposite of the black party, which comprises the cardinals, the *prelatura*, and the black nobility, a party numerically small, but extremely compact and exclusive, not plotting nor scheming for any immediate result beyond the election of the local municipality, but standing together as one man while waiting to see what will happen. It was an interesting thing to watch, fourteen years ago, how the nobles divided after the Italian occupation of Rome; the separation was instantaneous, and there have been few important changes since. In many cases, where both father and son were alive, the son went to court, while the father refused to bow to the King in the street, and after fourteen years the two are still unreconciled. The line was suddenly drawn through many households, and is yet practically unchanged. It is true that there are a few houses where some members of both parties are received. The blacks who frequent this neutral territory are generally those of the younger generation, who find their own society dull, and are willing to sacrifice something for the sake of a ball, and the houses are chiefly those of nobles who have maintained an indifferent position from the first, or of financiers whose interests are too important to be endangered by such trash as politics.

In Rome the Roman is patriarchal in his mode of life. The Italian is extremely modern in his habits, and the foreigner is nomadic. Patriarchal conservatism growls at innovation, and modern advanced civilization laughs heartily at the fifteenth-century habits that come to its notice. As for the resident stranger, he may choose between the two, according to circumstances or to his tastes. The white party are incomparably more amusing, more gay, and more ready to receive strangers into their circles; the blacks are unquestionably more serious, more in earnest, and far more interesting, as representing a class of men and women now quickly disappearing from the face of the earth,

a thoroughly old, blue-blooded, prejudiced nobility, ready to die for their religion, their blood, and their prejudices. Of course the consequences of so broad a distinction are carried into the diplomatic body, for there are missions to the Vatican as well as to the Quirinal, and it is one of the most amusing points in Roman society to watch the relations between foreign ministers and secretaries, often intimate friends and even relations, who are supposed to be officially unaware of each other's existence.

To form a just idea of Roman society it is necessary to understand the Roman character, and that is not an easy matter. It is not enough to know the mere names of the parties, their attitude toward each other, and the political occurrences which have led to partisanship. This would explain much, perhaps, but it could not account for the tone of what one hears. The Roman is essentially a grumbler, a conservative, a *laudator temporis acti*; a lover of peace, not for its own sake, but because it gives so little trouble; an artist by his gifts and a loungeur by preference; ready to jest at other people's failures, and averse to attempting anything lest he should "compromise himself," as he calls it; possessing a keen wit, of which the mainspring is the belief that failure is ridiculous, and must be laughed at; hating and even fearing a fight when he is calm, but reckless to madness if once roused; a good actor; a poor conspirator; patient from indifference and a certain inertness; forgiving an enemy until seventy times seven, rather than take the trouble of seriously hating him, but withal, in extreme cases, a good hater and a good lover. The Roman is honest in a way of his own; that is to say, he will tell you the truth unless you press him too hard with importunate inquiries, or unless he thinks it would be very unpleasant to you to hear it. Tax him with an untruth in such cases, and he will shrug his shoulders a little and demand why you asked so many questions, or else he will say with a laugh that he did not wish "to disappoint you," and therefore told you a fib. But the same man would not be guilty of the smallest prevarication for his own advantage. There are, indeed, many Romans, some of them in high positions

too, who would be incapable of any untruth whatever; but I am speaking of the great majority of the people, and I will venture to say that they are as honest as an equal number of men in any other country, where the average gentleman is scrupulous in telling his friend the precise number of birds he has shot, but will deceive his tailor to any extent in his power. The Roman is a conservative in all his ways; but he is so much given to grumbling that he is never quite satisfied. His conservatism extends to his household, to his native city, to his ideas upon education and social conditions, even to matters of religion; but from time immemorial it has been impossible to satisfy the Roman people in the matter of government. Under kings they hankered after a republic; with a republic they longed for a despot; weary of despots they tried what was practically an aristocratic oligarchy; from thence to the ill-fated dictatorship of Rienzi; next they were under a religious autocracy, then again a republic of short duration; more Papal supremacy; now a democratic constitutional monarchy; and during fully half of our era they have played fast and loose with German imperialism. Truly they have tried a goodly variety of governments, and have never been satisfied with any from the days of Tarquin to the rule of Humbert I. Even now there are dreams of a republic abroad, and many a Roman, hobnobbing with a friend over a glass of red Marino, will look at the wine and whisper the words, "*La vogliamo rossa!*" ("We would have it red")—not the wine, though, for the feminine adjective agrees with "*repubblica*," understood.

Now, it may be reasonably said that the indispensable condition for a republic is enlightenment, not among a few communities dwelling in great cities, but throughout the majority of the agricultural classes; for if the wealth of a nation depends upon its manufactures and the productiveness of its artisans, its strength most assuredly lies in its rural population, more especially in a country where the extreme fertility of the soil makes farming so important and so profitable as it is in Italy. A republic presupposes a public opinion; it implies that everything is ultimately re-

ferred to the people; that war is declared, foreign policy is shaped, treaties are negotiated, and home interests are regulated at their discretion; that, on the whole, representatives really represent an existing public opinion, and that senators are, in the original sense, men old in the service of their country and acquainted with its wants. There is no public opinion in Italy, but there is occasionally a public frenzy. The mass of the people are little educated, and though the extensive system of direct taxation (*ricchezza mobile*) constantly brings the poorest classes face to face with the Government, as represented by the tax-gatherer, and although the scheme of the Government is in a high degree democratic, the people are nevertheless ignorant of their power, or too inexperienced to exert it. They no more understand the meaning of the word "republic" than they appreciate the fact that, if they knew how to use their privilege, they could easily obtain all the advantages of a commonwealth under the existing monarchy. In history, unenlightened republics have generally found it expedient to hold the most ignorant classes of the community in the bondage of personal slavery. In the great days of Roman republicanism Italy was largely peopled with slaves—the property of the Roman citizens who dwelt in the cities during half the year—the proportion of freemen who farmed their own land being small until it was extended by the custom of granting freeholds to veteran soldiers.

It is a peculiarity of Latin nations that names, expressions, even dates, are capable of being considered as so much fetish, to which all classes gladly attach their individual ideas of happiness or glory, of misery or defeat. I do not think that streets, for instance, are named with dates in any non-Latin city of Europe. During the last years of papal sovereignty "*Garibaldi*" and "*Victor Emmanuel*" were the fetishes most appealed by the Romans. Now it is changed again. The "*honest king*" is dead, and his wild guerilla supporter is laid in his grave. The monarchy is established, and yet the Roman is not satisfied, and he whispers of the "*red republic*" to his friend as he used to in 1848. I am of course speaking of

the lower classes in Rome, the people and the dregs of the people; the higher ranks are almost to a man ranged either on the side of the monarchy or of the Vatican. But I believe it is this unsettled feeling in the lower grades which gives to all Roman life its peculiar air of political uncertainty. Society, in the sense of the well-born, and of those who in virtue of wealth, political importance, or talent claim intercourse and equality with the well-born, is either a structure superimposed by circumstances upon the normal popular majority, depending for its stability upon the toleration of the people, and, indirectly, upon the principle that a man of low origin can by his own efforts obtain consideration in the higher ranks; or else it is a true aristocracy, a social governing body maintained by its own inherent strength, wealth, and talent, and holding the people in dependence. Now, in Rome, the former state of things is beginning to predominate; society, in the sense in which I have used the term, is composed of the most various elements, liable at all times to be recruited from the people. But the true aristocratic institutions of former times are not yet extinct, and are jealously guarded and handed down by a party which, though in the minority, is powerful and compact. The people, long accustomed to the superiority of the nobles, but always murmuring against it, are undecided whether to accept the new order of things as an improvement, or to hanker after a state in which they formerly enjoyed the flesh-pots of Egypt, though interdicted from the sweetmeats of a free press. This uncertainty makes itself felt throughout society. I have been asked, by people of all nations and kinds who visit Rome, the same question: Will the monarchy stand or fall? The foreigner turns to the native for information, and the native can only say in answer that great changes are at present going forward, and that it is impossible to predict what may occur. No one, however, neither monarchist nor clericist, denies that Italy may profit enormously by fifty years of any stable and thoroughly unified government, and I doubt whether any educated Roman looks forward to or desires an immediate change, either in the shape of revo-

lution or war; as for the latter, indeed, sufficient unto Italy are the pickings thereof—and very rich pickings they have been in the last twenty years.

I have said that the true Roman is conservative in his mode of life, even to being patriarchal. He is not apt to change his habits, his friends, or his favorite dishes. He likes to live in his own house, with his married brothers, his married children, and, by-and-by, his grandchildren, under his roof. He likes to employ the same servants for a lifetime, and pension them when they are superannuated. They are trustworthy people, who will not tattle with the servants of his lifelong enemy in the next street. He grumbles at everything, but changes nothing. Nothing is so good as it was in his youth, nothing so cheap, nothing so thorough. The aged prince has daily bickerings, quarrels, and reconciliations with his aged steward, flavored with mutual recriminations that would be impossible anywhere else. Save for the matters discussed these wranglings differ in no wise from the regular disagreements and treaties of peace which follow each other with the utmost regularity in the home of old Aristide Rossi, the retired shoemaker, when Felice, the miad-of-all-work, brings in her daily account for oil, charcoal, and bread.

In matters of religion the Roman is decidedly devout. One need only go into one of the parish churches, such as Sant' Andrea della Valle or Sant' Agostino to see that religion in Rome is a reality. Men go to early mass, and go gladly, in great numbers. Nevertheless, to the foreigner, the Roman seems to treat sacred things with a familiarity not altogether respectful. A Roman is as much at home in a church as in his own family, and to the superficial observer he appears to be lacking in reverence. He handles the chairs in a free-and-easy way, looks at everything and everybody, and converses in an undertone with his neighbor. He is critical of the way in which the services are performed, and expresses his approbation or censure without hesitating. But he has a great respect for religion, and brings up his children according to the Church, as he expresses it. Not to receive the sacraments of his faith at the

important periods of his life would be intolerable to him. Not to be baptized, confirmed, married in church, confessed before dying, and buried in holy ground, seems to him like a violation of the laws of nature. And this is true, not only of the average individual, who goes to mass every Sunday, and is otherwise exact in the performance of prescribed duties. There is a type of Roman who will abuse the priests, laugh at miracles, call down judgments on any individual prelate to whom he owes a grudge, and not go to church more than once in a year, if at all; but nevertheless a Roman may do all these things and yet have a very lively belief in his religion. Grumbling means nothing with him, whether at religion, government, or prices; it is a pure pastime.

He is not gregarious, as a rule, except in his youth. He has few friends, and sees them often; few topics of conversation, and recurs to them continually, his wit and fluency finding ever something new to say upon an old subject. His anecdotes are endless, and often very amusing. He reads one or two papers daily, but reads nothing else. People interest him more than things, words more than deeds. He has an acute artistic sense of the beautiful, with very little creative power, or rather with very little desire to create. He is an excellent critic of music—from his own standpoint—of architecture, sculpture, and drawing, but his sense of color is frequently defective. On the whole he is an artist by nature, with many of those idiosyncrasies of which the affectation alone gives a man an artistic reputation in some countries.

Sensitive in the highest degree to every shade of manner, to the slightest discourtesy, to the least annoyance, to the smallest offence against his own standard of taste, the Roman is nevertheless the most unconscious and the least "shy" of men. False shame is a thing unknown to him, and snobbery is utterly removed from his nature. The Roman is as self-possessed in the presence and conversation of a great social luminary as when he is talking to his most intimate friend. Being incapable of desiring familiarity with persons out of his own sphere, and consequently not fearing to be thought anxious to obtain social ad-

vantages not lawfully his, he does not blush and tingle with pleasure and pain when he is spoken to by a person with a title. He has little imagination; he does not covet imaginary distinctions, and he has no illusions about the advantages of birth. Birth is a fact to him; one man is born noble and is noble, another is born a commoner and is a commoner. I never knew a Roman given to the affectation of concocting a coat of arms, or attempting to prove that his grandfather's plough-coulter was the sword of a gentleman. There is small respect in Rome for new titles, whether conferred by Pope or King, and the expression "*Conti che non contano*" ("Counts who do not count"), has been a proverbial pun for ages. Of families ennobled within the century and who have taken and held a place with the Roman aristocracy there are few instances; perhaps only one, the case of the Torlonis, where enormous wealth and great personal talents have made an exception, deserves any mention. It is hard to account for this entire absence of shyness among Romans, except on the theory that they are indifferent, and generally possessed of a good deal of personal firmness and courage. They are good soldiers in war, and tolerably orderly in time of peace, which seems to carry out this idea. The Roman dislikes a broil or a fight of any kind, but he has an unfortunate capacity for losing his temper, and when he is angry he generally finds a weapon. There are few cold-blooded murders committed in Rome, but an extraordinary number of people come to grief in hot quarrels over wine, love affairs, and gambling. The Roman knife is a ready and dangerous instrument, never lacking when there is mischief to be done.

Such, on the whole, is the character of the Roman, of the great majority of individuals whom the stranger meets in the street; and with all his faults he is pleasant to deal with, and very civil to foreigners. True, his prices for *forstieri* are a trifle higher than for others, but he need not be blamed for that. Make the experiment of going to a great shop in Piccadilly or Regent Street in a gorgeous carriage, with footmen and powder—if you have such a conveyance at your disposal—and buy some simple

article. Note the price, and return the next day, quietly dressed, and on foot, and ask for the same thing. You will pay thirty per cent. less for it. How, then, can you blame the Roman for charging according to accent as well as according to liveries? He does a small business, and is not rich; he would be poorer still if he could not pick up a little from the rich foreigners who visit him in the winter. And should not the foreigner be willing to pay something for the climate? Surely.

Since Rome has become the central point of Italian life, however manifestly unfitted, both by position and circumstances, the Roman of Rome, *il Romano di Roma*, is destined to become extinct before the march of civilization. Indifferent to the very core of his nature, he refuses to help himself, and looks on, grumbling, but doing nothing, while brains of less capacity and more activity than his own think for him, reform for him, build for him, and dictate his taxes. He stands idly by while fingers less gifted but more apt at money-getting take hold of his commerce—such as it is—of his art treasures, and of his whole heritage. He cares little, for he will always have just enough to buy food and go to the theatre—*pagem et circenses*—and if not, he will go to the theatre and starve, still feeling that, if he die of hunger, he has left to him at least the

name of Roman, and that is enough to atone for many ills. But civilization is a great destroyer of names, and when it cannot root out a name it transfers it. Fifty years hence the genuine Roman will be as extinct as the dado or the steinbock. "Siamo roba da museo," one of them said the other day—we are only fit to be set up in a museum as curiosities. The Roman has survived kingdoms, republics, empires, powers spiritual and temporal, and something of the original character of the race of dominators can still be traced in their magnificent indifference to consequences. But one thing the Roman will not survive, and that is the civilization of modern Italy. He will be absorbed and lost under the weight of a new population. Neither Goths nor Longobards could destroy him, but their fair-haired descendants from Piedmont and Lombardy will civilize him out of existence, will take firm possession of his city, and will tell their children that they too are Romans. Truly, to the Rome of to-day, to the city that cheered Pius IX., that murdered Rossi, that proclaimed a republic, that submitted to the French, that voted for the *plebiscite*, and that is being exterminated as the price of her inconsistency, one may say, "A qui la faute si tes souvenirs ne sont pas l'écho de tes espérances?"—*Fortnightly Review*.

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FOOTPRINTS.

ONE of the most striking incidents in the story of "Robinson Crusoe" was his finding a strange human footprint on the beach of his lonely island. This incident excited his imagination, and opened up to him a whole world of vague possibilities. He knew that he was no longer the only dweller in his island home; and he had an uncomfortable feeling that the magic circle of his solitude might at any moment be invaded. In a similar way the imagination of the scientific man is ever and anon startled by the discovery of one of those literal "footprints on the sands of time," which have not unfrequently been left behind by the former life of the globe. There is a mystery about it which opens up a

vista into a new and larger world of suggestion. The naturalist is familiar with the tracks on sandstone and other slabs, such as those found in the quarries of Dumfriesshire, which form one of the most interesting features in every geological museum. The material on which these curious relics of the past have been impressed is remarkable for the paucity of its fossil remains; but while it has allowed the substantial forms of the creatures themselves to disappear, it has carefully preserved the more shadowy and incidental memorials of their life, the mere impressions produced by their feet on the soft primeval mud. As an American savage can tell not only that an elk or a bison has passed

by from the traces of his hoofs on the prairie, but also the hour when it passed by; as the Arab can determine from the camel's track in the desert whether it was heavily or lightly laden, whether it was fresh or fatigued, lame or sound,—so the geologist can inform us, from the footmarks on the thin layer of unctuous clay between the slabs of sandstone, not only that the animal which produced them belonged to an extinct tortoise family, but also that it was walking on the beach of the sea in a westerly direction when the tide was receding. No relic of the bodies of these ancient Scottish tortoises has been discovered. But in the case of the peculiar hand-like footprints on some slab-surfaces of the same formation in England and Saxony, which attracted attention some years afterwards, a few teeth and fragments of the bones of the animal that produced them were found soon after to verify the conclusion to which naturalists had previously come—that the colossal creature was intermediate between a frog and a crocodile. In America, in a formation earlier than any in which traces of birds have been discovered in Europe, slabs have been found with footprints impressed upon them of such a nature as to indicate the existence of a bird twice the size of an ostrich. These ephemeral impressions of obscure creatures that perished untold ages ago, have been preserved as distinct as the track of the passing animal upon the recent snow, while every vestige of the course of ancient armies that ravaged the earth has disappeared.

But there is another class of footprints still more interesting and instructive, because they belong to the human world. These have been found in almost every part of the earth, cut in the solid rock, or impressed upon boulders and slabs of marble and other stones. These artificial tracks have given rise to much speculation, being considered by many persons to be real impressions of human feet, dating from a time when the material on which they were stamped was still in a state of softness. Superstition has invested them with a sacred veneration, and legends of a wild and mystical character have gathered around them. The slightest acquaintance with the results of geological research has sufficed to

dispel this delusion, and to show that these mysterious marks could not have been produced by human beings while the rocks were in a state of fusion; and consequently no intelligent observer now holds this theory of their origin. But superstition dies hard; and there are persons who, though confronted with the clearest evidences of science, still refuse to abandon their old obscurantist ideas. They prefer a supernatural theory that allows free scope to their fancy and religious instinct, to one that offers a more prosaic explanation. There is a charm in the mystery connected with these dim imaginings which they would not wish dispelled by the clear daylight of scientific knowledge. In our own country, footmarks on rocks and stones are by no means of unfrequent occurrence. Some of them, indeed, although associated with myths and fairy tales, have doubtless been produced by natural causes, being the mere chance effects of weathering, without any meaning except to a geologist. But there are others that have been unmistakably produced by artificial means, and have a human history and significance; and to a few of the best known and most important of these we now invite attention.

In Scotland Tanist stones—so called from the Gaelic word *tanaiste*, a chief, or the next heir to an estate—have been frequently found. These stones were used in connection with the coronation of a king or the inauguration of a chief. The custom dates from the remotest antiquity. We see traces of it in the Bible,—as when it is mentioned that “Abimelech was made king by the oak of the pillar that was in Shechem”; and “Adonijah slew sheep and oxen and fat cattle by the stone of Zohaleth, which is by En-rogel, and called all his brethren the king's sons, and all the men of Judah the king's servants”; and that when Joash was anointed king by Jehoiada, “the king stood by a pillar, as the manner was”; and again, King Josiah “stood by a pillar” to make a covenant, “and all the people stood to the covenant.” The stone connected with the ceremony was regarded as the most sacred attestation of the engagement entered into between the newly elected king or chief and his people. It was placed in some conspicuous position,

upon the top of a "moot-hill," or the open-air place of assembly. Upon it was usually carved an impression of a human foot; and into this impression, during the ceremony of inauguration, the king or chief placed his own right foot, in token that he was installed by right into the possessions of his predecessors, and that he would walk in their footsteps. It may be said literally, that in this way the king or chief came to an understanding with his people; and perhaps the common saying of "stepping into a dead man's shoes" may have originated from this primitive custom.

The most famous of the Tanist stones is the Coronation-stone in Westminster Abbey—the Lia Fail, or Stone of Destiny—on which the ancient kings of Scotland sat or stood when crowned, and which forms a singular link of connection between the primitive rites that entered into the election of a king by the people, and the gorgeous ceremonies by which the hereditary sovereigns of England are installed into their high office. There is no footmark, however, on this stone. A more characteristic specimen of a Tanist stone may be seen on the top of Dun Add, a rocky isolated hill, 200 feet high, in Argyleshire, not far from Ardrishaig. On a smooth flat piece of rock which protrudes above the surface there is carved the mark of a right foot, covered with the old *cuaran* or thick stocking, eleven inches long and four inches and a half broad at the widest part, the heel being an inch less. It is sunk about half an inch in the rock, and is very little weather-worn—the reason being, perhaps, that it has been protected for ages by the turf that has grown over it, and has only recently been exposed. Quite close to it is a smooth polished basin, eleven inches in diameter and eight deep, also scooped out of the rock. With these two curious sculptures is associated a local myth. Ossian, who lived for a time in the neighborhood, was one day hunting on the mountain above Loch Fyne. A stag which his dogs had brought to bay charged him, and he fled precipitately. Coming to the hill above Kilmichael, he strode in one step across the valley to the top of Rudal Hill, from whence he took a gigantic leap to the summit of Dun Add. But when he alighted he was somewhat

exhausted by his great effort, and fell on his knee, and stretched out his hands to prevent him from falling backwards. He thereupon left on the rocky top of Dun Add the enduring impression of his feet and knee which we see at the present day. This myth is of comparatively recent date, and is interesting as showing that all recollection of the original use of the footmark and basin had died away for many ages in the district. There can be no doubt that the footmark indicates the spot to have been at one time the scene of the inauguration of the kings or chiefs of the region; and the basin was in all probability one of those primitive mortars which were in use for grinding corn long before the invention of the quern. Dun Add is one of the oldest sites in Scotland. It has the hoary ruins of a nameless fort, and a well which is traditionally said to ebb and flow with the tide. It was here that the Dalriadic Scots first settled; and Captain Thomas, who has written the interesting article on the subject in the "Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland," supposes that the remarkable relic on Dun Add was made for the inauguration of Fergus More Mac Erca, the first king of Dalriada, who died in Scotland at the beginning of the sixth century, and to have been the exact measure of his foot.

King in his "*Munimenta Antiqua*" mentions that in the island of Islay there was on a mound or hill where the high court of judicature sat, a large stone fixed, about seven feet square, in which there was a cavity or deep impression made to receive the feet of Macdonald, who was crowned King of the Isles standing on this stone, and swore that he would continue his vassals in the possession of their lands, and do impartial justice to all his subjects. His father's sword was then put into his hand, and the Bishop of Argyre and seven priests anointed him king in presence of all the heads of the tribes in the Isles and mainland, and at the same time an orator rehearsed a catalogue of his ancestors. In the year 1831, when a mound locally known as the "Fairy Knowe," in the parish of Carmylie, Forfarshire, was levelled in the course of some agricultural improvements in the place, there was found, besides stone

cists and a bronze ring, a rude boulder almost two tons in weight, on the under side of which was sculptured the mark of a human foot. The mound or tumulus was in all likelihood a moot-hill, where justice was dispensed, and the chieftains of the district were elected. In the same county, in the wild recesses of Glenesk, near Lord Dalhousie's shooting-lodge of Milldam, there is a rough granite boulder, on the upper surface of which a small human foot is scooped out with considerable accuracy, showing traces even of the toes. It is known in the glen as the "Fairy's Footmark." There can be no doubt that this stone was once used in connection with the ceremonial of inaugurating a chief. A similar stone, carved with a representation of two feet, on which the primitive chiefs stood when publicly invested with the insignia of office, is still, or was lately, in existence in Ladykirk, at Burwick, South Ronaldshay, Orkney. A local tradition, that originated long after the Pittish chiefs passed away, and a new Morse race, ignorant of the customs of their predecessors, came in, says that the stone in question was used by St. Magnus as a boat to ferry him over the Pentland Firth; while an earlier tradition looked upon it as a miraculous whale which opportunely appeared at the prayer of the saint when about to be overwhelmed by a storm, and carried him on its back safely to the shore, where it was converted into a stone, as a perpetual memorial of the marvellous occurrence. In North Yell, Shetland, there is a rude stone lying on the hillside, on which is sculptured with considerable skill the mark of a human foot. It is known in the district as the "Giant's Step"; another of the same kind, it is said, being over in Unst. It is undoubtedly the stone on which, in Celtic times, the native kings of this part were crowned. On the top of a hill near St. Fillans, in the county of Perth, there are cavities in a rock, said to have been worn by the knees of St. Fillan, who often retired to this solitude to pray, which may have the same origin. And probably the "Witch's Stone," forming part of a so-called Druidic circle within the pleasure-grounds of Monzie Castle, near Crieff, may have been used for a similar pur-

pose. It stands apart from and is larger than the others, and has on its surface several cup-shaped hollows, among which two larger markings present a resemblance to the rude outlines of the human foot. These markings are regarded in the neighborhood as the impressions of the witch's feet. About a mile from Keill, near Campbelltown, a very old site, closely connected with the early ecclesiastical history of Scotland, may be seen on a rock what is locally called the "Footprints of St. Columba," which he made when he landed on this shore on one occasion from Iona. It is very rude, and much effaced; but it carries the imagination much further back than the days of St. Columba,—when a pagan chief or king was inaugurated here to rule over the district.

In England and Wales there are several interesting examples of footprints on boulders and rocks. A remarkable Tanist stone—which, however, has no carving upon it, I believe—stands among a number of other and smaller boulders, on the top of a hill near the village of Long Compton, in Cumberland. It is called "The King"; and the popular rhyme of the country people—

"If Long Compton thou canst see,  
Then king of England thou shalt be"—

points to the fact that the stone must have been once used as a coronation-stone. Not far from the top of a hill near Barmouth in Wales, in the middle of a rough path, may be seen a flat stone, in which there is a footmark about the natural size, locally known as "Llan Maria," or Mary's step, because the Virgin Mary once, it is supposed, put her foot on this rock, and then walked down the hill to a lower height covered with roots of oak-trees. This impression on the stone is associated with several stone circles and cromlechs—one of which bears upon the reputed marks of Arthur's fingers, and is called Arthur's Quoit—and with a spring of water, and a grove, as the path leading to the hill is still known by a Welsh name which means Grove Lane; and these associations undoubtedly indicate that the spot was once a moot-hill or prehistoric sanctuary, where religious and inauguration rites were performed. At Smithill's Hall, near Bolton-le-Moors, there is still to be seen—an ob-

ject of interest and curiosity to a large number of visitors—the print of a man's foot in the flagstone. It is said to have been produced by George Marsh, who suffered martyrdom during the persecutions of Queen Mary in 1555. When on one occasion the truth of his words was called into question by his enemies, he stamped his foot upon the stone on which he stood, which ever after bore the ineffaceable impression as a miraculous testimony to his veracity. This story must have been an after-thought, to account for what we may suppose to have been a prehistoric Tanist stone. In connection with this modern legend, another of a somewhat different character may be related. A good many years ago, at the back of the British Museum, there was a piece of waste ground called Southampton Fields, noted as a resort for low characters. There was a tradition connected with it, that two brothers in the Monmouth rebellion took opposite sides, and engaged each other in fight. Both were killed, and forty impressions of their feet were traceable in the field for years afterwards. The field has been long built over, and the precise locality cannot now be pointed out. But Southey went to see the curious sight, and has given a graphic description of it in the second series of his "Commonplace Book." The impressions were about three inches deep in the hard soil; no grass ever grew in the terrible hollows, and no cultivation of the soil could obliterate them, for when the ground was ploughed they persisted in reappearing. Southey mentions that he saw no reason to doubt the truth of the story, since it had been confirmed by these tokens for more than a hundred years successively. It is probably a fact with a circumstance,—the circumstance, to say the least, extremely doubtful. Upon the legend, which was known far and wide, Jane and Anna Maria Porter based one of their popular romances, called "The Field of the Forty Footsteps"; and the Messrs. Mayhew took the same subject for a melodrama.

In Ireland footmarks are very numerous, and are attributed by the peasantry to different saints. Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, in their account of Ireland, refer to several curious examples which are re-

garded by the people with superstitious reverence, and are the occasions of religious pilgrimage. Near the chapel of Glenfinlough, in King's County, there is a ridge with a boulder on it called the Fairy's Stone or the Horseman's Stone, which presents on its flat surface, besides cup-like hollows, crosses, and other markings, rudely carved representations of the human foot. On a stone near Parsonstown, called Fin's Seat, there are similar impressions—also associated with crosses—cup-shaped hollows, which are traditionally said to be the marks of Fin MacCoul's thumb and fingers. On an exposed and smooth surface of rock on the northern slope of the Clare Hills, in the townland of Dromandoora, there is the engraved impression of a foot clothed with a sandal; and near it is sculptured on the rock a figure resembling the caduceus of Mercury, while there are two cromlechs in the immediate vicinity. The inauguration stone of the Macmahons still exists on the hill of Lech—formerly called Mullach Leaght, or "hill of the stone"—three miles south of Meaghan; but the impression of the foot was unfortunately effaced by the owner of the farm about the year 1809. In the garden of Belmont on the Greencastle road, about a mile from Londonderry, there is the famous stone of St. Columba, held in great veneration as the inauguration-stone of the ancient kings of Aileach, and which St. Patrick is said to have consecrated with his blessing. On this remarkable stone, which is about seven feet square, composed of hard gneiss, and quite undressed by the chisel, are sculptured two feet, right and left, about ten inches long each. Boullaye le Gouze mentions that in 1644 the print of St. Fin Bar's foot might be seen on a stone in the cemetery of the Cathedral of Cork; it has long since disappeared. In the beautiful demesne of Lord Kenmare at Killarney is a famous stone, with two hollows on its upper surface, called Clough-na-cuddy. It is associated with a legend which, like the stories of wonderful sleepers, is common to most countries. It is told at some length by Mr. Croker. A monk called Father Cuddy, belonging to the monastery of Innisfallen, in the Lake of Killarney, went one day to fetch a tun of wine from

the neighboring abbey of Irelagh, now Mucross. He remained in that place till evening, partaking of the hospitality of his clerical friends. On his way home a vision of a beautiful white-robed maiden appeared to him, holding a bottle in her hand, and archly looking back upon him over her shoulder. He followed the alluring apparition till his feet grew weary and his breath failed; and then falling down instinctively upon his knees in the attitude of devotion, he fell sound asleep, and did not awake till the morning was far advanced. When he opened his eyes he found, to his intense astonishment, everything around him changed. Old woods which he remembered were cut down, and heights that were formerly bare were covered with aged timber. Waste places were cultivated, and once hospitable houses had become lonely ruins. The season itself was changed. It was summer when he fell asleep; but now the ground was white with the hoarfrost of midwinter, and the trees were leafless. Trying to rise, he found both his knees buried six inches in the solid stone. Betaking himself to his home, he found a stranger at the gate of the monastery, who harshly repelled him; and all the familiar things of former years were changed, and his old friends long dead. The monastery lands and possessions were confiscated and in the hands of laymen, and a new faith had arisen in the land. A hundred years had passed away since the hapless monk had fallen asleep. His place and occupation gone, he left the country and settled in Spain, where he gently wore out the remainder of his days.

In the same region is the promontory of Coleman's Eye—so called after a legendary person who leaped across the stream, and left his footprints impressed in the solid rock on the other side. These impressions are considered Druidic, and are pointed out as such to the curious stranger by the Killarney guides. Near Bantry is the mountain of the Priest's Leap, Keim-an-eigh. It is so called from a singular rock which interferes with the road to Bantry, and which the people will not remove on account of the two excavations of a remarkable character on its surface. The legend connected with them says that a

priest on one occasion was riding by the old road over the mountains, when he was seen and pursued by his enemies. Just as they laid their hands upon him, he prayed to St. Fiachna, and the ass he rode gave a leap, and sprang seven miles over the mountain to the other side, and left the marks of its knees on the solid rock to this day. Not far off are the ruins of an old church, outside the burial-ground of which is a natural rock of a tabular form, with five basin-like hollows on its surface, about a foot in diameter and four or five inches in depth. They are filled with water usually; and in each is a long oval stone, fitting the hollow space exactly. The peasants of the neighborhood say that it is a petrified dairy, the basins being the keelers, and the oval stones the rolls of butter. And they account for it by the following curious legend. In ancient times a woman lived on the spot who surreptitiously milked the cows of her neighbors at night, and transferred the stolen produce to her own dairy. Suspected at last, the neighbors complained of her to St. Fiachna, who ministered at the old church referred to. He mounted his horse, and set out to punish her; but the woman, suspecting his errand, fled. The saint, as he passed by, turned her dairy into stone, and then pursued her. In crossing the stream, his horse left the prints of its feet on a stone in the centre of it. Overtaking the guilty woman, his curse immediately changed her into a boulder, which may still be seen in the locality.

So common are the curious sculptures under consideration in Norway and Sweden, that they are known by the distinct name of *Fotsulor*, or Footsoles. They are marks of either naked feet, or of feet shod with primitive sandals. On a rock at Brygdæa in Westerbotten, in Norway, there are no less than thirty footmarks carved on a rock at an equal distance from each other. In other parts of Norway these footprints are mixed up with rude outlines of ships, wheels, and other *hällristningar*, or rock-sculptures. Holmberg has figured many of them in his interesting work entitled "*Scandinaviens Hällristningar*." At Lökeberg Bohnslau, Sweden, there is a group of ten pairs of footmarks, associated with cup-shaped hollows and ship-

carvings; and at Backa, in the same district, several pairs of feet, or rather shoe-marks, are engraved upon a rock. In Denmark not a few examples of artificial foot-tracks have been observed and described by Dr. Petersen. One was found on a slab belonging to the covering of a gallery in the inside of a tomb in the island of Seeland, and another on one of the blocks of stone surrounding a tumulus in the island of Laaland. In both cases the soles of the feet are represented as being covered; and in all probability they belong to the late stone or earlier bronze age. With these sepulchral marks are associated curious Danish legends, which refer them to real impressions of human feet. The islands of Denmark were supposed to have been made by enchanters, who wished for greater facilities for going to and fro, and dropped them in the sea as stations or stepping-stones on their way; and hence, in a region where the popular imagination poetizes the commonest of material objects, and is saturated with stories of elves and giants, with magic swords, and treasures guarded by dragons, it was not difficult to conclude that these mysterious foot-sculptures were made by the tread of supernatural beings. Near the station of Sens, in France, famous for its cathedral of St. Etienne, whose builder erected Canterbury Cathedral a few years later, there is a curious dolmen, on one of whose upright stones or props are carved two human feet. And farther north, in Brittany, upon a block of stone in the barrow or tumulus of Petit Mont at Arzon, may be seen carved an outline of the soles of two human feet, right and left, with the impressions of the toes very distinctly cut, like the marks left by a person walking on the soft sandy shore of the sea. They are surrounded by a number of waving circular and serpentine lines exceedingly curious.

In not a few places in our own country and on the continent, rough misshapen marks on rocks and stones, bearing a fanciful resemblance to the outline of the human foot, have been supposed by popular superstition to have been made by Satan. Every classical student is familiar with the account which Herodotus gives of the print of Hercules

shown by the Scythians in his day upon a rock near the river Tyras, the modern Dnieper. It was said to resemble the footstep of a man, only that it was two cubits long. He will also recall the description given by the same gossip writer of the Temple of Perseus in the Thebaic district of Egypt, in which a sandal worn by the god, two cubits in length, occasionally made its appearance as a token of the visit of Perseus to the earth, and a sign of prosperity to the land. Pythagoras measured similar footprints at Olympia, and calculated "ex pede Herculem"! Still more famous was the mark on the volcanic rock on the shore of Lake Regillus—the scene of the memorable battle in which the Romans, under the dictator Posthumus, defeated the powerful confederation of the Latin tribes under the Tarquins. According to tradition, the Roman forces were assisted by Castor and Pollux, who helped them to achieve their signal victory. The mark was supposed to have been left by the horse of one of the great twins who fought so well for Rome, as Macaulay says in his spirited ballad. On the way to the famous convent of Monte Casino, very near the door, there is a cross in the middle of the road. In front of it a grating covers the mark of a knee, which is said to have been left in the rock by St. Benedict, when he knelt there to ask a blessing from heaven before laying the foundation stone of his convent. As the site of the monastery was previously occupied by a temple of Apollo, and a grove sacred to Venus, where the inhabitants of the surrounding locality worshipped as late as the sixth century,—to which circumstance Dante alludes,—it is probable that the sacred mark on the rock may have belonged to the old pagan idolatry, and have been a cup-marked stone connected with sacrificial libations. On the Lucanian coast, near the little fishing-town of Agrapoli, not far from Pæstum, there is shown on the limestone rock the print of a foot, which is said by the inhabitants to have been made by the Apostle Paul, who lingered here on his way to Rome.

On many rocks of the United States of America may be seen human footprints, either isolated or connected with other designs belonging to the pictorial

system of the aborigines, and commemorating incidents which they thought worthy of being preserved. In the collection of the Smithsonian Museum are three large stone slabs having impressions of the human foot. On two slabs of sandstone, carefully cut from rocks on the banks of the Missouri, may be seen respectively two impressions of feet, carved apparently with moccasins, such as are worn at the present day by the Sioux and other western tribes of Indians. The other specimen is a flat boulder of white quartz, obtained in Gasconade county, Missouri, which bears on one of its sides the mark of a naked foot, each toe being distinctly scooped out and indicated. The foot-mark is surrounded by a number of cup-shaped depressions. In equatorial Africa similar footprints have also been found, and are associated with the folk-lore of the country. Stanley, in his "Dark Continent," tells us that in the legendary history of Uganda, Kimera, the third in descent from Ham, was so large and heavy that he made marks in the rocks wherever he trod. The impression of one of his feet is shown at Uganda, on a rock near the capital, Ulugalla. It was made by one of his feet slipping while he was in the act of hurling his spear at an elephant. In the South Sea Islands department of the British Museum is an impression of a gigantic footstep five feet in length.

Perhaps the most interesting of all the curious relics of the past of this description are the sepulchral slabs with footprints carved upon them, which bear unmistakable evidence that they belonged originally to the Catacombs of Rome. In their case the prehistoric symbolism was continued into a comparatively late historical era, and grafted upon the sacred memorials of Christianity. The best known and most remarkable of these slabs is the fragment of white marble preserved on the floor of the quaint old church on the Appian Way at Rome, called "*Domine quo Vadis*," on account of the exquisitely beautiful legend, first found in St. Ambrose, connected with it. During the persecution of Nero, St. Peter was fleeing from the city, when our Lord met him on this spot, with His face turned Romewards. The apostle asked

Him, "*Domine quo vadis?*" (Lord, whither goest Thou?)—in reply to which our Lord said, "*I go to Rome to be crucified a second time.*" Struck with remorse, St. Peter turned back immediately: and, according to the common tradition, was nailed to a cross, with his head downwards, on the Janicular Mount, on the spot now marked by the church of St. Pietro, in Montorio. In the place where our Saviour stood, the impressions of His feet were left ever afterwards on the pavement. The stone containing these footmarks in the church of *Domine quo Vadis* is a copy—the original being carefully preserved in one of the chapels of the church of St. Sebastian on the Appian Way, a little farther out, celebrated for its numerous relics. It is evident that the legend was an afterthought, to account for the footprints; for the material on which they are impressed, being white marble, proves conclusively that the slab could never have formed part of the pavement of the Appian Way, which, it is well-known, was composed of unusually hard lava found in a quarry near the tomb of Cecilia Metella; and the distinct marks of the chisel which the impressions bear—for I examined the footprints very carefully some years ago—disprove their supernatural origin. The traditional relic in all probability belonged to the early subterranean cemetery, leading by a door out of the left aisle of the church of St. Sebastian, to which the name of catacomb was originally applied.

In the Kircherian Museum in Rome, in the room devoted to early Christian antiquities, there is a square slab of white marble with two pairs of footprints elegantly incised upon it, pointed in opposite directions, as if produced by a person going and returning, or by two persons crossing each other. There is no record from what catacomb this sepulchral slab was taken. We have descriptions of other relics of the same kind from the Roman Catacombs,—such as a marble slab bearing upon it the mark of the sole of a foot, with the words "*In Deo*" incised upon it at the one end, and at the other an inscription in Greek meaning "*Januaria in God*"; and a slab with a pair of footprints carved on it, covered with sandals, well executed, which was placed by a devoted

husband over the *loculus* or tomb of his wife. Impressions of feet shod with shoes or sandals are much rarer than those of bare feet; and a pair of feet is a more customary representation than a single foot, which, when carved, is usually in profile. In a dark, half-subterranean chapel, green with damp, belonging to the church of St. Christina in the town of Bolsena, on the great Volscian Mere of Macaulay, there is a stone let into the front of the altar, and protected by an iron grating, on which is rudely impressed a pair of misshapen feet very like those in the church of St. Sebastian at Rome. In the lower church at Assisi there is a duplicate of these footprints. The legend connected with them says that they were produced by the feet of a Christian lady named Christina, living in the neighborhood in pagan times, who was thrown into the adjoining lake by her persecutors, with a large flat stone attached to her body. Instead of sinking her, the stone formed a raft which floated her in a standing attitude safely to the opposite shore, where she landed—leaving the prints of her feet upon the stone as an incontestable proof of the reality of the miracle. The altar with which the slab is engrafted—with a stone *baldachino* over it—I may mention, was the scene of the famous miracle of Bolsena, when a Bohemian priest, officiating here in 1263, was cured of his sceptical doubts regarding the reality of transubstantiation by the sudden appearance of drops of blood on the Host which he had just consecrated—an incident which formed the subject of Raphael's well-known picture in the Vatican, and in connection with which Pope Urban IV. instituted the festival of Corpus Christi. In the famous church of Radegonde at Poitiers, dedicated to the queen of Clothaire I.—who afterwards took the veil, and was distinguished for her piety—there is shown on a white marble slab a well-defined footprint, which is called "Le pas de Dieu," and is said to indicate the spot where the Saviour appeared to the tutelary saint of the place. The footprint of Mary is very common in churches in Italy and Spain, where it is highly venerated. The reader who cares to follow up the subject, may consult an interesting article on "Plantes de Pied"

in Martigny's "Dictionary of Christian Antiquities."

In connection with these peculiar footprints, I may mention the existence of foot-shaped rings which have also been found in the Roman Catacombs. These rings, coarsely made of bronze, have their bezel in the form of a long flat plate wrought in the shape of the sole of the foot, or rather of the shoe, and inscribed with the name of the owner or with a Christian motto or device, such as "Hope," "In God," or the monogram of Christ. Such rings have been found in the interesting Catacomb of St. Agnese, outside the Porta Pia. In the burying place of the very ancient church of St. Sisto on the Appian Way, where St. Dominic first established his Order in Rome, have been found stamped, no less than five times, on the mortar of a tomb in which a gilt glass goblet was imbedded, the impression of the foot sole on one of these curious seals, with the word "Pauli" incised upon it. Such foot-shaped rings were used by pagans as well as by Christians; and examples of them are preserved in the Kircherian, Vatican, and Castellani Museums in Rome, and in our own British Museum.

The significance of these footmarks on rings and marble slabs has been the subject of much controversy. Some have regarded them as symbols of possession—the word "possession" being supposed to be etymologically derived from the Latin words *pedis positio*, and meaning literally the position of the foot. The adage of the ancient jurists was, "Quicquid pestuus calcaverit tuum erit." The symbol of a foot was carved on the marble slab that closed the *loculus* or tomb, to indicate that it was the purchased property of the person who reposed in it; or the bezel of the ring was wrought into the shape of a shoe, to prove that whatever object was stamped or sealed with its impression, belonged to the owner of the ring. This view, however, has not been generally received with favor by the most competent authorities. A more plausible theory is that which regards the sepulchral footmarks in the Catacombs as votive offerings of gratitude, ordered by Christians to be made in commemoration of the completion of their earthly pilgrimage, and the standing of their feet within the gates of

the heavenly city. It was a common pagan custom for persons who had recovered from disease or injury, to hang up as thank-offerings in the shrines of the gods who were supposed to have healed them, images or representations, moulded in metal, clay, or wood, of the part that had been affected. In Italy, votive tablets were dedicated to Iris and Hygeia on which footmarks were engraved; and Hygeia received on one occasion tributes of this kind which recorded the gratitude of some Roman soldiers who escaped the amputation which was inflicted upon their comrades by Hannibal. This custom survived in the early Christian Church, and is still kept up, as any one who visits a modern shrine of pilgrimage in Roman Catholic countries can testify. Among such votive offerings, models and carved and painted representations of feet in stone, or wood, or metal, are frequently suspended before the image of the Madonna, in gratitude for recovery from some disease of the feet. We may suppose that as the ancient Romans, when they returned safely from some long and dangerous and difficult journey undertaken for business or health, dedicated in gratitude a representation of their feet to their favorite god—so the early Christians, who in their original condition were pagans, and still cherished many of their old customs, ordered these peculiar footmarks to be made upon their graves, in token of thankfulness that for them the pilgrimage of life was over, and the endless rest begun. There can be little doubt that the slab with the so-called footprints of St. Christina on it at Bolsena, already alluded to, was a pagan ex-votive offering; for the altar on which it was engrafted occupies the site of one anciently dedicated to Apollo, and the legend of St. Christina gradually crystallized around it. And the footprint in the church of Radegonde at Poitiers was more likely pagan than Christian, for Poitiers had a Roman origin, and numerous Roman remains have been found in the town and neighborhood. This is a much more beautiful and plausible explanation of these curious relics than any other.

In connection with this subject, I may mention that one of the most striking burial customs of the early ages was

to put shoes on the feet of the dead, even though the body might be left naked, that they might be ready for the judgment. Members of religious orders were usually thus buried; but laymen also had their feet shod in their coffins. It was a pagan as well as a Christian custom. The Sardinians uniformly practiced it. In the days of Gisli the Outlaw, it is said that when they were laying out Vestein in his grave, Thorgrim the priest went up to the mound and said, "It is the custom to bind the 'hell-shoes' on men, so that they may walk in them to Valhalla—and I will now do that by Vestein;" and when he had done this he said, "I know nothing about binding on hell shoes if these loosen."

A long and curious list might be made of the miraculous impressions said to have been left by our Saviour's feet on the places where He stood. High in the centre of the platform at Jerusalem on which the Temple of Solomon stood, covered by the dome of the Sakrah Mosque, a portion of the rough natural limestone rock rises several feet above the marble pavement, and is the principal object of veneration in the place. It has an excavated chamber in one corner, with an aperture through the rocky roof, which has given to the rock the name of "lapis pertusus" or perforated stone. On this rock there are natural or artificial marks which the successors of the Caliph Omar believed to be the prints of the angel Gabriel's fingers, and the mark of Mahomet's foot, and that of his camel, which performed the whole journey from Mecca to Jerusalem in four bounds only. The stone, it is said, originally fell from heaven, and was used as a seat by the venerable prophets of Jerusalem. So long as they enjoyed the gift of prophecy, the stone remained steady under them; but when the gift was withdrawn, and the persecuted seers were compelled to flee for safety to other lands, the stone rose to accompany them; whereupon the angel Gabriel interposed, and prevented the departure of the prophetic chair, leaving on it indelibly the marks of his fingers. It was then supernaturally nailed to its rocky bed by seven brass nails. When any great crisis in the world's fortunes happens, the head of one of these nails disap-

pears ; and when they are all gone, the day of judgment will come. There are now only three left, and therefore the Mohammedans believe that the end of all things is not far off. When the Crusaders took possession of the sacred city, they altered the Mohammedan legend, and attributed the mysterious footprint to our Lord when He went out of the Temple to escape the fury of the Jews. It is possible that the marks on the rock may be prehistoric, and may belong to the primitive worship of Mount Moriah, long before the august associations of Biblical history gathered around it. What renders this idea very plausible is the continued survival, almost to our own day, of what may well be regarded as prehistoric superstitions in the spot. For instance, in the corridor of the neighboring Mosque of Aksa, which also contains a print of Christ's feet on a stone, are two columns standing closely together, which had for ages been regarded as a test of character. It is said that whoever could squeeze himself between them was certain of Paradise. The pillars have been worn thin by the constant repetition of the feat. While on the rocks of the Sakrah, the Jews used to come in the fourth century and wail over it, and *anoint it with oil*, as if carrying out some dim tradition of former primitive libations. Such an idea opens up a most interesting line of suggestion.

In the Octagon Chapel of the Church of the Ascension on the top of the Mount of Olives, so well known for the magnificent view which it commands of Jerusalem and the Dead Sea, is shown the native rock which forms the summit of the hill from which our Lord ascended into heaven. On this rock, it is said by tradition, He left the mark of His footsteps. Arculf, who visited Palestine about the year 700 says—

"On the ground in the midst of the church are to be seen the last prints in the dust of our Lord's feet, and the roof appears above where He ascended ; and although the earth is daily carried away by believers, yet still it remains as before, and retains the same impression of the feet."

Jerome mentions that in his time the same custom was observed, followed by the same singular result. Later writers, however, asserted that the impressions were made, not in the ground, or in the

dust, but on the solid rock ; and that originally there were two, one of them having been stolen long ago by the Mohammedans, who broke off the fragment of stone on which it was stamped. Sir John Mandeville describes the appearance of the solitary surviving footmark as it looked in his day, 1322 : "From that mount our Lord Jesus Christ ascended to heaven on Ascension Day, and yet there appears the impress of His left foot in the stone." What is now seen in the place is a simple rude cavity in the natural rock, which bears but the slightest resemblance to the human foot. It may have been artificially sculptured, or it may be only one of those curious hollows into which limestone rocks are frequently weathered. In either case, it naturally lent itself to the sacred legend that has gathered around it.

In the Kaaba, the most ancient and remarkable building of the great mosque at Mecca, is preserved a miraculous stone, with the print of Abraham's feet impressed upon it. It is said, by Mohammedan tradition, to be the identical stone which served the patriarch as a scaffold when he helped Ishmael, to rebuild the Kaaba, which had been originally constructed by Seth, and was afterwards destroyed by the Deluge. While Abraham stood upon this stone, it rose and sank with him as he built the walls of the sacred edifice. The relic is said to be a fragment of the same grey Mecca stone of which the whole building is constructed—in this respect differing from the famous black stone brought to Abraham and Ishmael by the angel Gabriel, and built into the northeast corner of the exterior wall of the Kaaba, which is generally supposed to be either a meteorite or fragment of volcanic basalt. It is supposed to have been originally a jacinth of dazzling whiteness, but to have been made black as ink by the touch of sinful man, and that it can only recover its original purity and brilliancy at the day of judgment. The millions of kisses and touches impressed by the faithful have worn the surface considerably ; but in addition to this, traces of cup-shaped hollows have been observed on it. There can be no doubt that both the relics associated with Abraham are of high antiquity, and may possibly have belonged to the prehistoric wor-

ship which marked Mecca as a sacred site, long before the followers of the Prophet had set up their shrine there. On Jebel Mûsa, at a short distance from the convent of Mar Elias, a mark is shown in the rock, somewhat resembling the print of the forepart of the foot, which is said to be either that of the Prophet himself or of his camel, and is devoutly kissed by all Mohammedans. The monks of St. Catherine say, however, that this mark was made by their own brethren in former days, to secure the sanctity of the place, and preserve themselves from the attacks of the Bedouins.

On the top of Gerizim, one of the most ancient of the holy places in Palestine, and probably the site of a prehistoric sanctuary, is pointed out a curious flight of steps, variously called "the seven steps of Adam out of Paradise," or "the seven steps of Abraham's altar." And it is interesting to notice, in connection with these steps, the recent discovery of a cup-shaped hollow, about a foot in diameter and nine inches deep, on the same rock, exactly like numerous other artificial hollows found on flat rocks beside dolmens in Palestine, and in our own and other countries. The Samaritans say that this hollow marked the spot where the laver in the court of their tabernacle stood. It was intended, in all probability, to retain libations poured on the sacred rock, and was connected with the primitive worship of the locality, before the Samaritans came to the neighborhood. In the sacred Mosque of Hebron, built over the cave of Machpelah, is pointed out a footprint of the ordinary size on a slab of stone, variously called that of Adam or of Mohammed. It is said to have been brought from Mecca some six hundred years ago, and is enclosed in a recess at the back of the shrine of Abraham, where it is placed on a sort of shelf about three feet above the floor. On the margin of the tank, in the court of the ruined mosque at Baalbec, there are shown four giant footmarks, which are supposed to have been impressed by some patriarch or prophet, but are more likely to have been connected with the ancient religion of Caanan, which lingered here to the latest days of Roman paganism. In Damascus there was at one time a sacred building called the

Mosque of the Holy Foot, in which there was a stone having upon it the print of the feet of Moses. Ibn Batuta saw this curious relic early in the fourteenth century; but both the mosque and the stone have since disappeared. On the eastern side of the Jordan a Bedouin tribe, called the Adwân, worship the print left on a stone by the roadside by a prophetess while mounting her camel, in order to proceed on a pilgrimage to Mecca. The Kadriyeh dervishes of Egypt adore a gigantic shoe, as an emblem of the sacred foot of the founder of their sect; and near Madura, a large leather shoe is offered in worship to a deity that, like Diana, presides over the chase.

It may be mentioned in this connection, that on the figures carved on all the Hittite monuments the shoes resemble the Canadian moccasins, with a long bandage wound around the foot and ankle, which is the best possible covering for the foot in a country where the cold in winter is intense and the snow lingers long on the ground. These sandals are exactly like those worn by the Kurdish tribes at the present day, and show that the Hittites of Palestine did not belong to a Semitic race, but were a migrating people, who came originally from a cold Northern region. To the student of comparative religion the Phrabad, or sacred foot of Buddha, opens up a most interesting field of investigation. In the east, impressions of the feet of this wonderful person are as common as those of Christ and the Virgin Mary in the West. Buddhists are continually increasing the number by copies of the originals; and native painters of Siam who are ambitious of distinction, often present these sacred objects to the king, adorned with the highest skill of their art, as the most acceptable gift they can offer. The sacred footprint enters into the very essence of the Buddhist religion; it claims from the Indo-Chinese nations a degree of veneration scarcely yielding to that which they pay to Buddha himself. It is very ancient, and was framed to embody in one grand symbol a complete system of theology and theogony, which has been gradually forgotten or perverted by succeeding ages to the purposes of a ridiculous superstition. It is elaborately carved and painted with numerous sym-

bols, each of which has a profound significance. The liturgy of the Siamese connected with it consists of fifty measured lines of eight syllables each, and contains the names of a hundred and eight distinct symbolical objects,—such as the lion, the elephant, the sun and moon in their cars drawn by oxen, the horse, the serpents, the spiral building, the tree, the six spheres, the five lakes, and the altar—all of which are represented on the foot. This list of symbolical allusions is recited by the priests, and forms an essential part of the ritual of worship. The Siamese priests say that any mortal about to arrive at the threshold of Niván has his feet emblazoned spontaneously with all the symbols to be seen on the Phrabat. I have seen a slab from Thibet differing materially from this. Impressions of two feet were carved upon it—each foot-sole being ornamented in the centre with a representation of the sun surrounded by a halo and by three concentric rings, and having one fylfot cross on the large toe, two fylfot crosses on the heel, and immediately below the toes a fylfot cross with a looped tau cross on either side. The tau cross, *crux ansata*, St. Anthony's Cross, or the Swastica, is the commonest of all primitive symbols, being found almost everywhere. The Egyptian form of it has a loop or handle, exactly like our astronomical sign of Venus, and is called the "Key of the Nile," or the "Emblem of Life." This is identical with the pattern incised on the footprints of Buddha in the East; and taken in connection with the representation of the sun on the same footprints, it must be held to symbolise the origin of life, and is always borne in the hands of the gods, or impressed upon objects connected with them.

The Siamese acknowledge only five genuine Phrabats made by the actual feet of Buddha. They are called the Five Impressions of the Divine Foot. The first is on a rock on the coast of the peninsula of Malacca, where, beside the mark of Buddha's foot, there is also one of a dog's foot, which is much venerated by the natives. The second Phrabat is on the Golden Mountain, the hill with the holy footstep of Buddha, in Siam, which Buddha visited on one occasion. The impression is that

of the right foot, and is covered with a *maradap*, a pyramidal canopy supported by gilded pilasters. The hollow of the footstep is generally filled with water, which the devotee sprinkles over his body to wash away the stain of his sin. The third Phrabat is on a hill on the banks of the Jumna, in the midst of an extensive and deep forest, which spreads over broken ranges of hills. The Phrabat is on a raised terrace, like that on which most of the Buddhist temples are built. The pyramidal structure which shelters it is of hewn stone ninety feet high, and is like the *baldacchino* of a Roman Catholic church. There are four impressions on different terraces, each rising above the other, corresponding to the four descents of the deity. The fourth Phrabat is also on the banks of the Jumna. But the fifth and most celebrated of all is the print of the sacred foot on the top of the Amala Sri Pada, or Adam's Peak, in Ceylon. On the highest point of this hill there is a pagoda-like building, supported on slender pillars, and open on every side to the winds. Underneath this canopy, in the centre of a huge mass of gneiss and hornblende, forming the living rock, there is the rude outline of a gigantic foot about five feet long, and of proportionate breadth.

Sir Emerson Tennent, who has given a full and interesting account of this last Phrabat in his work on Ceylon, to which I am indebted for the following information, supposes that it was originally a natural hollow in the rock, afterwards artificially enlarged and shaped into its present appearance; but whatever may have been its origin at first, its present shape is undoubtedly of great, perhaps prehistoric, antiquity. In the sacred books of the Buddhists it is referred to, upwards of 300 years before Christ, as the impression left of Buddha's foot when he visited the earth after the Deluge, with gifts and blessings for his worshippers; and in the first century of the Christian era it is recorded that a king of Cashmere went on a pilgrimage to Ceylon for the express purpose of adoring this *Sripada*, or Sacred Footprint. The Gnostics of the first Christian centuries attributed it to Ieu, the first man; and in one of the oldest manuscripts in existence, now in the British Museum—the

Coptic version of the "Faithful Wisdom," said to have been written by the great Gnostic philosopher Valentinus in the fourth century—there is mention made of this venerable relic, the Saviour being said to inform the Virgin Mary that He has appointed the spirit Kalapataaoth as guardian over it. From the Gnostics the Mohammedans received the tradition; for they believed that when Adam was expelled from Paradise he lived many years on this mountain alone, before he was reunited to Eve on Mount Arafath, which overhangs Mecca. The early Portuguese settlers in the island attributed the sacred footprint to St. Thomas, who is said by tradition to have preached the Gospel, after the Ascension of Christ, in Persia and India, and to have suffered martyrdom at Malabar, where he founded the Christian Church which still goes by the name of the Christians of St. Thomas; and they believed that all the trees on the mountain, and for half a league round about its base, bent their crowns in the direction of this sacred object—a mark of respect which they affirmed could only be offered to the footstep of an apostle. The Brahmins have appropriated the sacred mark as the footprint of their goddess Siva. At the present day the Buddhists are the guardians of the shrine; but the worshippers of other creeds are not prevented from paying their homage at it, and they meet in peace and good-will around the object of their common adoration. By this circumstance the Christian visitor is reminded of the sacred footprint, already alluded to, on the rock of the Church of the Ascension on the Mount of Olives, which is part of a mosque, and has five altars for the Greek, Latin, Armenian, Syrian, and Coptic Churches, all of whom climb the hill on Ascension Day to celebrate the festival; the Mohammedans, too, coming in and offering their prayers at the same shrine. The worship paid on the mountain of the sacred foot in Ceylon consists of offerings of the crimson flowers of the rhododendron, which grow freely among the crags around, accompanied by various genuflexions and shoutings, and concluding with the striking of an ancient bell, and a draught from the sacred well which springs up a little below the summit. These ceremonies point to a very

primitive mode of worship; and it is probable that, as Adam's Peak was venerated from a remote antiquity by the aborigines of Ceylon, being connected by them with the worship of the sun, the sacred footprint may belong to this prehistoric cult. Models of the footprint are shown in various temples in Ceylon.

Besides these five great Phrabats, there are others of inferior celebrity in the East. In the P'hra Pathom of the Siamese, Buddha is said to have left impressions of his feet at Lauca and Chakravan. At Ava there is a Phrabat near Prome which is supposed to be a type of the creation. Another is seen in the same country on a large rock lying amidst the hills a day's journey west of Meinbu. Dr. Leydan says that it is in the country of the Lan that all the celebrated founders of the religion of Buddha are reported to have left their most remarkable vestiges. The traces of the sacred foot are sparingly scattered over Pegu, Ava, and Arracan. But among the Lan they are concentrated; and thither devotees repair to worship at the sacred steps of Pra Kukuson, Pra Konnakan, Pra Puttakatsop, and Pra Samutacadam.

The footsteps of Vishnu are also frequent in India. Sir William Jones tells us that in the Puranas mention is made of a white mountain on which King Sravana sat meditating on the divine foot of Vishnu at the station Trevirana. When the Hindoos entered into possession of Gayá—one of the four most sacred places of Buddhism—they found the popular feeling in favor of the sacred footprint there so strong, that they were obliged to incorporate the relic into their own religious system, and to attribute it to Vishnu. Thousands of Hindoo pilgrims from all parts of India now visit the shrine every year. Indeed to the worshippers of Vishnu the Temple of Vishnupad at Gayá is one of the most holy in all India; and, as we are informed in the great work of Dr. Mitra, the later religious books earnestly enjoin that no one should fail, at least once in his lifetime, to visit the spot. They commend the wish for numerous offspring on the ground that, out of the many, one son might visit Gayá, and by performing the rites prescribed in con-

nection with the holy footprint, rescue his father from eternal destruction. The stone is a large hemispherical block of granite, with an uneven top, bearing the carvings of two human feet. The frequent washings which it daily undergoes have worn out the peculiar sectorial marks which the feet contain, and even the outlines of the feet themselves are but dimly perceptible. English architects are now engaged in preserving the ruins of the splendid temple associated with this footprint, where the ministry of India's great teacher—the "Light of Asia"—began. In the Indian Museum at Calcutta there is a large slab of white marble bearing the figure of a human foot surrounded by two dragons. It was brought from a temple in Burmah, where it used to be worshipped as a representation of Buddha's foot. It is seven inches long and three inches broad, and is divided into a hundred and eight compartments, each of which contains a different mystical mark.

At Gangautri, on the banks of the Ganges, is a wooden temple containing a footprint of Ganga on a black stone. In a strange subterranean temple, inside the great fort at Allahabad, there are two footprints of Vishnu, along with footprints of Rama, and of his wife Sita. In India the "kaddam rassul," or supposed impression of Mohammed's foot in clay, which is kept moist, and enclosed in a sort of cage, is not unfrequently placed at the head of the gravestones of the followers of Islam. On the summit of a mountain 136 miles south of Bhagalpur is one of the principal places of Jain worship in India. On the tableland are twenty small Jain temples on different craggy heights, which resemble an extinguisher in shape. In each of them is to be found the Vasu Padukas—a sacred foot similar to that which is seen in the Jain temple at Champanagar. The sect of the Jain in South Bihar has two places of pilgrimage. One is a tank choked with weeds and lotus-flowers, which has a small island in the centre containing a temple, with two stones in the interior, on one of which is an inscription and the impression of the two feet of Gautama—the most common object of worship of the Jains in this district. The other is the place in the same part of the country where the body of Mahavira,

one of the twenty-four lawgivers, was burnt about six centuries before Christ. It resembles the other temple, and is situated in an island in a tank. The island is terraced round, and in the cavity of the beehive-like top there is the representation of Mahavira's feet, to which crowds of pilgrims are continually flocking. In the centre of the Jain temple at Puri, where this most remarkable man died, there are also three representations of his feet, and one impression of the feet of each of his eleven disciples.

We have thus seen that footprints carved on rocks and stones are found in almost every part of the world. Many of them belong to a class of prehistoric sculptures equally ubiquitous, which have only recently been brought before the notice of the antiquarian world, and which as yet are involved in almost impenetrable mystery. The connection of prehistoric footprints with sacred sites and places of sepulture would indicate that they had a religious significance,—an idea still further strengthened by the fact of their being frequently associated with holy wells and groves, and with cup-shaped marks on cromlechs or sacrificial altars, which are supposed to have been used for the purpose of receiving libations; while their universal distribution points to a hoary antiquity, when a primitive natural cultus spread over the whole earth, traces of which are found in very land, behind the more elaborate and systematic faith, which afterwards took its place. They are probably among the oldest stone carvings that have been left to us, and were executed by rude races with rude implements either in the later stone or early bronze age. Their subsequent dedication to holy persons in Christian times was in all likelihood only a survival of their original sacred use long ages after the memory of the particular rites and ceremonies connected with them passed away. A considerable proportion of the sacred marks are said to be impressions of the female foot, attributed to the Virgin Mary; and in this circumstance we may perhaps trace a connection with the worship of the receptive element in nature, which was also a distinctive feature of primitive religion. The hand was the male symbol, and was impressed upon

various objects,—on the lintel or above the arch of the door, on the standard of the army, and even on the Christian cross, as a relic of one of the oldest of pagan symbols. The “sacred proof” of the sanctity of Nának, the founder of the Sikh sect in India, is the deeply indented mark of an outspread hand on a huge rock.

It is strange how traces of this primitive worship of footprints survive, not merely in the mythical stories and superstitious practices connected with the objects themselves, but also in curious rites and customs that at first sight might seem to have had no connection with them. The throwing of the shoe after a newly-married couple is said to refer to the primitive mode of marriage by capture; but there is equal plausibility in referring it to the prehistoric worship of the footprint as the symbol of the powers of nature. To the same original source we may perhaps attribute the custom connected with the Levirate law in the Bible, when the woman took off the shoe of the kinsman who refused to marry her, whose name should be

afterwards called in Israel “the house of him that hath his shoe loosed.” In regard to the general subject, it may be said that we can discern in the primitive adoration of footprints a somewhat advanced stage in the religious thoughts of man. He has got beyond total ignorance and unconsciousness concerning God, and beyond totemism or the mere worship of natural objects—trees, streams, stones, animals, &c. He has reached the conception of a deity who is of a different nature from the objects around him, and whose place of abode is elsewhere. He worships the impression of the foot for the sake of the being who left it; and the impression helps him to realise the presence and to form a picture of his deity. That deity is not a part of nature, because he can make nature plastic to his tread, and leave his footmark on the hard rock as if it were soft mud. He thinks of him as the author and controller of nature, and for the first time rises to the conception of a supernatural being.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

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LONDON.

I. THE ROW AND WESTMINSTER.

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

BY SCOTIGENA OXONIENSIS.

“WRITE my thoughts about London” !—Good Heavens ! I really don't know yet Where I stand with my legs, or whither I look with my eyes, Tom :  
Such a forest of houses, and such an ocean of people,  
Street after street without end, and road into road debouching ;  
Such a wheel and a whirl, a mighty maelstrom of mortals,  
Surging now here and now there with foamy billows tremendous ;  
Such a rattle and roar, and thundering roll portentous,  
Over the roofs of the houses, and under their dark foundations.  
Whoso has got a cool head may number the busses and cabs here,  
Thread his way through the crossings, and wander, not lost, in the lanes here ;  
I can only stand and rub my eyes and wonder,  
When I have room to stand, and a cab is not driving behind me !

“Have I *been* in the Row ?” Of course : it is really a splendid  
Sight, this reel of the gods, this merry-go-round of fashion ;  
Fashion and rank and title, and full-blown pomp of existence,  
Rolling along in waves upon waves of exuberant joyance ;  
Rattle of cars, and clatter of steeds well-trained to the harness,  
Like to the tramp of the gods when they drive their steeds o'er the glowing

Floors of Olympus ; most like to the radiant march of Apollo,  
 Lashing his milk-white steeds through the rosy gates of the morning ;  
 Like to fulminant Jove, when he shakes the reins of his lightning  
 Over the dark blue clouds, that nurse the stores of his thunder ;  
 Like to the starry career of the golden Aphrodite,  
 Drawn in a car of the swans that borrow the rose from her blushes ;  
 Like as mortals may be to Immortals,—for we are but shadows,  
 Dim and dwindled and small, of the primal types in Olympus :  
 Small, but great in our sphere, and careering with various splendor  
 Here, as gods, in the Park. Lo ! there in four-handed glory  
 Rides the pride of the Row, the dexterous master of Coaching,  
 Burly and big as a Briton may be who rejoices in horses  
 Here, or at Epsom, in blossomy June on the day of the Derby,  
 When the pulse of wide London beats quick with keen expectation ;  
 When from dingy lane and broad-wayed far-viewed mansions,  
 Stream the people in floods, and even grave statesmen and M.P.'s  
 Wisely slacken debate ; and, touched with the common contagion,  
 Strain their eyes with delight on the wind-footed horses at Epsom.  
 Here a vision more fair !—that well-zoned mettlesome maiden  
 Loftily throned on the back of a charger proud of his burden ;  
 She with venturous light in her eye, and with breezy beauty  
 Flushing her cheek, sweeps airily borne like a bird on its pinions,  
 Sure and fearless ; a maiden well braced in nerve and in muscle,  
 Far from sensual ease, to be mother of lustiest Britons,  
 Cousined to Romans in strength and in breadth of masterful Empire.  
 Who comes next in the carriage with twain-tailed glory of flunkeys,  
 Splendid in powder and plush—that bright little man in the corner ;  
 Bright, and beaming, and bland, and a face as round as an apple ;  
 Round and red as an apple, and mellow as apples in autumn ?  
 Surely a duke or an earl, he looks so serene and secure there,  
 With a whole county to hang on his finger as light as a ring there.  
 Neither a duke nor an earl, but a brave industrious worker,  
 Glory of England ! through labor and sweat who mounted to honor,  
 Honor and wealth and repute, and a nod from the Prince in the Park here.  
 Many such heroes there be, the pride of the practical Briton,  
 Scooping the mountains, and bridging the flood, and ploughing the ocean ;  
 Wedding the east to the west with electric greetings, and changing  
 Dross to copper, and copper to gold, by magic of labor  
 Wonder-working. All praise to the men who by clear persistent  
 Purpose of work, and strokes of well-divined speculation,  
 Carefully gathered the gold which with generous bounty they squander.  
 Here comes another suchlike, an Australian merchant ; I knew him  
 Well when a youth at St. Andrews—a Scot from the nail to the backbone,—  
 Plodding his hard-headed way through quadratic equations and fluxions,  
 Grammars Latin and Greek, indicative mood and subjunctive,  
 Feeding on these with delight ; but soon he flung off the scholar,  
 Feeling the strain of adventure too strong for the bounds of the College.  
 Off for Sydney he sailed, and toiled at the desk and the ledger  
 Year after year, and wisely descried the needs of the market,  
 Wisely marked out the ground that was fated for building, and wisely  
 Bought, and waited, and sold when the tide was high for the seller ;  
 Then with brain and with brawn, and with pockets bulging with bullion,  
 Back to Scotland he came, and planted his money where money  
 Grows without labor or care, as a little Virginia creeper  
 Visibly creeps up the porch of a new brick house in Brompton.  
 Now he rides in the Park ; and “ Rise, Sir Edward,” the Queen said  
 Once, when he gave twenty thousand to build a college for ladies.  
 Happy Sir Edward the Scot ! Four peoples are mighty in money,

Jews, and Greeks, and Scots, and John Bull paunchy and proud here.  
 But here comes another, a big one who maketh his boast of the dollar,  
 Bred in the land far West where dollars and demos are mighty ;  
 He, by the power of the dollar, from county to county advancing,  
 Bought the Bens of the Scots, a Transatlantic Nimrod,  
 Mighty to hunt down the deer before the Lord or the Devil.  
 Little recked he for the men, the stout-thewed breed of the mountains,  
 Kilted heroes who fight the battles of England in far lands ;  
 These, close-huddled, he drove from the crofts, the homes of their fathers,  
 Down to the shelvy shore to feed upon whelks and mussels,  
 Till they shall dwindle and die, and free the deer from disturbance.

Let the American pass ! here comes a Briton, a true man,  
 Albert, Prince of Wales, a prince right princely and portly,  
 Big and bland and broad as Henry VIII. on his legs stood.  
 God bless the Prince of Wales, good shoot of good stock, and preserve him  
 Safe from dynamite plots and Radical sons of negation,—  
 Men who are never content, and who live on dispraise of their fellows,  
 Ill at ease in their skin, and kicking against the pricks here,  
 Pulling the old house down, with promise to build a new one  
 High in the clouds somewhere, where mortar and brick are not needed.  
 But I must close my roll : the time would fail me to tell here  
 Half the pride of the Park, the Duke and the Earl and the Marquis,  
 Barons and Baronets hung with medals and ribbons of honor,  
 Trooping car upon car to feed the gaze of the commons.  
 Wonderful creatures those proud high-perched humanities, sometimes  
 Only with boastful blood in their veins that creeps from ancestral  
 Fountain of honor, impure and feeble with flabby indulgence,  
 Barren of noble exploits ; sometimes with fresh burst of goodness  
 Native, direct from God, that leaps with electric virtue  
 Into contagious life, as a well upsprings when a borer  
 Pricks a vein in the earth. Lo, there a magnificent Duke comes,  
 Known far north where the Scoto-Celt abuts on the Norseman,  
 Monarch from sea to sea, with a score of Bens in his pocket ;  
 Not he lives like an ox, to feed on inherited fatness,  
 Lazy and languid, but puts forth his arm in quest of adventure,  
 Chaining the steam for his need, and blasting the rocks, and wrenching  
 Up from their roots in the moss the stumps of the forest primeval,  
 Older than Sidon and Tyre, and tombs of Memphian builders.  
 And here comes another far-famed, a god in the land of the West Gael,  
 Where the long-drawn loch with silvery serpentine splendor  
 Licks the feet of the Bens. Not he with mechanic expertness  
 Tames the fire to his use, or holds the rein of the steam-horse,  
 But in the chamber of council, with grace of traditional wisdom,  
 Thoughtful he sits and moulds the measures that fashion the people  
 Into the fates of the future. Nor only a statesman he wisely  
 Steers the ship of the state, but from the cathedra of science  
 Teaches, with Ramsay and Geikie, to spell the story of ages  
 Written with fire and with flood in the high-piled rocks of the Highlands ;  
 Grave likewise as a preacher, and owning with reverent wisdom  
 God in this temple of things, where to live and to look is to worship,  
 Far from the crude conceit of the sophist, the priest of negation,  
 Prating of chance in a world that teems with miraculous reason,  
 Closely cased in the shell of soulless cold speculation,  
 Seeing with sightless eyes, and, in mid-day splendor of beauty,  
 Blind to the love of God that shines in the face of creation.

“ Westminster ? ”—Yes, I have seen it, not once or twice, but three times.  
 Thrice—and three times three, had only my tether allowed it.

August memorial-hall of the noble achievements of Britons,  
 Whence the dead look down with a shadow of power on the living,  
 Stirring the fountains of awe, and worship, and proud emulation  
 Deep in the reverent soul. Look round whoso for Old England  
 Cherishes love and loyal regard and sacred devotion !  
 Here look round, and bow his head before the majestic  
 Pomp of significant names that letter the wall with glory—  
 Statesman, and soldier, and priest, physician, and scholar, and poet—  
 Names that signal the march of Britannia, Queen of the Ocean,  
 Over the fields of fame, where trod the Greek and the Roman.  
 Lo ! where stands like a Titan the might of Chatham, the terror  
 Once of France, and the bulwark of young American freedom—  
 Proud, independent, and manful, with lofty self-sustainment ;  
 Dauntless, and laden with fire of scathful hot indignation  
 'Gainst who doubted the strength or soiled the honor of England.  
 Who may number their roll ?—the pilots that steered the State ship  
 Safe through eddying tides and buffets of windy commotion  
 Fitful, and fierce—when feverish France shook Europe with fearful  
 Tremor of thrones, and froze the blood of the people with horrors  
 Heaped on horrors. Invincible Pitt, with the soul of a man in  
 Breast of a boy ; sage-counselled Burke, of unquenchable fervor,  
 Storming the ears of the Senate with strong-winged tempest of splendor ;  
 Grattan, Hibernia's pride, who pled the cause of his people,  
 Rapid and keen and trenchant, with flashes of sudden conviction,  
 Mighty with sword of the spirit to strike from the limbs of the prisoner  
 Bonds of heavy oppression. Next came the pride of Old England,  
 Palmerston, sturdy and strong, who mid the fevered discussion  
 Stood untroubled and cool, as one well used to the clamor ;  
 Wise with playful reply to smooth the front of the grumbler.  
 Not for Liberal he, or Radical party, or Tory  
 Cared, with wide survey of thought that held the balance of Europe,  
 But for the honor of Britain, that she might stand in the van still,  
 Umpire of Empires, and ready to strike where the heel of the tyrant  
 Tramped on the homes of the free. Then comes another less mighty,  
 Not less useful than he to serve the need of the moment, —  
 Peel, not missioned to raise the banner of Change, when the people  
 Cries for needful reverse of inherited usage, but prudent,  
 Wary, and wise to yield with timely grace when he must yield.  
 Near him a lawyer, a Scot, the boast of Perthshire, a Murray,  
 Mansfield, the pride of the Bench,—not blazing with flashes of splendor  
 He, nor shaking the senate with peals of passionate thunder  
 Shot from electric fount, but calm, serene, and unruffled,  
 Swaying the reins of right that hold the stars in their courses,  
 Keep old Chaos at bay, and smooth the reasonless tumult,  
 Then when the system of things would reel into wild aberration,  
 Helmless, and heedless of ruin that yawns in the path of the lawless .  
 Strong is the law, when calm with unbribed reason the grave judge  
 Tempers justice with mercy, and braces mercy with justice,  
 Even-handed, declaring the doom that belongs to the guilty.  
 Turn we now to another, a diverse,—a prophet, a preacher,  
 Looking benignly forth from a chair of chaste meditation,  
 Scheming with breath of new life to inspire the stiffened Evangel,  
 Crusted with secular forms, and clogged with churchly traditions ;  
 Scheming with power apostolic to publish the common-blooded  
 Kinship of man with man, and to strike the bonds from the bondman,  
 Wilberforce ; nor he alone, but with Buxton, Macaulay, and Wesley,  
 Brethren in saintly endeavor to stir the pool of stagnation,  
 Lift the lowly, and strengthen the weak, and gather the drifted

Waifs of unshepherd life into ranks of beautiful order,  
 Christ like : they shall be praised when sounded names are forgotten,  
 Blazoned with titles of pride, and heraldic badges.

Come with me

Now to a diverse domain where Fame has mustered her armies :  
 This is the Poets' Corner : not all who are poets are wise men,  
 Brilliant fools not a few, and some mere well-phrased blackguards ;  
 Some lie here where they ought not to be, by favor of princes,  
 Freak of fortune, or love of women that hung on their fancies :  
 Wisdom dwelt not with him, who said that life is a bubble,  
 Jest, and laughter, and froth, the breath and the break of a bubble.  
 Turn from the shallow away, who slandered sweet life on his tombstone ;  
 Slandered or wrote the truth for a fool, and not for a wise man.  
 Take him rather who lived in court and in camp as a man should  
 Live in the drama of life, diplomatist, soldier, and poet,  
 Varied in act and in scene, and weighty with serious purpose ;  
 Grave and weighty, but seasoned with smiles like light upon waters  
 Widely rolling and deep, our English Chaucer, who bravely  
 Followed where Dante led, and first with the tongue of the people  
 Spake to the heart of the people, and pictured the life of the many  
 Vivid with native hues, and dressed in the vesture of England,  
 Not in the toga of Rome. A mightier follows, a Titan,  
 He that grew into strength by the soft-flowing waters of Avon,  
 Strong as the strongest tree, yet light as a butterfly blossom,—  
 Titan and child in one, co-burgess of Earth and Heaven,  
 Mirror of Earth and of Sky, in wide capacious bosom  
 Cradling the great and the small with breadth of motherly kindness,  
 Guiltless of favor, as God with creative cunning impartial  
 Moulds the mite and the minnow, and shapes the great sea-monster,  
 Marvels in largest and least. Not Greece in her palmiest wisdom,  
 Not imperial Rome in the widest sway of her conquests,  
 Names in the roll of her fame a name that matches with Shakespeare,  
 Summed from their best into one. A third, with the mightiest mighty  
 England grew from her soil ; in sacred grandeur, majestic,  
 Milton stands. Not London, or Rome, or, dear to the Muses,  
 Athens, could lend to the strength of his wing its needful expansion,  
 But from the secret top of Horeb and Sinai, flaming  
 Awful with terrors of punitive law, and Sion, the praiseful  
 Hill of Omnipotent God, he drew his proud inspiration,  
 High as heaven, and wide as the world, and filling all people's  
 Hearts with the family love of the great All-father Jehovah !

These I saw, and others, the speechful sons of the Muses,  
 Wise to picture the life, and to feel the pulse of the people,—  
 Spenser, who, strong with the doctrine of Plato, and grace of the Gospel,  
 Told in symbolical show the fair array of the Virtues ;  
 Drayton, who hung round the land of his birth the praise of its beauties,  
 Praised its towers of renown, and widespread meads of fatness,  
 Winding rivers, and populous cities that mingle their high-tiered  
 Hives of work with the sky ; then Cowley I saw, and Campbell,  
 Stately piling his verse like the Bens of his Highlands ; and Dryden,  
 Mingling his name with the fame of the young Macedonian monarch,  
 Strong to conquer the world—but when the feverish wine-cup  
 Seethed and fumed in his brain, his sun was blotted at midday.  
 Far from him, and serene in high-souled self-sustainment  
 Southey stands : not in courts, or in camps, or in din of the city  
 'Customed to dwell, but softly embosomed in green of the mountains,  
 Listening with reverent ear to the murmurous swell of the broad lake,

Tinkle of mingling rills or thunderous roar of waters,  
 Plunging from step to step of the shelvy breast of the mountain ;  
 Thus remote from the stir of an age that delighted in restless  
 Shaking of states and churches, and wrenching the roots of tradition,  
 He with his boon compeer, the tuneful sage of the Lakeland,  
 Pondered on fate and on man, and on faith that lives in the churches  
 Ever with diverse face, but ever the same in the upward  
 Swing of its heaven-taught thought. These twain, Urania, wisest  
 Daughter of Memory, chose, and nursed in green of the Lakeland,  
 There to commune with God, where he speaks to the reverent thinker,  
 Calm with look of command as a kindly sire to his son speaks,  
 Mild as a mother when she unfolds her love to her daughters ;  
 Far from the blinding dust and confounding roar of the great towns,  
 Rattling of cars, and babbling of fools, and battling of factions.

Turn we now to the kings. They lie behind in the chapel  
 Piled by the politic Henry, bifrontal Janus of England,  
 Summing the feuds of the Past, and launching the fates of the Future,  
 Thrifty and scant for himself, but with large and liberal service  
 Heaping memorial wealth on the blessed shrine of the Virgin.  
 Beautiful wonder of stone, with airy lightness uprising,  
 Slim as the stalk of a flower, or the trellised face of a cottage ;  
 Strong as the stem of a breeze-nursed pine on the face of the big Ben.  
 Here stand with me, and read the great stone Epos of England,  
 Story of kings in majestic array, more potent than ever  
 Sate with sceptre from Jove in the lion-girt gates of Mycenæ,  
 Strong with the strength of the Northman in brain, and brawn tremendous,  
 Reining disorderly times with unpitiful mastery. Lo, there  
 Lies the magnificent robber, as Romans were robbers in old times,  
 Longshank Edward, who laid his rapacious grasp on the Cymri,  
 Claimed their homes for his fiefs, and by drawing, hanging, and quartering  
 Crushed the pride of their princes. But not the Celt of the Northland  
 Lent his soul submiss to be beaten and hammered and shapen  
 Into this hammerer's mould. Though bent, he might not be broken :  
 Fallen, he fell but to rise ; the breath that blows from the big Bens  
 Breeds not a nation of slaves ; but erect and tall as the pine stands  
 Flouting the Borean blast, rock-rooted, and hard as the heather,  
 Stood unvanquished the Scot. The haughty invader at Bannock  
 Shrank from the axe of the Bruce, and all his imperious legions  
 Fled from the soil of the free, like the wreathed dust which the thunder's  
 Sudden tornado upwhirls. So perish whoever would proudly  
 Strike the stars with his crown, and trample the weak and the lowly  
 'Neath the law of his heels ! Yet force must be in the complex  
 Strife of untempered things, and War, to compel the swarming  
 Rush of antagonist lives to gather their powers together,  
 Worked for an orderly end by a high-controlling commander.  
 Never mas nation made strong, nor Greece, nor Rome, nor the Hebrew,  
 Cradled in sweetness of peace, and cushioned on pillows of softness.  
 Stern is the school of war ; and mothers will weep on the green fields  
 Watered with blood of their sons, and maidens will weep for their loved ones ;  
 But 'tis meet that we fight for the goods that we prize most dearly,  
 Prized the most when we measure their worth by the lives of our dearest.  
 Peace is the cry of the hour : and FREEDOM, large freedom to gather  
 Pelf, and weave for display life's glittering show to the gazer.  
 War was life to the mightful array of the Edwards and Henries,—  
 Life, and business, and sport, and a grand pulsation of manhood,  
 Nurse of valorous hearts, that, strong in the challenge of danger,  
 Revelled in doughty delight. If France were Frankish or English,

In the far-viewed account that sums the balance of peoples,  
 Little is noted ; but France and England grew strong in the struggle ;  
 Little, if York or Lancaster sate on the throne of the Norman—  
 Much, that the manful will, and the stout-souled self-assertion,  
 Reigned in the thought of the monarch, and braced the nerve of the people.  
 Peace is good ; but not the peace that rots in indulgence,  
 Lazy and languid and loose ; but peace that comes when the thunder  
 Clears the air from the perilous taint that poisons the breathing.  
 So she too, with the sword in one hand, God's law in the other,  
 Stood, the umpire of creeds, high-hearted daughter of Tudor ;  
 Mighty she stood to withstand the insolent ban of the Pontiff,  
 Laming the arm of the State, and strangling the thought of the people,—  
 Mighty to stir the helmless drift of the feverish millions  
 Clutching this fancy and that, in dreams of godly excitement :  
 She, with sword in hand, stood firm as a dexterous rider  
 Gives the spurs to the mild, and the rein to the mettlesome charger.  
 Said He not so, the Christ whose blood was shed for the nations ?  
 Spake He not thus : Not peace I came to bring, but a sword drawn  
 Keen in defence of the right ! Even so, from struggle to struggle,  
 England wrenched her rights from the mightful hand of the stronger.  
 Popes she laid at her feet ; and, leagued with priestcraft, the Stuart  
 Laid his head on the block, or, blind with plunges of madness,  
 Fled from a land uncustomed to bear the tread of the tyrant.  
 Here let their memory rest, with this grave lesson to monarchs,—  
 Rulers are lords of the people, but Law is the lord of the rulers.

This be enough for to-day ! The eye is wearied with seeing,  
 Weary with writing the writer, and weary the reader with reading :  
 Weariness here is at home ; the languor of hot-spurred livers,  
 Hurried from show to show, to banquet, ball, and reception.  
 Glaring of midnight lights, and sweatful sorrows, and shoulder  
 Crushed on sorrowful shoulder, and multitudinous motley  
 Babble of meaningless tongues. I'll write you to-morrow,—with one thing  
 Only as postscript to-day. I must not omit the fateful  
 Travelling Stone of the Scots. I'm a Scot with the best, and with worship  
 Saw, and kissed the stone, as pious Romanists kiss the  
 Toe of St. Peter in Rome. The stone, you know, has a story  
 Reaching from East to West in wonderful concatenation.  
 First it served as a pillow to Jacob, the sire of the Hebrews,  
 Then when he saw in a dream the miraculous ladder with angels  
 Rising with prayers from earth, and down-descending with blessings.  
 There at Bethel it lay, till, sold to the land of the Pharaohs,  
 Joseph called his brethren to find a home by the Nile-stream's  
 Seven-mouthed loamy expanse ; the stone came with them to Egypt,  
 Pregnant with fates of the Future. The son of Pelasgic Cecrops,  
 Godlike Gathelus, was borne in ships to Memphis, and married  
 Scota, the daughter of Ramses, and lived in palatial splendor  
 Like to the gods, for a time ; but anon, with God-fearing foresight,  
 Fled from the direful plagues by Moses outpoured on the hardened  
 Heart of the Pharaoh ; he crossed the mid-sea's turbulent billow  
 Northward to Spain, and built the famous town of Brigantia,  
 Taking with him the stone, whereon for long generations  
 Seated, Cecropian kings dispensed the statutes of Themis.  
 Centuries rolled on centuries unrecorded, till Milo  
 Reigned in Spain, a Scot, a man of mightful achievement.  
 He from a bevy of sons picked forth the boldest, whose name was  
 Simon Breck, and sent him across the billows of Biscay  
 Northward to fasten his yoke on the neck of the untamed Irish.

He, sure pledge of success, took with him the stone, and placed it High on the hill of Tara. The fateful slab remained there Hundreds and hundreds of years divinely guarded, till Fergus First-named king of the Scots, three hundred years before Christ, Bravely in face of the Borean blasts and the dread Corryvreckan, Bore it, and planted it safe, where the high-towered bulk of Dunstaffnage Rises near to the rush of the tortured narrows of Connell.

There not long it remained,—for Fergus, with pious prevision, Fearing the Danes, the roving robbers, the merciless sea-kings, Carried the stone, the seal of rightful sway, to Iona's Fair white-sanded beach, the sacred port of Columba, There unharmed it lay till Kenneth, the son of Alpin, Laid the arm of his strength on the subject neck of the unkempt Hordes of barbarian Picts. The stone was carried to Scone then, Carried and set in a chair, where seated, all Scotia's kings were Crowned in the name of the Lord on the joyful feast of St. Andrew.

There the Palladium rested, the fateful pledge of the kingdom, Holy reputed by all, till Edward, rapacious Longshanks, Stole it, weening to cheat the Fates by the sleight of his king-craft. Foolish ! not he from Scotland could filch the sceptre ; but Scotland, Making her home on the Thames, where the wonderful chapel uprises, Sent the Stuart, her blood, to sit on the chair of MacAlpin, Unsubdued, undivorced from the fateful honor of Albyn.

Now, farewell, my good friend. When free from the trammels of business, Leave the talk of the day, with its foam and bubble, and spend a Thoughtful hour with me 'mid the storied stones of the Abbey.

— *Blackwood's Magazine.*

#### TONGUES IN TREES.

BY T. F. THISELTON DYER.

BROUGHT up in the glorious and wild forest-shades of Warwickshire, and accustomed from his early boyhood to wander amidst scented meadows and wooded lanes, who can wonder that the deep, thoughtful mind of Shakespeare found a sympathetic influence in the rich beauties of his native scenery ? \* Thus, as Mr. Ruskin remarks, the quietude of the poet's early intercourse with nature contributed in no slight measure to the perfection of mental power disclosed so marvellously at a ripper age. Indeed, if it had not been for that country home at Stratford—whereby his remarkable powers of intuition were, day by day, unconsciously deepening his inborn taste for every form of æsthetic loveliness as portrayed in nature's handiworks—we should probably never have been charmed with those delicate and exquisite illustrations of rural life which are some of the sweet-

est and happiest masterpieces of Shakespeare's poetic skill. Grand and vigorous, in truth, as may be his representations of historical events with their necessary surroundings of gorgeous courts and embattled plains, yet these lack the real artistic grace and beauty of repose which may be considered the monopoly of the fields and woods. What, for instance, can be more thoroughly charming than those highly picturesque scenes in the idyllic play of "As You Like It," where, in the wild wood of the forest of Arden—away from conventional courts and camps—we are introduced to a life "exempt from public haunt" ? It is here that Shakespeare, with peculiar skill and grace, has allowed the full force of his imagination to picture with realistic art a refreshing and wholly peaceful forest scene where, happily, little is known of "the deep passion and sorrow of the world." \* It

\* See Grindon's *Shakespeare Flora*, 1883, 17.

\* Dowden, *Shakespeare, his Mind and Art*, 1880, 81.

is rather a forest of enchantment where lions and palms and serpents grow; possessed,\* too, of a "flora and fauna that flourish in spite of physical geographers." Nor is this all; for, as Schlegel further remarks, "selfishness, envy, and ambition have been left in the city behind them; of all the human passions, love alone has found an entrance into this sylvan scene, where it dictates the same language to the simple shepherd, and the chivalrous youth, who hangs his love ditty to a tree."† Hence it is that in this secluded nook,

—their life, exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running  
brooks,

Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Yes, it is here in this ideal Arcadia that ambition is shunned, and all are pleased with what they get; for, in the words of the song introduced into the Second Act (sc. 5):—

Who doth ambition shun,  
And love to live i' the sun,  
Seeking the food he eats,  
And pleased with what he gets,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither.

In short, those who would seek this tranquil spot must forget strife and contention, and live in the "contemplation of faithfulness, generosity, and affection,"‡ recollecting that for turbulent citizens, the deer, "poor dappled fools," are the only native burghers. But in this sylvan retreat, "shall he see no enemy," but only frank, outspoken friends. And if it be necessary to experience adversity, its lessons shall be seen in the storm and sunshine, in "winter and rough weather," and in such a manner as to make us believe that all adversity has its uses,§ aye! its sweet ones—adversities—

That can translate the stubbornness of fortune  
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Such is the forest life of Arden as depicted in the pastoral drama of "As You Like It," and in writing of which Hartley Coleridge so tersely speaks:—"Nothing can exceed the mastery with which Shakespeare, without any obtru-

sive or undramatic description, transports the imagination to the sunny glades and mossy shadows of umbrageous Arden. You hear the song of the birds, the belling of the stags, the bleating of the flocks, and a thousand sylvan pastoral sounds besides, blent with the soft plaints and pleasant ambiguities of the lovers, the sententious satire of Jaques, and the courtly fooling of Touchstone, without being told to listen to them. Shakespeare does all that the most pictorial dramatist can do, without ever sinking the dramatist in the landscape painter." That this is so is amply evident from even a cursory glance of this delicious pastoral, in which the tranquil harmony of the forest, with its refreshing breezes, together with the shepherd life and scenery, are depicted with such faithful and graceful vividness.\*

Again, another striking feature of these woodland scenes is the impress they bear of being intrinsically true to nature. Thus, as Professor Dowden remarks.† "There is an open-air feeling throughout the play. The dialogue, as has been observed, catches freedom and freshness from the atmosphere." Hence the sunlight tempered by forest boughs, the murmuring streams, and "a careless herd full of the pasture," are all in strict keeping with the situation, and help to intensify the idea of its being purely an open-air one. Indeed, "never is the scene within doors, except when something discordant is introduced to heighten as it were the harmony.‡ It is, in truth, from beginning to end an open-air pastoral comedy; and hence the appropriateness of performing it in a locality more congenial to its general surroundings than can be found on the stage. It was, therefore, a most happy idea to act these forest scenes in the grounds of Coombe House, and to allow nature to do what otherwise has to be accomplished by scenic effect. Without in any way disparaging the great perfection to which most branches of histrionic art have, in the present century, been brought, yet we venture to assert that, given a suitable locality, the spirit of

\* Furnivall's *Leopold Shakespeare*. Preface, lvii.

† See Singer's *Shakespeare*, 1875, iii. 2, and *As You Like It* (187), by Rev. C. E. Moberly.

‡ See Grindon's *Shakespeare Flora*, 18.

§ See Furnivall's *Leopold Shakespeare*, lviii.

\* See Watkiss Lloyd's *Essay on As You Like It*, 1875, 111-123.

† *Shakespeare, his Mind and Art*, 81.

‡ See C. A. Brown: *Shakespeare's Autobiographical Poems*, p. 283.

such a play as "As You Like It" is threefold enhanced by its performance on the green sward, under the shade of trees, and within hearing of the songs of birds, while the sweet perfumes from a mingled array of summer flowers make the situation complete. But the same effect cannot be gained by the most clever stage contrivances; and hence the interests of these open-air performances, which may be said to form a fresh chapter in dramatic history. We may note, too, here that the skilful and able manner in which they have been arranged by Mr. E. W. Godwin very materially adds to their value; for even the smallest detail has been carried out with a conscientious accuracy that can only be acquired by an intimate knowledge of the archæological art of the subject. There can be no doubt, therefore, that as far as these forest scenes are concerned, they coincide very closely with the spirit in which they were originally written, and bring before their Nineteenth Century audiences, in a most graphic and forcible manner, the old outlaw age of England. Indeed, it is to this period that the play goes back "to that same love of country and of forest, and of adventure which still sends our men all over the world." \* Thus, in reply to the inquiry as to where the Duke is living in exile, Charles reports: "They say, he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England. They say, many young gentlemen flock to him every day; and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world." In the open-air entertainment, given by Lady Archibald Campbell at Coombe House, it is evident that this famous Robin Hood period of chivalry and romance has been fully recognized and appreciated; and every effort made to remind us of the time when England was a land of thick and stately forests. Occasionally, in the midst of such forests, there would be some cool retreat carpeted with fern, and surrounded by graceful groups of lofty trees, forming with their overlapping branches nature's most elegant and fairy-like architectural display. It was in one of these calm

and peaceful spots that Shakespeare tells us how the Duke and his followers were wont to meet—like Robin Hood and his men of old—the Duke encouraging his associates in exile in these words:—

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,  
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet  
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these  
woods

More free from peril than the envious court?

So in the grounds of Coombe House such a scene had been cleverly arranged, and without any apparent conventional formality the figures in their picturesque attire pass to and fro in the most diversified succession; and, to quote Schlegel's words, "We see always the shady dark-green landscape in the background, and breathe in imagination the fresh air of the forest. The hours are here measured by no clocks, no regulated recurrence of duty or toil; they flow on unnumbered in voluntary occupation or fanciful idleness. One throws himself down

In this desert inaccessible

Under the shade of melancholy boughs,

and indulges in reflections on the changes of fortune, the falsehood of the world, and the self-created torments of social life; others make the woods resound with social and festive songs, to the accompaniment of their horns." It is easy, therefore, to see that not only is this performance in perfect harmony with the situation where it is acted, but that no amount of stage skill could produce the same effect as that witnessed in the grounds of Coombe House. But in a country like our own, where the climate is fickle and the weather treacherous, open-air performances of this kind will probably never be popular; although they would undoubtedly soon become so if we could but borrow the warm settled days of sunny southern climes. At the same time, it must not be forgotten that our forefathers seem to have encouraged similar entertainments, allusions to which are of frequent occurrence in the literature of the past. Thus Henry VIII., when young, took much interest in pageantry, and among the shows devised in his honor was one exhibited by the officers of his guards. According to Strutt,\* as many as two

\* Furnivall's *Shakespeare*. Preface, lviii.

\* *Sports and Pastimes*, 1876, 459-60.

hundred of them, clothed in green and headed by their captain, who personated Robin Hood, invited the king to see in what manner he and his companions lived. The king complied, and was escorted into the wood, where 'an arbor was made with green boughs, having a hall or great chamber, and an inner chamber, and the whole was covered with flowers and sweet herbs. When the company had entered the arbor, Robin Hood excused the want of more abundant refreshment, saying to the king, "Sir, we outlaws usually breakfast upon venison, and have no other food to offer you." The king and queen then sat down and were served with venison and wine, and after the entertainment they departed.' In the churchwardens' account for the parish of St. Helen's, in Abingdon, Berkshire, dated 1516, we find the following entry: "Payde for setting up Robin Hood's bower, eightpence," \* that is, a bower for the reception and accommodation of the fictitious Robin Hood and his company. Once more: Bishop Latimer, in a sermon preached before King Edward VI., relates the subjoined anecdote which proves the fondness of the people in his day for open-air performances: † "Coming," says he, "to a certain town on a holiday to preach, I found the church door fast locked. I tarried there half an hour and more, and at last the key was found, and one of the parish comes to me and says, 'Sir, this is a busy day with us, we cannot hear you; it is Robin Hood's day; the parish are gone abroad to gather for Robin Hood, I pray you let them not.'" ‡ Then there were the companies of strolling players who travelled about the country, representing plays wherever they could obtain adequate reward. § Sometimes these were performed in the halls of corporations, but more commonly in the yards of inns or in the open air. But, without entering further into the history of these various entertainments as conducted in olden times, it may be noted that, lacking oftentimes the elaborate adjuncts of modern shows and

plays, they were inexpensive in their preparations, and without much delay could, if occasion offered, be performed on the village green to a rustic audience. At a time, too, when the modern playhouse was a thing almost unknown to the majority of Englishmen, it can be imagined how great a sensation such dramatic performances would naturally cause in a quiet country town. Their influence, too, in proportion to their novelty was by no means of an ephemeral kind, but left a permanent impress in many a neighborhood. Thus, as Mr. Goadby writes, \* "Workmen, fascinated by their temporary successes, left their trades to engage in the romantic life of the strolling player. The Bottoms and Snugs, the Snouts and Starvelings, the Flutes and Quinces, wandered from place to place, attending weddings, fairs, festivals, and revels, to perform such pieces as they had learned. The players usually wore their costumes as they journeyed, and many a rough rustic wit must have made merry over a tawdry king driving a tilted wagon, or a queen squatting on the furniture or cooking a dinner by a roadside fire, or a spangled angel munching brown bread in large mouthfuls." Such episodes of the domestic and social life of our forefathers have an additional interest when their memory is so graphically, and with such artistic reality, brought before our notice as in the open-air performances at Coombe House.

But reverting again to the forest-scenes in "As You Like It," it must be acknowledged that, apart from their graceful and picturesque appearance, a peculiar charm is produced by the free and easy manner in which the characters play their respective parts. Indeed, it has been aptly observed, there is a breath of fresh air about them, and they move about and converse with one another without any apparent studied action—the absence of all conventional and artificial mannerisms harmonising with the wild beauty of the spot where they meet together. In the same way, moreover, the picture is equally delightful when we sit and watch the fair, bright, impulsive Rosalind, with her rippling pretty winning laugh, approach-

\* See *Archæologia*, i. 11.

† *Latimer's Sermons*, 1589, quoted by Strutt.

‡ See Kelly's *Notices of Leicester*, 1865, 63-7.

§ See Collier's *Annals of the Stage*, i. 226.

\* *The England of Shakespeare*, 159.

ing from the far-off forest glades,\* and at once making herself the object of all eyes. Truly, Shakespeare's Rosalind, as it has been remarked,† "may well take the epithet 'heavenly Rosalind' as a just description, while allowing her all earthly charms. There is a great want in her life. She meets Orlando—in the beauty and strength of early manhood—and the want is filled by love." The spirit of this part of the play thus admirably expressed by Mr. Furnivall is in no way lost sight of at Coombe, but in Rosalind we have personated a type of "bright, tender, loyal womanhood"‡ —features, indeed, which gain in force from the simplicity of the woodland surroundings. Similarly, too, Orlando is conspicuous for his manliness and grace—a character, by the bye, played with marked success by Lady Archibald Campbell. But without entering into further details respecting this beautiful pastoral comedy of Shakespeare, it may be confidently said that, in a perform-

ance conducted in great part by amateurs, its poetical rendering has been rarely if ever surpassed; while the music throughout, with its many choruses of foresters, has given an additional freshness to this pretty scene. Once more, "As You Like It," has generally been a popular comedy from the fact of tradition affirming that Shakespeare himself acted Adam—the source of the play in almost all points having been taken from Lodge's story of "Rosalynde," printed in the years 1590 and 1592. It was written, too, immediately after Shakespeare's great series of histories, ending with "Henry V.," and before he began the great series of tragedies. Hence his forest of Arden was a veritable resting-place, in which he sent forth, as Professor Dowden says,\* his imagination to find repose; occupying the interval by producing the graceful and touching story which forms the subject of this pastoral play.—*Belgravia*.

#### A CHINESE ASCOT.

THE Hong Kong race-week is one of those rare occasions when the Chinese come out of their swarming ant-hills, habitually so difficult of penetration to strangers. When, in the afternoon of the Cup day, I descend from a residence halfway up the Peak—the healthy, cool Elysium overlooking the beautiful harbor, and contrasting with the hot Tartarus of the town—I find the broad, handsome main road taken possession of for miles by a swiftly circulating mass of chattering, pig-tailed, and most uncanny-looking Chinese, with their equally strange-looking vehicles. Their means of passenger transport are two—the light covered arm chair carried by means of bamboo poles on the shoulders of two coolies, and the rickshaw, a two-wheeled vehicle about the size of a roomy Bath-chair, furnished with a pair of shafts, between which is placed, not a horse, a mule, a pony, or even a

donkey, but one of those unceasingly toiling Chinese who are of opinion that no labor is too severe, and not even draught work is derogatory, if there are a few cents to be looked for at the end. The sedan chair is the transport of dignity, deliberation, and dulness, but the rickshaw corresponds with the sleigh of Canada, the gondola of Venice, or the hansom cab of London. "Lickshaw, Lickshaw!"—they cannot manage our "R"—shout half a dozen eager competitors to the instantly-spied-out Englishman whose nation has acclimatized in the Celestial Empire this strange festivity of racing. I nod assent and jump in, exclaiming "Racecourse;" probably the only English word comprehensible to the coolie, who, placing himself between the shafts, starts off at a sharp trot, slips into the first gap in the string, and we become one of the moving atoms of the evenly-flowing current.

My first thought was one which suggested the title of this paper—"A

\* See R. Grant White's sketch of Rosalind in the *Tale of the Forest of Arden*, in the *Galaxy* for April 1875.

† *Preface to Shakespeare*, lvii-viii.

‡ Dowden's *Shakespeare, his Mind and Art*, 81.

\* *Shakespeare, his Mind and Art*, 76-77. See Watkiss Lloyd's Critical Essay on *As You Like It*.

Chinese Ascot;" an absurdly unconscious burlesque of its prototype, it is true, but this merely illustrates the fact that the characteristics of racing are identical in Surrey and in Hong Kong. The rows of rickshaws, about three deep, every one at a brisk trot, with not an inch interval in front, behind, or on one side, are kept rigidly in their places by tall, stalwart policemen, English or Sikhs, stationed along the route; and if any driver or horse—one and the same in the present case—dares to deviate from the prescribed line, the policeman, with great tact and sagacity, instantly steps forward and whacks him—not taps him, but showers down hearty whacks on the offender's hollow-sounding, shaven skull, who, so far from defiantly desiring his high-handed assailant to "come on," submissively, and quite as a matter of course, rubs his pate, dodges between the shafts or wheels, and resumes his journey not one pin the worse for his rough handling.

Trot, trot, trot, along the smooth, sunny, but bamboo-shaded high road, I have a little leisure now to observe these astonishing rickshaw coolies. They wear the enormous traditional mushroom Chinese hat, suitable in case either of beating rain or fierce sun, under which are tucked their hard plaited pigtails—for even a coolie would feel himself disgraced were he minus a pigtail. They are bare-footed, bare-legged, bare-armed, and wear just sufficient rags to save themselves from the charge of indelicacy. Their skins are sallow, their Mongolian faces are pinched, their stature is small, their limbs seem attenuated and loosely put together. And yet these demoniacal-looking wretches, to call whom "brethren" is indeed a heavy demand on our charity, throw themselves forward into the shafts and drag their carriages with its passengers, who may be ten or may be twenty stone, not at a walk, or a shuffle or an amble, but at a good round trot of about six miles an hour. They neither flag, pant, nor perspire, but keep up this pace for two or three miles at a stretch. Would not the most renowned European athlete or pedestrian be but a feeble coney in comparison? Moreover, these coolies have to content themselves at the end of their journey

with five cents—a cent is a fraction less than a half-penny. They exult if they receive ten cents, and consider the donor an utter fool if he gives them fifteen cents.

The first sensations at being conveyed in a rickshaw are those of mingled amusement and shame. One likens oneself to a drunken masquerader or to an ostentatious buffoon. Then habit begets indifference. Dignitaries of the Church, dignitaries of the government, dignitaries of the law, soldiers, sailors, and even the well-to-do Chinese, all have recourse to them; and the sergeant in his rickshaw salutes the colonel in *his* rickshaw with precisely the same gravity as though both were on parade. Perhaps the full absurdity can be best realized by considering what would be the effect produced were the Dean of Westminster to be trundled in a wheelbarrow down Piccadilly by a dirty ragged little London Arab.

But we must not lose sight altogether of a very important element in the throng, the sedan chairs. These are more suitable for the staid elderly ladies, and for the "spins" (Anglice, spinsters) long in the tooth," as Jockey Hong Kong would designate them. "Sweet seventeen" is not one of the productions of the soil. The bearers, two or—if the weight of the lovely burden should try the supporting bamboo poles—four in number, shuffle rapidly and unweariedly along, and the occupants, perched high in the air, endeavor to look dignified, but only succeed in appearing supremely absurd. Their coolies, if in private employment, are habitually clad in light, bright cotton liveries—barefooted of course—and the effect is thoroughly Oriental and rather pretty. There, I see, is the chair belonging to the establishment of the Governor of the colony. It is borne by four coolies in our brilliant national scarlet uniform, and this dazzling color in the midst of the Chinese green, yellow, and blue really looks very imposing. There is a different sort of chair, carefully covered and closed around with straw lattice-work. It veils from public view some Chinese beauty of high degree. But as I pass I strain my eyes to obtain a glimpse, and am of opinion that she is a foot-deformed, high cheek-boned, wide-mouthed,

leprous-white, rouge-ruddled dwarf, in whose behalf it is not worth while to strain one's eyes.

Soldiers under the rank of sergeant are forbidden by garrison orders to travel in rickshaws, so there are but few of the scarlet Buffs or blue Artillery men along the road, who, with their warlike, serviceable-looking white helmets, add such picturesqueness to the scene; but the route is freely interspersed with Jack ashore, especially where our journey leads us along the busy quays—English Jack, French Jack, German Jack, Russian Jack, and Italian Jack from the vessels in the harbor, the shipping of which may be estimated from the fact that in 1882 the tonnage which entered the port was 5,000,000, or somewhat greater than that which entered London in the year Hong Kong was acquired—1842.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin, and the sense of fun, of being out for a day's novel lark, seems to soften even the bureaucratic swagger and pedantry of Teutonic strangers. At all events the faces of all the blue-jackets are beaming with merriment at the contrast between their Simon Legree sort of servitude on board ship, and the sensation of being toiled for instead of being themselves the subjects of hounding and vituperation.

Thus far I have been chiefly noting the European race-going folk, but as a matter of fact the Europeans are only as units among thousands. True, the natives, high and low, rich and poor, afoot or transported, will instantly shrink aside at the incessant warning "Hyah" of the running coolie, who thus intimates that he is conveying an Englishman in all the pride, a pride which is not without its merits, of the ruling race, but the enormous majority of the streaming throng is of course Asiatic Chinese. They are of all classes, and are enjoying themselves in their way, to judge from the incessant wooden clatter of their uncouth language, so desperately difficult that only erudite sages and infant English children brought up by Chinese nurses (*amas*) can master it. Here and there are some Sikhs, and there is that about these grave, dignified Orientals—Nature's gentlemen, albeit I like not the misused term—which instantly dispels

all notion of ridicule or contempt; there are some Madrasses, far inferior to their other congeners of India; and there again are some snuffy Parsee merchants, eager, rich, covetous-looking—types of Shylock, of Isaac of York, or of Faustus ere the exorcism of shabby clothes and wrinkles enabled him to captivate Margaret.

Hitherto I have been bowling through strange rows of houses, through wonderful China-town, so unlike aught else in the world that not Gulliver, when he found himself in Laputa, could have been more amazed at the marvellous sights and people which he beheld. Now, as I emerge into the country, the scene changes as Sunningdale varies from Hyde Park Corner. The route is lined with palms, with banyan trees, and with bamboos, and the red, fever-causing, disintegrated granite dust flies up into our faces. Up go the umbrellas. The multitude are satisfied with the picturesque blue "Gamps," while the Chinese Beau Brummels proudly shade themselves with "Briggs," evidently a very high mark of distinction. Uphill, and my trotting coolie never flags; downhill, and his speed becomes so breakneck that every moment I expect an upset, a collision, or a smash, irrespective of the contingency of broken bones to a few English foot-travellers who would scorn to move out of the way for any number of Chinese cries of "Hyah." "My breechless friend, I entreat of you to moderate your pace." But not one word does he, or will he understand. Indeed, the Chinese, so apt in learning many things, are singularly dull in picking up English, and all, with very few exceptions, are totally ignorant of our language—unless, indeed, the case be, as some French naval officers assured me, that they simulate for convenience' sake ignorance—but loud tones and a few smacks soon impart to them the required knowledge.

Now we pass an enclosure over the gateway of which are inscribed the words "*Hodie mihi, cras tibi*," freely translated "Your turn next." It is the Christian cemetery, the "Happy Valley," as it is not inaptly locally termed. It would be out of place were I to enlarge on this beautifully undulating spot, but I cannot forbear saying that in tran-

quail loveliness this God's Acre is by far the most perfect I have ever seen, while the tombstone records of youthful and wholesome deaths must affect even the most frivolous visitor with seriousness.

Here we are at the entrance to the Grand Stand. My coolie almost grovels on the ground in his ecstasy of delight at receiving ténence for the performance of a labor which would lay up most athletes for a week, and hastens off in quest of a new but probably less profitable fare. A payment of about five dollars procures admission to the lawn, and once more the strangeness of the scene seems for a time to baffle any systematic observation, however painstaking. In lieu of stands are some seven or eight large mat-houses, light picturesque structures supported on bamboo poles, with sides and roofs of rushes, and decorated with tropical evergreens and bright cloth or calico, the effect of which is excessively pretty. Each mat-house is the property of some one private individual or of an association, and the refreshments provided are so costly and abundant, that the imputation of excessive eating and immoderate drinking can scarcely be resented. One species of decoration is deplorably wanting—pretty women. There are certainly a few nicely dressed pretty English ladies, the wives of officials whom capricious ill-fortune has shot into an exile far more complete than exists in any other part of the world; but there is equally certainly a collection of dirty-gloved, tawdry-ribboned, unhandsome, fast vulgarians, who ape the patronesses of Ascot in the gaudy elaboration of their dress, and differ from them in their entire ill-success.

The race crowd, without which a race meeting is as dull as a German steeplechase, is of large proportions, with representatives of almost every Asiatic State, but of course Chinese enormously preponderate. Nearly all are chattering, and quite all are in high good humor, enjoying the general sense of holiday. Not a single case of drunkenness did I see—no bickering, no rowdiness, and yet no lack of fun. Our scarlet-coated soldiers, though few in comparison with the grand totals, stand out with singular distinctness, and catch the eye above all other objects.

The saddling bell rings, the numbers are hoisted, a thud of hoofs announces the preliminary canter. Well, what of the racing? Beneath criticism, almost beneath contempt. The ponies are from Australia, Japan, or Chefoo—doubtless serviceable for the work of their respective countries, but as racers, wretched, weedy, groggy, undersized brutes; while the chief features to be noticed of the amateur jockeys are the paraphernalia of their business, the preposterous length of their legs, their heavy weights, their horse-coping idiosyncrasies, and their indifferent riding.

I bought a very average type of racer for 6*l.* 10*s.* In fact, the sport is merely a peg on which to hang the love of gambling, which, like the love of drink, runs very high in this part of the world. Innumerable and high prize lotteries are started, and three-legged screws are merely bought and entered on the off chance of winning the stakes, which, in addition, are very considerable.

"Three to one bar one" is an unknown cry on this course—all the better, perhaps—and the excitement among the masses of Chinese is *nil*. As the ponies gallop past the post, the English, it is true, begin to cheer; but a cheer, unless contributed to by many voices, sounds as artificial as stage shouting behind the scenes.

Let us give up "le sport" as a bad job. There is plenty else to admire of which Ascot has never dreamed. The excellent racecourse is situated at the very bottom of one of Nature's splendid amphitheatres, and if we lose a little in a tendency to swampiness, we gain enormously in the green soft turf. Our immediate edging is of unbroken lines of bamboo—that tree which shows how Nature can be perfectly straight and stiff, and yet perfectly graceful. Then there is an upward sloping mass of palm and banyan foliage; then, higher, the austere but friendly-looking Scotch fir; then, to crown all, the vast framework of rugged hills, both in form and in heathery aspect recalling the "Coils" about Deeside Ballater, only their denizens are eagles and cobras instead of grouse and roe deer. Still further, through a large gap, are the red mountains of the China mainland, overlooking Kowloon, nobly setting off the rela-

tively lower level beauties of the Hong Kong racecourse.

While pondering on the scene, my attention is suddenly aroused by an unwonted hum, bustle, and excitement among the Chinese mob. A race is in course of being run, but to this incident they are habitually very indifferent. Something unusual is certainly arousing them. Here come the horses. How queer the jockeys look, how strangely they are hunched up, how wildly they throw their arms about, how fiercely they flog, what diabolical faces — and, bless my heart, why, they have got pig-tails streaming in the wind! The puzzle is explained. It is a race ridden under special arrangements by Chinese "ma-foos," or grooms—the best race of the meeting, the only one which has caused any real enthusiasm. Roused by the half-laughter, half-cheers, of their white masters, stimulated by the cries of their fellow-countrymen—"Go it, Fordham!" I once heard an encouraging Chinese lad shout—the mafoos, as they "finish" up their Walpurgis ride, wild with excitement, seem to have lost still further their semblance to humanity, and to be transformed into distorted-visaged, horribly frenzied demons. The race over, how they strutted about in all the pride of jockey caps and jackets, and how they clung to their costume to the last possible moment!

The tenants of the numerous mat-fashioned grand stands belonging to the higher class natives have become very jubilant and vivacious in consequence of the above-described race, and I avail myself of an opportunity to enter one tenanted chiefly by Chinese and Japanese ladies. I must confess that my bashfulness compelled me to retreat after a very few moments from the battery of their half wondering, half scornful glances at the European intruder, but not before I had time to remark that their faces were flushed all over with skilfully applied pink tints, excepting in patches, which revealed disagreeably even and intensely opaque whiteness. Their eyebrows were pencilled into narrow stiff arches; their headdress, vests, and trousers—for in China all the women wear large, loose trousers—were of variegated colors, quite ingenious in their contrasts and brightness; their

black hair was dragged back into lumpy, slimy rolls like jelly fish; their stature was ugly and stunted, and their feet, their extraordinary feet, in many cases had been contracted since childhood into mere deformed knobs, hideous to look at, on which they painfully tottered for a few yards.

At the conclusion of the races they were conveyed away in a body in chairs; and as the procession hindered the traffic, the English policemen whacked the bearers, and—did not whack the girls.

By-and-by there is a ceremonious stir about the picturesquely decorated stand of the Governor, Sir George Bowen; the Japanese mission, consisting of General Oyama and fourteen members of the suite, on their way to Paris and London, are ushered in, and a great deal of rather grotesque bowing and somewhat dumb show ensues. Dumb, because the visitors cannot speak one word of English, but flounder in bad French and worse German. Indeed, if one may judge from a numerous representative mission, it would appear, notwithstanding the much-belauded progress of Japan, that her civilization is but a thin veneer. After the interchange of a few conventional superficial phrases, it becomes apparent that their knowledge of the world, their practical information concerning administration and science, and even their book learning, are exceedingly small. In fact, it is scarcely unfair to say that their civilization is comprised in a glossy black coat, a Lincoln and Bennett hat, a pair of yellow kid gloves, and an aptitude for making a bow.

My curiosity in the *élite* of the Chinese Ascot meeting is, however, now appeased. Perhaps even more interest and fun is to be dug out of the native rascaldom who have clustered in such numerous thousands on the other side of the course, and from whom we are separated by a wide, deep, wet ditch running parallel to the Grand Stand side of the rails. A welsher would certainly view this handy ditch with mistrust, but I noticed a Chinese imp utilize it with much ingenuity. Pursued and gradually overtaken by an infuriated and whip-brandishing jockey, the fugitive, at the critical moment, waded through the slime and water, from whence he telegraphed to

his baffled foe those signs of ridicule and contempt which have been adopted by urchin impudence all over the world.

A wide detour round the ditch brings us into the very thick of China race-course dregs. Yet these dregs differ from their English congeners in being friends of soap and water, and destitute of *esprit de corps*. There are no shooting stalls, no shows, and no Aunt Sallies—real cracks over their own heads, which must be received with patience, are so frequent that they lose the zest of a joke—but in lieu of them, gambling booths of every shade and description illustrate the Chinese passion for play. Gambling booths for large sums, gambling booths for small sums, gambling booths for nick-nacks, gambling booths for high-priced drinkables, gambling booths for low-priced carrion; each booth with an eager throng of both sexes and of all ages around it, which renders circulation difficult.

Private Thomas Atkins thinks it will be pleasant and easy to win a dollar or so from the heathen Chinese, but ere long he discovers that he has been bested, and that the heathen Chinese is infinitely too clever for him.

What is that turmoil I see in the distance, with a scuttling about of the crowd, among whom two white-helmeted red coats are conspicuously prominent? Enraged at having been "done" at the native *rouge et noir*, they put in practice a little lynch law, tear down the fragile canvas booth, arm themselves with the supporting bamboo poles, clear a space by whirling them around like the arms of a windmill impartially, rain down cracks on the skulls of the unresisting surrounders, and then quietly withdraw to a more reputable part of the course. Each party is perfectly satisfied; the Chinese sharper gloats over his filched gains, and the soldiers think they have taken change in the vengeance they have executed.

The fracas has scarcely interrupted the flow, or rather the torrent, of gambling. This young imp, of about eight years old, is really a study of innate human nature in this department of vice. He is gambling for his dinner at the booth of a wrinkled, demoniacal, loathsome old male atrocity, and still

more loathsome hag. A form of "Blind Hookey" is, I fancy, the favorite form of vice. Coin after coin, each worth about one-fifth of a farthing, he loses at his ventures. The imp's face lowers, and his features become contorted with angry excitement; faster, faster he plays, regardless of his fifths of farthings, until at last he wins. With a growl one would never have supposed that babyish throat could have emitted, he dashes on one side up to the tray of raw meat, seizes a lump of horrible garbage with singular dexterity by means of chopsticks, plunges it into a kettle of boiling rancid grease, and then rams the dreadful morsel into his throat. His cheeks are distended to near bursting, the tears of scalding suffocation stand in his eyes, and he nearly chokes; but still he wears your thorough gambler's expression of delight at having at last won. Childhood's innocence is not a pretty sight out here. Are these creatures really akin to English childhood?

After all, the love of gambling is more or less common to all nations, and here the representatives are singularly diversified. Look at that group crowding around another gaming booth. Mingled with the demon Chinese are stray specimens of English, French, Germans, Italians, and Russians from the ironclads in the harbor; of tallowy, unwholesome Portuguese from their settlement at Macao; of stalwart dignified Punjaubees, of mean-looking Madrassesees, of snuffy Shylock Arabs, of effeminate stunted Japanese. "Of what country is that man there?" I ask a Madras Lascar, pointing to a nondescript, strange old villainous specimen, who altogether baffles my cognizance. "Seaman, sar, but I find out," says the Lascar, delighted at being thus appealed to as an authority by a European. "You old man of sea," singling him out imperiously, "you come here. Major Sahib want to know what your country," and, rather to my dismay, the weird old man feebly totters up to me, and, salaaming with a humility which is painful to witness, quavers out a few words to his swaggering interrogator. "Old man of sea, old Malay pirate, sar." I am not surprised. Doubtless he has cut many a throat in his time.

Evening closes in as the last race is run, and so I set out on foot, as a variety, on my way homeward. There is the same dust, the same aspect of fatigue common to the conclusion of all race meetings; the same tokens of dissatisfied realization common to experience of all so-called pleasures, but not the same quarrelling, drunkenness, and rowdyism habitual in England. The English are too much in a minority to render tipsiness prominent, and the Chinaman is at all events a good-tempered fellow; if bullied, he is submissive; and if hustled, he laughs—a wooden, joyless laugh, but still a laugh. The police really have some difficulty in exemplifying their utility. Perhaps an inexperienced rickshaw coolie tries on a little extortion or cheek. You mention it casually to the English watch-dog. "Oh, did he, sir? thank you," he replies gratefully, bolts after the man whom he assumes to have been tried, convicted, and sentenced, and administers the one invariable Hong Kong panacea—he soundly whacks his skull until the criminal dodges, runs, and finally escapes. These police comprise a great many grades, shades, and races, as is a characteristic feature of all Hong Kong humanity. The imperious and imperial European policeman; the efficient, proud, taciturn, turbaned Sikh; and the trumpery native watchman, incapable of saying "Bo" even to his compatriots, and dressed up to resemble a valuable, rare old China chimney ornament, equally ugly, and equally worthless.

What is this fragrant and yet somewhat sickly smell, a mixture of burning spills and sandal-wood, emanating from some of the closed chairs conveying home the Chinese ladies? It is due to the joss-sticks, in consuming which they utilize their leisure moments, an exercise

which they consider as equivalent to an act of worship.

Well, this afternoon has afforded me one more opportunity of observing the various features of various types of Chinese population. Am I favorably impressed? They are certainly industrious to a remarkable extent, intelligent, sober, and good-tempered—rare combinations of rare virtues—and yet my feeling is one of abhorrence. Their sly civilization, their crafty dealing, their apparent absence of what I may call kindly feelings, their inhumanlike expression, even their beardless, smooth faces, their high cheek bones, their Mongolian mouths, their long slit eyes, and their flat noses all give one a feeling of extreme repugnance. I would regard more as my brethren the scoundrelly Egyptians, the scowling Malays, even the half-women Cingalese, than these more than semi-civilized Chinese, who, as they shuffle along in never-ending haste, and with the wooden clatter of their discordant chatter, seem to me like the emissaries of some evil spiritual potentate intent on the performance of some malignant errand.

Rapidly, yet steadily, the pedestrian, the sedan chair, and the rickshaw lines of wayfarers stream into the orderly, quiet town, just beginning to glitter with gas jets from the English lamp-posts—those ubiquitous lamp-posts which in common with the gallows may now be regarded as the symbol of advancing civilization. If I have been successful in my attempts at delineation, the reader will admit that the beauties of Hong Kong—though splendid and numerous—may be exceeded by those of other climes; but that in marvels of scene, people, and human nature generally, there is nothing to exceed a Chinese Ascot.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

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#### A SWAIN OF ARCADY.

BY REV. DR. AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

"The individual withers, and the world is more and more."

IT is half a century and more since our Laureate wrote down that melancholy line. In those days there were no

railways and no steamboats worth speaking of—there were parish pounds, and stocks, and stage coaches, and strong

arms thrashed the corn out with the flail ; and there were prize-fights, and duels, and lotteries, and cock-fighting, and a host of other picturesque institutions which people could delight themselves with almost as they pleased. The individual in those days had incomparably more liberty of a certain kind than he has now—his speech and his dress “be-wrayed” him. Different parts of the country had their characteristic costumes, their characteristic dialects, their local habits of life, methods of tillage, even local eatables and drinkables ; and when a man rode from London to Exeter his eyes and ears were opened to sights and sounds very strange and startling to the born Londoner, who in his turn in those days was an *individual* with peculiarities of his own. All this is going, and has well nigh gone. The world *is* more and more. The world has grown too big for us. We are being flattened by monstrous Juggernaut wheels, which roll over us all, and reduce us all to a smirky surface of dreary, dismal, dull dead-alivism, and the individual is withering, his individualism crushed out of him—unrecognisable as anything but a tiny portion of a mass.

“Look at this ‘ere feller !” said an angry pig-jobber to me the other day, whom I was trying to reconcile to my churchwarden. “Ee don’t know ‘ow to write a letter—the feller calls me *Mister Brown* on his invilope !” It really was too bad. For are we not all esquires ? Yes ; and we all wear black coats, and dark trousers, and “toppers,” at least in London, and socks, and the same sort of boots, and London tailors come and bother us for orders and refuse to go away. And I am told that the ladies’ dressmakers make periodical journeys to Paris, and get the same patterns for the dresses, and the bonnets, and the—well, the other things—for all the ladies within the four seas ; and they all look like one another, or try to look like one another, from the parson’s daughter up to the celestials behind Spiers and Pond’s counters, including that middle class which embraces the dairymaid and the duchess. Already the enterprising caterers for public amusement have been compelled to send to Japan to find a hundred queer-looking people, and I think the day cannot be

far off when a museum will be opened at South Kensington for individuals who shall have survived the withering process, and whom the world shall have left out from its all-absorbing conglomerate.

Yet there are here and there, in odd corners and out-of-the-way holes, some few survivals of that almost extinct species whom I like to believe that the Laureate had in mind when he foresaw the future of the world—a species which, for want of a better name, I must needs call individuals, because that other term, which used to be a favorite one with my grandmother, has somehow come to have a different meaning. Yes, there are still to be found certain human creatures who live, and talk, and dress, and stand about, and otherwise deport themselves, in a manner which shocks and amazes the world, and who retain their individualism in spite of all that popular opinion can do to discountenance them. If they are rich, their rebellion from established usages goes some way to create a new fashion, and the *victrix causa* of the many finding an obstacle in its onward course submits to swerve for a moment from its line of advance, in homage to some nineteenth century Cato who can breast and turn the stream.

The very last time I was at Oxbridge I was sauntering through one of the college courts, and my footsteps were arrested by a lovely spectacle such as I have not seen for many years. Outside the “sported” door of some college magnate—for his name had Mr. before it on the lintel—there stood three pairs of Wellington boots, newly polished, and on the top of the boots a beautifully clean pile of magnificent stand-up collars with very long strings attached to them. None of your new-fangled buttons for that great man ! Should he demean himself to buttons when he knew the virtue of tape ? and for boots—should he spoil the set of his trousers by the inelegant protuberances of laces that might crack any moment, and hooks and eyes that might go off with a bang when it was least expected of them ? What had boot-hooks been invented for, sir ? And invented by a great Duke, too, sir ! “Why, I defy a man to wear straps with your clumsy new-fangled high-lows !”

There used to be a large number of Individuals at the universities some

years ago; they are almost utterly extinct now. I remember, when I was a freshman, meeting one of them out hunting; he wore a garment over his coat which was called a spencer, and when it came on to blow as we rode home together, he gravely checked his horse and tied a large cotton pocket-handkerchief over his hat and under his chin, saying to me in a cautious way, "I always carry a spare handkerchief to tie my hat on with when it's rough. It's a good hint for you, young man!" I did not ask him if he kept another for fastening his head on. Perhaps he managed that with his collar!

Even in our country villages we are losing our Individuals. The world is getting quite too much for us—withering us, in fact. Nevertheless they are to be found here and there, and I am rather haunted just now by one of them, who is, it must be frankly admitted, a most unsavory specimen. But you must take these specimens as you can get them.

The name of this individual is Loafing Ben. That is his name, I repeat, for a name is what a man or a thing is called by, and Loafing Ben answers to the appellation which he has gained for himself just as a bishop who has won his mitre forgets his honored patronymic, which is henceforth wrapped up in lawn. Loafing Ben was born more than sixty years ago at Stratos, which everybody knows is in Arcadia; he has been tumbling about that blissful land ever since, living one of the oddest lives of any of my acquaintances. His parents were a pretty hard-working pair, strong, resolute, not to say obstinate. They had never wandered five miles from the banks of Ladon's classic stream. They had had a very hard "broughtage up." They could not remember, either of them, that they had ever had any kindness shown them in word or deed by any human being during the seventy-six years which they had spent in this world when I first went to see them. They are not very refined in manners or sentiments. The first time I gave the old man a shilling, he looked as if he were a little afraid that I was going to enlist him in the Queen's service. Ah! my brethren and sisters, there are some very odd corners in Arcady, and in Bœotia too for that matter, corners to which no

sort of civilisation had ever approached for centuries, till the compulsory Education Act sent the myrmidons of the law to rummage in the rat holes. Ben's parents were practically heathens, and, like other heathens, were not very desirous of being anything else. But Ben's father sent him to school, and if he played truant his mother "layed on to him." Ben's boyhood was not a happy one. Stratos had a free school, which was warm in winter and not particularly hot in summer; the schoolmaster was not so heavy in the arm as some, and Ben, with less thwacking at school than was dealt out to him at home, absorbed a certain amount of knowledge and grew to be reckoned a sort of a scholar. Also he grew up to be immensely strong and a good six feet high, with the misfortune, however, of having something uncanny about his upper storey from his early childhood. There is a legend that his father once made a bet that he would smash a green walnut with his fist upon Ben's head, and that he won his bet. I am inclined to think this cannot be quite true; nevertheless, like many another myth, there may be a germ of truth in the tradition. Perhaps it was not a green walnut. Be that as it may, it is admitted by all that Ben is not as other men are. He could acquire book-learning with facility, and if we are to believe his surviving schoolfellows, he had acquisitive powers quite sufficient to ensure him a double first at Cambridge, always provided that he could have stuck to anything.

Ben seems to have gone to work at ten or eleven, perhaps earlier; and as long as they liked it, and he did not object, father and mother used to "lay on to him." It was their habit, and Ben did not seem to care much. The three lived on amicably till the lad was eighteen, a brawny, lumbering, powerful fellow, "fared as if he didn't care for nawthing," as they tell me. One day, when he was in his nineteenth year, more than forty years ago, somebody gave Ben a book. I never could make out the real facts of the case, but the book appears to have been *Robinson Crusoe*. Ben took to reading the book at all sorts of times, and when father and mother turned him out of doors, as they frequently did, he used to shamble into the little public-

house and skulk near the fire and read. To see a young man reading a book in the parlor of the "Green Man" in those days was a rarity, and folks were curious to know what it was all about. Ben took to reading *Robinson Crusoe* aloud, and became gradually a kind of local bard or scald, for he soon knew whole chapters of *Robinson Crusoe* by heart, and in the winter evenings the penny readings at the "Green Man" got a certain local reputation; and as Ben never had a farthing in his pocket—his parents took all his earnings, and he gave them up without protest—the regular customers used to stand treat for many a half-pint in return for Ben's entertainment. So Ben got to love beer, and by fair means or foul he contrived to put away several gallons of it in the seven days of which the week was then composed, even for the publican. By the time Ben had completed his nineteenth year he had become addicted to beer.

One day Ben vanished. The *habitués* of the "Green Man" were chagrined, but there was nothing to be done but drink the beer themselves which the missing bard had been wont to consume at their expense. Ben's parents were inconvenienced; there was less money for them to take and no one to pommel. Just as suddenly as he had vanished, after a six weeks' absence he appeared once more upon the scene, shambling, hulking, dirty, and ragged as ever, save that he turned up with a sailor's jersey and a portentous pair of boots. He had been to sea, had been very sea-sick, never held up his head without knocking it against something, had somehow been knocked down several times, and been pronounced a hopeless incompetent by the skipper, who sent him adrift as soon as he could land him. Where he had shipped himself, to what port he had sailed, whether he had been on a fishing voyage for herrings or gone to Sunderland for coals, or crossed the Channel in a Dutch galiot, no one ever could make out, and I am persuaded that Ben himself could never have told. All he knew was that he had been sea-sick, that he had got a jersey and a pair of boots, and lost his *Robinson Crusoe*. There was something else that he had gained by his cruise. His parents from this time

ceased to "lay on to him." He had seen the world, and that awed them. But Ben never could rest at ease from henceforth, and became a loafer, and has continued to be a loafer from that day to the present hour. It is believed that he never changed his clothes, and never washed himself, never tasted any liquid but beer, nor any food but dry bread for years. No man for miles round, they say, could do a longer day's work or do it better, but he has always worked when he pleased and where he pleased, or not at all. The filthy habits of the man have caused him to be shunned by the more respectable laborers. "Why, 't ain't likely as a man would want to work along o' him, and have him a-throwing his coat down where we war a-sitting!" said one, who delicately refrained from entering into further particulars. Yet he has lived on, and still lives, a wonder and astonishment to all who know his ways and his history. When the roadside public-houses began to take in a newspaper, Ben found a new occupation. They tell me he reads with some attempt at oratorical display, and that he talks "surprisin'." When his parents grew old and infirm they had to take another house. The landlord would only consent to let it them on condition that Ben should not sleep in it. Ben grinned, and said he didn't care where he slept. On inquiry it turned out that he had not slept *in* a bed since he went to sea.

Often as I had heard of him, it was a long time before I could get him to engage in conversation with me. Once or twice I had come upon him doing job-work for the small occupiers, and heard him talk very volubly to his employer *at* me, but when I drew near he was wholly engaged with his digging or ploughing, and never stopped for a moment. He is one of the very few men in Arcady who still can be depended on to do a day's threshing with the flail, and the small farmers are glad to have his help when their corn stacks are too small to make it worth their while to employ the machine. The look of the man I tremble to describe, but such an apparition as he presented to me one day as I came upon him threshing alone in a rickety little barn, with the thing he called his coat thrown into a corner, and his big

brawny frame drawn up to its full height, I shall not soon forget. Caliban and Frankenstein's man *plus* something else very much of the earth earthy, were there combined in the strange figure that paused for a moment, stared, nodded, and then wielded the swinging flail as if the very grains of wheat would be pounded to dust under his mighty blows.

The first time I had an opportunity of talking to him, I had heard much less of Ben's ways than I have since learnt, and I am ashamed to think how good a chance I lost. His old parents were fading out of life, the vital spark in the mere ashes remained gleaming every now and then, and twinkling, when the human dust was stirred by a basin of broth or a drop of some stimulant. They were feebly cowering over the shadow of a fire in the miserable shanty, and as I sate with them and felt my way to speaking of "such things as pass human understanding," I fancied I saw the semblance of faint emotion in one or the other. Somehow I found myself kneeling down upon the mud floor.

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When the time came for me to take my leave, I was surprised to see a movement in what I thought was a heap of sacks that had been tossed into a corner. Peering with short-sighed eyes at the sacks, it was quite plain that there was something alive there. The heap moved, and a living creature sat up on the floor staring at me. It was Ben the Loafer, awakened by words that had to him a strange, perhaps an awful sound. Miserable idiot, worse than idiot that I was. I lost my head, hesitated, sniggered, mumbled out some feeble platitude, and went away. Do you say you cannot forgive me? Who wants your forgiveness? Do you think I have forgiven myself? The next thing I heard was that the wretched old couple had "begun upon" Ben as soon as my back was turned, reproaching him with driving the parson away, "he'd been afriad to stay, and he wouldn't come no more!"

It was a long time before I had another interview with Ben. Summer had gone and autumn had come, and it was eventide. Oh "the rich moist-smelling weeds" in the quiet twilight of Arcady's Octobers, with what a sweet incense they fill the air, grown luscious as the

sun sinks down! Over the hedge there a large-eyed steer is watching you, and mylady partridge calls together her brood, and shy peewits have lighted somewhere on the tilths you know not where and cannot guess, and now and then a poor sheep coughs reluctantly, as if she were half ailing and half ashamed. I leant over a gate, as my habit is when I am saddened to find that any bird or beast in Arcady should think I meant it harm. A footfall startled me close by where I stood, and there, shambling along, was Ben the Loafer, and I joined him there and then, and for a mile or so we walked together—I do not say arm in arm—and as we walked we held converse. It might easily be believed that Ben is a dialectician with whom it is not very easy to make much way. Nevertheless when once the ice was broken I found him rather exceptionally frank and garrulous. In Arcady people in general are surly and repellent to chance acquaintances. I have seen a man watch a stranger for half a mile, silently wondering, contemplating him furtively, and apparently suspecting that he had only to watch him long enough to find him out in some dreadful crime. Our laborers have a kind of shrinking from sleek-looking people; they look upon an unknown gentleman as a being who is "after summut or other"; they are so very, very, very *cute* that only a professional pick-pocket can get at them. *He* can, however, with the utmost facility; wherever Touchstone and Audry are to be found, there Autolycus is in his element; but then Autolycus is never dull, never grave, he is always voluble, and on occasions violent; simply earnest and serious he is too cunning ever to pretend to be.

Ben was evidently fond of talking when once set going. He didn't want me, but if I wanted him he'd no objection. I found him supplied with a very much larger vocabulary than we are wont to meet with in the rank and file of Arcady. But then you must remember he was by way of being a *scald*. Readers of the newspaper, who are expected not only to read but to retail the news, that is to analyse the latest intelligence, and to repeat what the *peeyper* says, must needs have a certain command of language, and, as I have said, Ben is a man of culture, whose gifts are

such as bear the stamp of genius upon them, at least they give a certain glamor of awfulness to his eccentricities. Soon we got on easy terms. I tried to find out if he had any opinions. It was clear he never troubled himself to form any; in childhood he had learnt the Church Catechism, and he'd never found that it had done him any harm. Some folks thought it hurt 'em. As far as his observation extended, "them as the Church Catechism had hurt 'd a been hurt w'rout that!" . . .

Did he ever think of . . . Behind the veil? . . .

Est et fideli tuta silentio  
Merces.

All *that* was between him and me. . . .

Where did he live now? Live? Where he liked. Where the fancy took him. In point of fact, if I wanted to know, he lived nowhere. Where did he leave his tools? for a man can't borrow a scythe and a hoe. As it happened, there was a limit to his confidences in that matter. He knew where to find what he wanted when he wanted it, and in a general way he carried his moveable property and a not inconsiderable landed estate upon his person. "Nobody don't meddle wi' me," he said, and I quite believed him. Where did he get his dinner? He looked round at me as if to make out whether I was poking fun at him. Then he answered warily, "That's accordin'!" For dinner as an institution he was prepared to admit that he "didn't make much account o' dinner." He mostly took his loaf along with him, "same as they old patriarchs." He had "never heerd tell as Jacob and that lot looked out for cooked wittels afore they went down into Egypt." Where *did* the man get that notion from? It was evident he had taken up with a theory that a process of deterioration had set in among the children of Israel from the day that Joseph gave a double savory mess to Benjamin. Do the Rabbis teach that doctrine, or is it to be found in the Targums?

I ventured to touch further upon matters of domestic economy. Ben was perfectly open; he had nothing to hide; he made no secrets. I had heard that he was a really good laborer, who could do anything he put his hand to. Did he happen to have dealings with a savings'

bank? Was it impertinent to ask what he did with all the money he earned? "All on it? Oh! Ah!" He exhibited great appreciation of that joke, chuckled, and writhed, and shook his filthy old garments. Every wrinkle seemed to be saying to me, "I never see sich a man!" Hoarding he regarded as a most ludicrous form of insanity. Work was a disagreeable necessity sometimes. Sometimes it might come in as a relief to the monotony of life; occasionally, too, it might provide him with a pair of boots, which, however, as well as all other garments that he must needs wear, no rational man would purchase except second-hand. I gathered that he had never in his life possessed a *new* coat. He was perfectly contented with his lot. If there was anything that he had to blame his Maker for, it was that he couldn't sing! Music had been denied him. More's the pity. When he was tired of working (and he was just as likely to leave a job half finished and disappear for ten days, after having secured an advance of pay), he repaired to the nearest public-house that would take him in—for it was not every public-house which he was allowed to frequent, or where he was permitted to sit down—and while the mood was on him there he would stay, occasionally eating his bread, and invariably and continuously consuming his beer. When the public-house closed what did he do then? That question he seemed disposed to fence with, and I at once refrained from pressing it. He saw I did not mean to impose upon his candor, and, with a certain generosity, he returned to the point of his own accord. There was just a little mystery about the way in which he spent his nights. That too was "accordin'."

During the bitter winter of 1880-81 some of the roads were blocked by the snow, and Ben was at work with a gang of men making cuttings through the dangerous drifts. The miserable weather lasted for weeks, and some of the laborers were wet through all day long. It is almost incredible, but it is none the less true, that during all that winter Ben never slept in a house, but buried himself in the straw of a barn where he had leave to lay himself down. I asked him, with a shudder, whether he was not afraid of the rats? He laughed aloud with tri-

umphant glee. "I make no more count of them rats than if they was fleas!" He could not have expressed his indifference more contemptuously. Nay, the rats rather amused him, except that he objected to their tails—they tickled his face sometimes! Didn't he suffer from the cold? He didn't know what folks meant by being cold. Had he never been ill? Yes, he'd been "bad" once aboard ship; he would not try that again! Never had rheumatism? What call had folks to get rheumatics? He "didn't hold wi' rheumatics."

During the last year or two I am told the county police have been molesting Ben, and stopped his sleeping in barns with or without leave. It appears there's some law against it. The consequence has been he has every now and then been driven to the Union for a night's lodging. I hear it is telling upon him, and he is not the man he was. When he can escape the argus eyes of the constabulary he still rolls himself up anywhere, in summer or autumn, under a hedge, at other times in any hovel that he can skulk into; now and then in a warm pigsty. That *is* delicious! The astonishing constitution of the man seems to have been proof against all exposure, want, infection, drink, or irregularity of every kind. It is to be supposed that he will die some day, but if ordinary causes could have killed him, he would have been dead half a century ago.

Ben's life, by all that I can learn, has been singularly inoffensive. As the saying is, "He has been no man's enemy but his own." I am told that he never smoked. He was never for an instant suspected of any approach to dishonesty. Nay, they say, "he ain't a foul-mouthed one, though he do frequent them low sort of places." He is simply an *individual* who has not yet withered, and he continues to live on sufferance though Policeman X is not satisfied that he is perfectly harmless. "There didn't ought to be such people," says Policeman X sententiously; his objection to Ben being that he exists!

And yet, why should not Loafing Ben be let alone? "Oh! he's a lazy fellow!" No, he is *not* a lazy fellow. See him at work, and you will not libel him so. He earns his own livelihood, and

never asked anyone for a penny that was not his due; he probably never received a "tip" since he was born. He labors when he pleases, and when he chooses he stops. Now and then, when the fit takes him, he sprawls in a dry ditch and kicks his old heels in the air, a Caliban without malignity. He does not envy you your bed of down; he has no taste for art, and does not saunter through Christie and Manson's simperingly giving his verdict—

Quo vafer ille pedes lavisset Sisyphus ære,  
Quid sculptum infabre, quid fustum durius esset.

If the benevolent philanthropists, who are always ready to show the peasantry what is for their good, and always prompt to deprive them of their mischievous property, had left him a common to stretch himself in, Ben would have been found often enough under a furze bush, snuffing up the heather and making friends with the weasels; as it is, he takes the sunshine astraddle of a gate, and watches the larks, and thinks what a jolly thing it must be to be able to sing. And so you call him a vagabond. He is not even that, for he never wanders five miles from his birthplace. You dare say he is a poacher, though. No, he isn't a poacher—never has been.

"Water is a kind of thing I *will* keep out of me" is his motto; and though there are trout to be had for the tickling, the running stream is to him a dark and deadly river in which alligators may perhaps be lurking for their prey. As for the pheasants and partridges, he'll watch them by the hour; and "an old hare" he would no more harm than he would a baby. "I like them old hares," he says innocently, "and I wish there was more on 'em!"

That's all very well, but Ben is a loafer, by common consent. He's a loiterer, and loitering is a wrong done to the community. Policeman X is right after all—people "didn't ought to loiter."

"Pray, sir or madam, are there no *flâneurs* in the streets who do likewise? *Flâneurs* who have no lucid intervals of labor, but who languidly saunter through life, or are the busy bees of idleness? A loiterer is he? And what is a *flâneur*? Looking to the root of the matter I suspect that word has something to do with aimless going to and

fro. What deep commiseration there is for blind old Œdipus, when the chorus, keeping to the minor key, exclaims—

πλανάτας, πλανάτας τις ὁ πρόσβης, οὐδ' ἔγχωρος.

It was a piteous spectacle to see the old king sink down to be a *flâneur*—πλανάτας, πλανάτας τις. To think of a man coming to that! Yet there was a lower depth still; οὐδ' ἔγχωρος—he did not even belong to a club!

"I object to be classed with Loafing Ben and the ordinary *flâneur*; I can afford to be idle if I like."

So can Loafing Ben; and as long as he pays his way—which he does—he has abundant right to be as idle as he pleases. Do you want to compel this man to work ten hours a day on pain of your displeasure—the jail—the pillory—or, worst of all, the workhouse?

"Ah, but he's dirty, beery, a social pariah—in fact, he's a very *nasty* man!"

If we are going to shut up all the nasty men and women in prisons and workhouses for the crime of being nasty, there will certainly be no room for the vicious and the violent. And where shall we begin?—at our poor relations?

"Sir, this is a great deal too serious a matter to treat in a flippant and provoking manner. As a minister of the Gospel you are bound to remember that this man is utterly godless; he is——"

\* \* \* \* \*

O Lord of Life and Love, call back the wanderer Home—home to Thy fold again.

But O ye serene ones in this perplexing world! are they the few and not the many who go astray?—*Nineteenth Century*.

#### THE ENGLISH ARISTOPHANES.

THIS was the title given to one of the most brilliant wits of the eighteenth century, whose works have fallen into strange and undeserved neglect. Samuel Foote, if we may accept the estimate of his contemporaries—and it is almost unanimous on this point—was the most original and daring humorist of his time. Garrick described him as a man of wonderful abilities, and the most entertaining companion he had ever known. "Upon my word," wrote Horace Walpole, "if Mr. Foote be not checked we shall have the army itself, on its return from Boston, besieged in the Haymarket;" while Dr. Johnson, who met Foote for the first time at Fitzherbert's, said, "Having no good opinion of the fellow, I was resolved not to be pleased; and it is very difficult to please a man against his will. I went on eating my dinner pretty sullenly, affecting not to mind him, but the dog was so very comical that I was obliged to lay down my knife and fork, throw myself back in my chair, and fairly laugh it out. Sir, he was irresistible!"

Numerous other anecdotes are related of the ready wit of Foote, but his wit by no means exhausted his worth, for he was a man of considerable reading and

good classical learning, and could shine (it is said) in instructive and rational conversation with a single friend, with equal force as he could set a table in a roar. But he chiefly devoted himself to the lowest form of satire—that which is merely personal and consequently evanescent—and paid little regard to the husbanding of his faculties. The result is, that his pieces are devoid of the highest art, that moulding which genius gives to its productions in the interest of posterity. He had an almost abnormal development of the faculty of personal mimicry, and this made him such a power that he was dreaded by all classes. He exercised his faculty to excess, though Johnson observed to Boswell, "He does not make fools of his company; they whom he exposes are fools already; he only brings them into action." But as most persons have a morbid horror of being subjected to ridicule, there is no wonder that society gave Foote a wide berth. There are many men to whom ridicule is worse than death.

It would be difficult to trace the life of Foote in detail; for, as an ingenious biographer has remarked, in his early days, and before he became the cynosure

of the town, we might find him in a coach one day, and the next in a prison; at one time setting up for a member of Parliament, and at another broiling a beef-steak in a garret. But we may note a few salient points in his career. He was born at Truro on the 27th of January, 1720. His father, who filled the post of Receiver of Fines for the Duchy of Cornwall, and Joint Commissioner of Prizes, was in no wise distinguished intellectually. His mother was the daughter of Sir Edward Goodere, Bart., M.P. for the County of Hereford, by a grand-daughter of the Earl of Rutland. By a terrible deed of fratricide, which is too well known to speak of here, a large fortune passed to Mrs. Foote, and afterwards to her son Samuel. The humorist derived his wit and ability from his mother, a woman of good education and considerable sprightliness of fancy, and a favorite in fashionable and literary circles.

Foote was educated first at Worcester and then at the college of that name at Oxford. Worcester College owed its foundation to Sir T. C. Winford, a second cousin of our author's. Turning first to the law, Foote speedily relinquished this, his impulsive and original mind craving for other occupation. Next he married a young lady of some fortune and good family, but they soon disagreed. Foote squandered the whole of what fortune was at his command, and being driven to the stage for a livelihood, he made his first appearance at the Haymarket on the 6th of February, 1744, in the character of Othello. He failed in this ambitious undertaking, though not from the mere elocutionary point of view; but to essay such a character as Othello without in the first place endeavoring to master the mind of Shakespeare, is something like attempting to control the chariot of the sun. Foote's brief experience taught him many useful lessons. Having tried tragedy, he essayed Lord Foppington in "The Relapse," but succeeded no better. Failing both in the higher and lower forms of the drama, he was driven to ask where his talent did lie. The answer came in the great success with which he represented characters within the apprehension of the multitude.

His first real success was achieved at

the Haymarket Theatre in the spring of 1747, when he appeared in the double character of author and actor. The piece was entitled, "Divisions of the Morning," and dealt, like its successors, with characters in real life, whose foibles were exceedingly well reproduced on the stage. The author descended even to the manner and tone of the persons whom he intended to take off; the Westminster justices opposed the production of this piece, but Foote was well supported, and, with his ready wit, altered the title of his piece to "Mr. Foote giving Tea to his Friends." The representation was given for more than forty mornings to crowded and fashionable audiences, though a futile attempt was made to crush the author. In his next piece, "The Auction of Pictures," Foote brought in Sir Thomas de Veil, the leading justice of the peace for Westminster; Mr. Cock, the famous auctioneer; and the celebrated orator Henley.

Foote's powers of mimicry and truth to nature led him into a serious difficulty with one Faulkner, a printer of Dublin. This unfortunate man was ridiculed by the actor, who not only copied his speech, but his dress and manner, so that every one immediately recognised the character. Faulkner was so enraged that he brought an action against Foote, and, what was worse, recovered damages to the extent of £300. It is not a little singular that both Foote and Fielding ran the gauntlet of the Lord Chamberlain's censorship; both were the subjects of public slander; both were public comedians and free-livers; and both made a great sensation in town after having been refused a licence for their productions. Extravagant to the last degree, we next find Foote in France, where he sojourned for four years, dissipating the greater part of the fortune which had come to him through his family. His Parisian experience led to many rumors, some enemies asserting that he had been killed in a duel, and others (with whom the wish was father to the thought) roundly declaring that he had been hanged. In the year 1752, however, the wandering comet astonished his friends and enemies alike by appearing in London in one of his pieces.

Foote had hit both Garrick and Mack-

lin rather hard in his early productions, but no rankling sore was left as regards the former, Garrick maintaining the most friendly relations with the dramatist, extending help to and occasionally receiving it from him. Early in 1758 Foote paid a visit to Dublin, where he was exceedingly well received at Sheridan's Theatre. It was here that he originally produced "The Minor," in many respects his best play. When the piece was afterwards produced in London, Foote sent the manuscript to the Archbishop of Canterbury, with a request that his Grace would look it over, and if he saw any objectionable passages in it, "would exercise the free use of his pen, either in the way of erasure or correction." The dramatist had severely handled the Methodists in this piece, and of course if he could have obtained the sanction of the Archbishop to it, he might fairly have congratulated himself upon doing an excellent stroke of business. The Archbishop, however, was not to be caught, and having the wisdom of the serpent, he returned the manuscript as it reached him, observing to a confidential friend that, if he had put his pen to the piece, by way of correction or objection, the wit might have advertised his play as "corrected and prepared for the press by the Archbishop of Canterbury."

Foote might make mistakes, but he was as cute as a Yankee in matters of business. A number of answers appeared to the attacks made in "The Minor" on the Methodists, and one pamphlet in particular was so ably written, that Foote was driven to reply to it. Mrs. Cole, a leading character in the piece, frequently refers to her friend Dr. Squintum, who was easily identified with the famous George Whitefield, of the Tottenham Court Road Tabernacle. This and other personalities gave great umbrage. Foote cleverly defended himself in a lengthy pamphlet which speaks highly for his dialectical skill. He defined comedy to be an exact representation of the peculiar manners of that people amongst whom it happened to be performed; "a faithful imitation of singular absurdities, particular follies, which are openly produced, as criminals are publicly punished for the correction of individuals, and as an example to the

whole community." There is no particular fault to be found with this definition, but unfortunately Foote now and again transgressed the very limits he had himself laid down. He ridiculed personal peculiarities which were the misfortune, and not the fault, of those afflicted with them. It is but fair, however, to cite Foote's own grounds for attacking Whitefield.

"If," he said, "in despite of art and nature, not content with depreciating every individual of his own order; with a countenance not only inexpressive but ludicrous; dialect, not only provincial, but barbarous; a deportment, not only awkward, but savage—he will produce himself to the whole public, and then deliver doctrines equally heretical and absurd, in a language at once inelegant and ungrammatical, he must have his pretensions to oratory derided, his sincerity suspected, and the truth of his mission denied."

In this passage of arms with his clerical antagonist, Foote evinced the superiority of his classical knowledge, and corrected many mistakes into which his opponent had fallen with regard to the Attic stage.

Always falling foul of some brother actor or another, and travestying them in a manner as galling as it was natural, his frequent quarrels were not so remarkable as the rapid reconciliations which almost invariably followed. Arthur Murphy, for example, who had great cause of complaint against the humorist, in connection with "The Englishman Returned," forgot Foote's plagiarism, and in 1761 opened in conjunction with him Drury Lane Theatre. Success failed to attend upon them, and they dissolved partnership. Foote somewhat retrieved his fortunes with "The Liar," produced at Covent Garden. His "Orators" was also brought forward in 1762 at the Haymarket. With a bold candor, the author announced that in the latter piece he should introduce no less a person than Dr. Samuel Johnson, and of course much to the great lexicographer's discredit. But for once, Foote had reckoned without his host. Afraid that the burly Doctor would really fulfil his threat of going upon the stage and knocking down the performer with a cudgel, Foote deemed discretion the better part of valor. He was obliged to allow all the delightful, superstitious material about the Cock Lane Ghost to go for nothing. But

Foote was really accommodated with a tedious and expensive lawsuit arising out of "The Orators." He had attacked Faulker, the printer of the *Dublin Journal*, with the result we have already mentioned, and the only satisfaction he could obtain was the publication of a mock "Trial of Foote," in which he severely handled his prosecutor.

Foote now went on producing his pieces at the Haymarket in quick succession. "The Mayor of Garratt," "The Patron," "The Commissary," brought him much pecuniary profit, and gave him the favor and countenance of the fashionable world. But early in 1766, a severe accident befell him in the hunting-field. Being induced by the Duke of York, Lord Delaval, and others—who with himself were on a visit to Lord Mexborough—to go out with the hounds, he had the misfortune to break his leg. Amputation was rendered necessary, but even while it was being performed Foote could not suppress his humor, and observed that he had now no fears of corns, sores, or giped heels, and "would not change his one good leg for Lord Spindle's two drumsticks." The loss of a limb did not interfere with his performances on the stage, indeed it resulted in his warm patron, the Duke of York, procuring for him the royal patent for a summer theatre. He now purchased the Haymarket, rebuilt it, and opened it in May 1767, with "An Occasional Prelude," in which Banister and himself appeared. Then followed "The Tailors," respecting whose authorship there is considerable doubt. This was in time succeeded by Foote's "Devil upon Two Sticks." Having made four thousand pounds out of the "Devil," he lost it all at play to a company of blacklegs at Bath; so that the Devil was well revenged for the liberties which had been taken with his individuality. After a flying visit to Dublin, in 1770 Foote produced his "Lame Lover" in London, but the piece was a failure. Three years later he brought out the "Primitive Puppet Show." This novel entertainment was presented to crowded houses, the Haymarket being crammed with carriages. So great was the excitement of the public, that they burst open the doors to obtain admittance. When the show was in course of

preparation, a lady asked Foote whether his figures would be as large as life. "Oh no, my lady," he replied, "not quite; indeed, not much larger than Garrick," the great tragic actor being, as is well known, somewhat diminutive in size. "The Maid of Bath" was produced in 1771, "The Nabob" in 1772, and in 1774 appeared "The Cozeners," with a prologue by David Garrick, this being "the peace-offering thrown in by Roscius to Aristophanes, on a new reconciliation of the parties." Foote had attempted to borrow £500 from Garrick, and, as might be imagined, unsuccessfully.

In 1775 a strange quarrel arose between Foote and the notorious Duchess of Kingston, which furnished a good deal of scandal for the town. After our difficulties with America, the Duchess absorbed the public attention. She had obtained possession of the deceased Duke's vast revenues, and Foote, in his "Trip to Calais" and "The Capuchin," showed how she used this wealth to contaminate the public mind through her minion Jackson or Forster, represented as O'Donnovan and Dr. Viper. The expressed intention of bringing her Grace's follies upon the Haymarket stage aroused her friends, who in turn charged Foote with a countervailing crime. The Duchess gave it out that her impending trial for bigamy would be prejudiced by the exposure of her follies, and in the end the Lord Chamberlain prohibited the "Trip to Calais." Foote was greatly annoyed, but was obliged to call for a truce with his fair antagonist. The only stipulation he made was that all attacks upon his own character should cease. Whether this was construed as a sign of weakness on Foote's part does not appear, but the attacks continued with unabated violence, and the Duchess sent him a scurrilous letter. Foote replied with a terribly cutting and sarcastic epistle. The correspondence was such that it cannot be reproduced, but Foote made one very effective point. The honor of his parents having been attacked, he answered, with regard more especially to his mother—"Her fortune was large, and her morals irreproachable till your Grace condescended to stain them. She was upwards of fourscore years old

when she died ; and, what will surprise your Grace, *was never married but once in her life.*"

The Duchess (*née* Miss Chudleigh) was tried for bigamy before the House of Lords, and found guilty. The quarrel now proceeded with vigor. In the summer of 1776 "The Capuchin" was produced, and it was found that the dramatist had made a terrible *exposé* (in the character of Viper) of Jackson, who was chief of her Grace's council. The justice of the satire seems to have been widely acknowledged, but that only the more enraged the object of the attack. Accordingly Jackson, with the aid of a confederate, and supported by the Duchess with funds, laid a disgraceful charge against Foote. He was honorably acquitted, the whole thing having been an infamous fabrication ; but although he still retained both his public and private friends, his health broke down under the slander. Hysterics, languor, and excessive excitement, he alternately suffered from, and was obliged eventually to retire from the stage. He disposed of his patent to George Colman, author of "The Jealous Wife," on the understanding that he was to receive four hundred pounds every quarter of a year. In return he engaged to play occasionally at the Haymarket only. His appearances on the stage were very fitful, and being seized with paralysis on one occasion during the season of 1777, he retired for ever from the scene of his triumphs. Going to Brighton to recover his health, he was ordered from thence to France by his physicians, but he never got farther than Dover. Here he expired, the ruling passion of his wit being strong to the last. It seems that before he undertook this last journey he had a presentiment of his end ; for in going over his house in Suffolk Street he came to the portrait of Weston, upon which he gazed for some time, sighing out, "Poor Weston !" Then, turning round, he added, "It will be very shortly 'Poor Foote !' or the intelligence of my spirits very much deceives me." He was buried by torchlight in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, on the 27th of October, 1777, but no stone or memorial of any kind distinguishes his grave.

The character of Foote was never so  
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well described—considering the brevity of the sketch—as in Mr. Burke's volume of the "Annual Register" for 1777 :

"Mr. Foote, as a private man, was sincere, generous, and humane. As no man ever contributed more to the entertainment of the public, so no man oftener made the minds of his companions expand with mirth and good-humor ; and in the company of men of high rank and superior fortune, who courted his acquaintance, he always preserved a noble independency. That he had his foibles and caprices no one will pretend to deny ; but they were amply counterbalanced by his merits and abilities, which will transmit his name to posterity with distinguished reputation. 'Alas, poor Yorick ! Where be your gambols, your songs, your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table in a roar ? Not one, now. Alas, poor Yorick !'"

The estimates formed by Sir Walter Scott and Lord Macaulay of Samuel Foote, require considerable revision. They were partial and unjust. As the late John Forster remarked :

"When Sir Walter Scott speaks of the dramatist, it is as an unprincipled satirist, who, while he effected to be the terror of vice and folly, was only anxious to extort forbearance-money from the timid, or to fill his theatre at the indiscriminate expense of friends and enemies, virtuous and vicious, who presented foibles capable of being turned into ridicule. When Mr. Macaulay speaks of him, it is as a man whose mimicry was exquisitely ludicrous, but all caricature ; and who could take off only some strange peculiarity, a stammer or a lisp, a Northampton burr, or an Irish brogue, a stoop or a shuffle."

We incline rather to Mr. Forster's estimate, that a careful examination of Foote's writings shows they are not unworthy of a higher place in literature than they now enjoy. His readiness on all occasions gave him great power, and frequently enabled him to carry off the victory when otherwise he would have been defeated and humiliated. Dr. Johnson and other competent judges admitted that there was much more in him than the simple buffoon, while he had a considerable stock of learning, and more wit and more command over humorous narrative than any contemporary member of his profession.

Foote was beyond question *facile princeps* in the art of joking and repartee. Many of his witticisms will live long after his comedies are forgotten. A volume might easily be compiled of his good things ; and we shall make no apology for illustrating this side of his

character by quoting some examples of his wit. Conversing one evening at the dinner-table of a nobleman, he was interrupted at the culminating point of one of his best stories by the remark, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Foote, but your handkerchief is half out of your pocket."

"Thank you, sir," said Foote, replacing it; "you know the company better than I do." And then he finished his story.

At the same nobleman's table on another occasion, the host ordered a bottle of Cape to be set on the table, extolling at the same time its good qualities, and particularly its age. But the glasses he sent round scarcely held a thimbleful. "Fine wine, upon my soul!" said the wit, smacking his lips.

"Is it not very curious?" asked his lordship.

"Perfectly so, indeed," replied Foote; "I do not remember to have seen anything *so little of its age* in my life before."

The wit delighted in girding at Garrick whenever he had an opportunity. A young gentleman desirous of going on the stage asked Foote's opinion upon the various theatres: he replied that Garrick had certainly judgment to discern, and candor to allow of merit wherever he found it; but advised him to be cautious in making his bargain, for in that he would be too hard almost for the devil himself. He well reprov'd one who sought to extract fun out of his cork leg. "Why do you attack my weakest part?" he asked. "Did I ever say anything about your head?" Baron B——, a notorious gambler, being detected at Bath secreting a card, the company in the warmth of their resentment threw him out of an upstairs room where they had been playing. The Baron loudly complained of this usage to Foote, and asked what he should do. "Do," said the other; "why, it is a plain case—never play so *high* again as long as you live." A bombastic country squire was one morning boasting of the number of fashionable people he had called upon. "Among the rest," he observed, "I called upon my good friend, the Earl of Cholmondeley, but he was not at home." "That is exceedingly surprising," interposed Foote; "what, nor any of his pe-o-ple?"

A physician at Bath confided to Foote that he had a mind to publish a volume of poems: "but," he added, "I have so many irons in the fire I don't know what to do." "Then take my advice," rejoined the humorist, "and let your poems keep company with the rest of your irons." In the suite of Lord Townshend, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, was a person who led a very strange and sometimes embarrassed life in London.

"That is one of my gentlemen at large," said his Excellency; "do you know him?" "Very well," replied Foote; "and what you tell me of him is most extraordinary—first that he is a *gentleman*, and next that he is *at large*." The foolish Duke of Cumberland went one night into the green-room of the Haymarket Theatre. "Well, Foote," he began, "here I am, ready as usual to swallow all your good things." "Really your Royal Highness must have an excellent digestion," retorted Foote, "for you never bring any of them up again."

A person utterly destitute of tune was asked why he was always humming a certain air. "Because it haunts me," he replied. "No wonder, when you are for ever murdering it." A mercantile man, who had written a poem, exacted from Foote a promise to listen to it. The author pompously began—"Hear me, O Phœbus, and ye Muses Nine!" Pray, pray be attentive, Mr. Foote. "I am; nine and one are ten. Go on." Dr. Blair, having determined to write notes to an edition of "Ossian," Foote observed that the booksellers ought to allow a great discount to the purchasers. "Why so?" asked a gentleman present. "Because they are notes of — long credit," was the reply. Foote and Garrick being at a tavern together at the time of the first regulation of the gold coinage, the former pulled out his purse to pay the reckoning, and asked Garrick what he should do with a bright guinea he had. "Pshaw! it's worth nothing," said Garrick; "fling it to the devil." "Well, David," instantly replied the wit, "you are what I always took you for, ever contriving to *make a guinea go further* than any other man."

One anecdote probably furnished Goldsmith with the idea of Garrick's character developed in the poem "Re-

tation." Garrick having performed *Macbeth*, a discussion upon the merits of the impersonation took place at the Bedford Coffee House. It was generally allowed that Garrick was the first actor on any stage. "Indeed, gentlemen," said Foote, "I don't think you have said half enough of him, for I think him not only the greatest actor *on* but *off* the stage." At one of Foote's dinner-parties the arrival of Mr. Garrick's servants was announced. "Oh, let them wait," said Foote, adding in an audible tone to his own servant; "but, James, be sure you lock up the pantry." Sir William B——, a very profane man, called one day upon Foote, after witnessing Godfrey's experiment for extinguishing fires in houses, by throwing into the rooms some chemical balls which had been prepared. Foote inquired whether the balls answered, upon which Sir William said, "Aye, damme, they would extinguish hell-fire." "Then," said Foote, "order a number of them to be put into your coffin." The foundation of another joke was subsequently used by Sidney Smith. One day, in a company where Foote was present, the building of Richmond Bridge was discussed, and a gentleman asked whether the piers were to be built of wood or stone. "Stone to be sure," said Foote, "for there are too many wooden *peers* already in this country." When Savigny—who was by trade a cutter—first appeared on the stage, Foote went to see him, and was in the same box with a lady who was greatly affected by the actor's tragic power. "Lord! he is very *cutting*, sir," she remarked. "That's not at all wonderful," replied the humorist, "for he is a *razor-grinder*." Being once asked why learned men are to be found in rich men's houses, Foote replied, "Because the first know what they want, and the latter don't." Lord —— met Foote, one day, driving an elegant chariot, with four finedun horses, through Hyde Park. His lordship accosted the actor—"So, Foote, you drive the duns, I see." "Yes, my lord," replied the other, "'tis high time, for they have driven me a long while."

Like Dr. Johnson, Foote had not a very exalted opinion of Scotland. A gentleman who had been with him through his tour in that country, having

asked the wit what he thought the most agreeable thing in Scotland—"Why, to be plain with you," replied Foote, "the road to England is by much the finest thing you have in Scotland." Mrs. Foote being upon one occasion committed to the King's Bench Prison, she wrote to her son, who was then in a sponging-house for debt, as follows,—  
"Dear Sam, I am now in prison!"  
Her dutiful son immediately responded,  
"Dear mother, so am I."

Foote never tired of roasting the lawyers with his wit, of which a sample may be given. A simple country farmer, who had just buried a rich relation, an attorney, was complaining to him that the expenses of a country funeral, in respect to carriages, hat-bands, scarves, &c., were very great. "What, do you bury your attorneys here?" asked Foote.

"Yes, to be sure we do; how else?"

"Oh, we never do that in London."

"No!" exclaimed the astonished countryman. "How do you manage?"

"Why, when the patient happens to die, we lay him out in a room overnight by himself, throw open the sash, lock the door, and in the morning he is entirely off."

"Indeed!" said the other, amazed.

"What becomes of him?"

"Why, that we cannot tell exactly; all we know is, *there's a strong smell of brimstone in the room next morning*."

One more anecdote only, out of the many which could still be cited, we will add. Selwyn records that Foote, having received much attention from the Eton boys, in showing him about the college, collected them round him in the quadrangle, and said, "Now, young gentlemen, what can I do for you to show you how much obliged I am to you?" "Tell us, Mr. Foote," begged the leader, "the best thing you ever said." "Why," rejoined Foote, "I once saw a little blackguard imp of a chimney-sweeper mounted on a noble steed, prancing and curveting in all the pride and magnificence of nature. 'There,' said I, 'goes Warburton on Shakespeare.'"

There is the testimony of no less a person than Charles James Fox to the ability and versatility of Foote. Fox

informed Rogers the poet that Lord William Bentinck once invited Foote to meet him and some others at dinner in St. James's Street, and that they were rather chagrined with their host, anticipating that the actor would prove a fiasco. "But we soon found," said Fox, "that we were mistaken. Whatever we talked about—whether fox-hunting, the turf, or any other subject—Foote instantly took the lead and delighted us all." Boswell one day ventured to enlarge before Johnson upon the superiority of the tragic over the comic actor. "If Betterton and Foote were to walk into this room," he observed, "you would respect Betterton much more than Foote." "Sir," replied Johnson, "if Betterton were to walk into this room with Foote, Foote would soon drive him out of it. Foote, sir, *quatenus* Foote, has powers superior to them all." In the rapidity and lightness of his wit, Foote was perhaps the superior of Sheridan, though the latter had frequently a clear rapier-like thrust which was quite beyond his brother humorist.

Coming now to Foote's plays, we find that there runs through all a strong personality, which gave them their original popularity; though this does not exhaust their claims to attention. The character-drawing is extremely clever and vivid. Take, for example, the miser in "The Knights," who was personated by Foote himself, and very closely transferred to the stage the characteristics of a well-known Herefordshire knight. In the same piece, also, is Sir Gregory Gazette, equally distinguished for his individuality, and the type of many provincial politicians of the time. His education barely allowed him to apprehend the two sides of a question, yet he never had any difficulty in asserting his views with the greatest freedom and pertinacity. Foote acknowledged that he met the principal characters in this piece during a summer's expedition; they were "neither vamped up from antiquated plays, pilfered from French farces, nor were they the baseless beings of a poet's brain." They were depicted in their plain natural habit as they lived, and demanded nothing from the author save grouping them together and throwing them into

action. The following is an amusing scene between one Hartop and Sir Gregory, and it well illustrates Foote's manner, and the gullibility of the political knight. Sir Gregory having been told that there were at least a hundred and fifty newspapers published in London in a week, and having inquired which was the best, this dialogue ensues:

*Har.* Oh, Sir Gregory, they are as various in their excellencies as in their uses. If you are inclined to blacken, by a couple of lines, the reputation of your neighbor, whose character neither you nor his whole life can possibly restore, you may do it for two shillings in one paper; if you are displaced, or disappointed of a place, a triplet against the Ministry will always be well received by the head of another.

*Sir Greg.* But what's all this to news, Mr. Hartop? Who gives us the best account of the King of Spain, the Queen of Hungary, and those great folks? Come, you could give us a little news, if you would; come now—snug!—nobody by!—good now, do. Come, ever so little.

*Har.* Why, as you so largely contribute to the support of the Government, it is but fair you should know what they are about. We are at present in a treaty with the Pope.

*Sir Greg.* With the Pope! Wonderful! Good now, good now! How, how?

*Har.* We are to yield him up a large tract of the *Terra-incognita*, together with both the Needles, the Scilly Rocks, and Lizard Point, on the condition that the Pretender has the government of Laputa, and the Bishop of Greenland succeeds to St. Peter's Chair; he being, you know, a Protestant, when possessed of the Pontificals, issues out a bull, commanding all Catholics to be of his religion; they, deeming the Pope infallible, follow his directions; and then, Sir Gregory, we are all of one mind.

*Sir Greg.* Good lack, good lack! Rare news, rare news! Ten millions of thanks, Mr. Hartop. But might I not just hint this to Mr. Soakum, our vicar? 'Twould rejoice his heart.

*Har.* O fie! by no means.

*Sir Greg.* Only a line, a little hint—do now.

*Har.* Well, sir, it is difficult for me to refuse you anything.

*Sir Greg.* Ten thousand thanks! Now, the Pope—wonderful! I'll minute it down. Both the Needles?

*Har.* Ay, both.

*Sir Greg.* Good now, I'll minute it. The Lizard Point—both the Needles—Scilly Rocks—Bishop of Greenland—St. Peter's Chair; why, then when this is finished we may chance to attack the Great Turk, and have Holy Wars again, Mr. Hartop.

*Har.* That is part of the scheme."

For ourselves, we regard "The Minor" as indubitably Foote's best comedy. It gave rise to a great religious war, as we have seen, and this

probably helped to carry it through its thirty-four representations to full houses, and the fourteen or fifteen printed editions of the play. The quarrel with Whitefield did no harm to the piece from a business point of view.

"Certain it is," justly remarks Mr. Forster, "that such friends of Whitefield's as had the courage to risk encounter with Foote came off worsted from the conflict. His 'Letter to the Reverend Author of Remarks, Critical and Christian, on 'The Minor,'' is a masterpiece of controversial writing, which, if all his other works had perished, would conclusively have established his wit, scholarship, and sense, as of the rarest order. Every line tells. Actors will find nowhere in the language a happier defence of the stage; and all scholars may admire the learning and modesty with which, rejecting for himself any comparison with Aristophanes, he rebukes the insolent ignorance which can find only malice and barbarity in such a writer, and such an age."

Foote's letter contained trenchant arguments in favor of public amusements.

"What institution, human or divine," he asked, "has not been perverted by bad men to bad purposes? Men have been drunk with wine; must then every vine be destroyed? Religion has been made a cloak for debauchery and fraud; must we then extirpate all religion? While there are such cities in the world as London, amusements must be found out as occupations for the idle, and relaxation for the active. All that sound policy can do is to take care that such only shall be established as are, if not useful in their tendency, at least harmless in their consequence."

It was not too much for a critic to say of "The Minor"—

"Its three acts are worth almost any five we know. Overflowing with wit and good writing, there is also a serious and pathetic interest in them, as Holcroft found when they supplied him with his plot for 'The Deserted Daughter'; and there is character in such wonderful variety, that Sheridan was able to carry quietly off from it (a liberty he often took with Foote) what was never missed in its abundance."

The comedy is equally excellent in situation as in literary execution. It is quite true that Sheridan borrowed very frequently from Foote; but then this whole question of indebtedness on the part of dramatic authors to each other is a very wide one. Foote himself was a borrower from Lope de Vega, Molière, and others; Molière and his contemporaries, French and English, likewise borrowed from preceding writers, and these predecessors were themselves adepts in the art of "conveying." Could we push this matter to its earliest mani-

festations, we should be greatly astonished at discovering how few are the original types of character in existence in any literature.

Steele and Foote appear to have been equally indebted to the "Menteur" of Corneille—the former in his "Lying Lovers," the latter in his comedy of "The Liar."

In "The Orators," Foote had a legitimate ground for his satire—the pretentiousness of those public speakers, the real value of whose orations is in inverse ratio to their length. Some of those hole-and-corner societies which in our day profess to adjudicate upon the affairs of England and of Europe might study this little comedy with advantage. Foote seems to have actually, and happily by all account, imitated the style and manner of Thomas Sheridan, who had just arrived in London for the purpose of putting the metropolis right on such matters as "The Art of Elocution" and "The Art of Reading." The play was produced on the day of Sheridan's appearance, and the dramatist severely damaged the elocutionist in the vital matter of his audience.

"The Commissary," a comedy in three acts, would serve to point the moral that, although England had done with the immorality of the Court of Charles II., vice and corruption still openly flourished amongst certain classes of the community. The character of Mrs. Mechlin is worse in some respects than any which have been portrayed by Wycherley or Congreve. For the leading personages of this piece Foote was again indebted to Molière, just as in his "Devil upon Two Sticks" he was indebted to Le Sage. The latter comedy is a very sharp satire upon quackery, especially the medical part of it, while the pretenders in science and letters are also ruthlessly exposed. There is an excellent scene between Sir Thomas Maxwell and his sister Margaret, arising out of the former's close espionage over his daughter, to prevent her from eloping with the clerk of a trader. Margaret is one of those reputedly learned ladies who assume an inflated style of speech. We append an amusing extract from the scene in question:

"Margaret. Woman is a microcosm, and rightly to rule her requires as great talents as

to govern a State. And what says the aphorism of Cardinal Polignac? 'If you would not have a person deceive you, be careful not to let him know you mistrust him.' And so of your daughter.

*Sir Thomas.* Mrs. Margaret Maxwell, bestow your advice where it is wanted. Out of my depth? A likely story indeed, that I, who am fixed here in a national trust, appointed guardian of the English interest at the Court of Madrid, should not know how to manage a girl!

*Margaret.* And pray, Mr. Consul, what information will your station afford you? I do not deny your knowledge in export and import, nor doubt your skill in the difference between wet and dry goods. You may weigh with exactness the balance of trade, or explain the true spirit of a treaty of commerce—the surface, the mere skimmerings of the political world.

*Sir Thomas.* Mighty well!

*Margaret.* But had you, with me, traced things to their original source; had you discovered all social subordination to arise from original compact; had you read Machiavel, Montesquieu, Locke, Bacon, Hobbes, Harrington, Hume; had you studied the political testaments of Alberoni and Cardinal Richelieu—

*Sir Thomas.* Mercy on us!

*Margaret.* Had you analysed the Pragmatic Sanction and the family compact; had you toiled through the laborious pages of the Vinerian Professor, or estimated the prevailing manners with the Vicar of Newcastle; in a word, had you read Amicus upon Taxation, and Infimicus upon Representation, you would have known—

*Sir Thomas.* What?

*Margaret.* That in spite of the frippery of the French Salique Law, woman is a free agent, a non-substantive entity, and, when treated with confidence—

*Sir Thomas.* Why, perhaps she may not abuse it; but still, my sage sister, it is but a *perhaps*; now, my method is certain, infallible; by confining her, I cannot be deceived.

*Margaret.* And pray, sir, what right have you to confine her? Look in your Puffendorf! Though born in Spain, she is a native of England; her birthright is liberty—a better patrimonial estate than any of your despotic countries could give her."

In "The Nabob" we have an easily recognisable type of character, the villain, who, after a profitable residence abroad, returns to his native land, there to apply his ill-gotten gold to the annoyance and sometimes to the ruin of his neighbors. Nabob was a title generally employed to designate those who had returned with the spoils or the savings of an Oriental career; and the term "rich as a Nabob" lingers still in some English counties. In Foote's time there was a man of this character who attained great notoriety, and it was his

career which the dramatist set himself to depict. The writer indulges in a good deal of banter at the expense of the Antiquarian Society, some of whose members carried the passion for relics to a ridiculous excess.

"The Cozeners," which was performed for the first time in 1744, carries its purpose in its title—

"The sudden and unmerited elevation of persons without character, as well those who had not lived long enough in the world to acquire any, as those who might have forfeited a portion of theirs, begat in men's minds gross notions of venality regarding those who have to bestow such favors; the same poison descended into the lower ranks of life; even justice was supposed to have held the scales at a marketable price, and a conspiracy to defraud its ends, or to immolate victims at its bases, had been recently discovered."

Such corruption and venality Foote resolved to castigate. That noted corrupter and fashionable preacher Dr. William Dodd, actually had the audacity to offer the Lord Chancellor a bribe, that he might step into a good living then vacant; but the result of his temerity acted as a salutary warning to others. The Lord Chancellor not only declined the proffered bribe, but struck off the name of Dodd from the list of the King's chaplains. Yet in spite of the lash of the satirist from Molière downward, cozening, we suppose, will prevail in some of its forms till the end of time.

What was the secret of Foote's power over his contemporaries, and what is the ground for our reasonable conviction that his works ought not to be allowed to sink into oblivion? The answer lies not only in the inherent wit of the comedies themselves, but in the fact that Foote took the dramatic tide at the ebb, and turned it to his own advantage. At the time he wrote, tragedy had altogether fallen from its high estate. No works of original power were produced, although Garrick shed a new lustre upon the stage by his wonderful impersonation of Shakespearean characters. But he was only one bright particular star upon a darkened horizon. Men like Lillo essayed a new groove in tragedy, but it was of an inferior range and quality, and the one famous tragedy of Foote's day, Home's "Douglas," was the result of a close study of foreign writers. There were, it is true, a num-

ber of writers possessing wit and much humorous fancy, but comedy, too, was on the decline. Writers for the stage began to devote themselves to the burlesque side of the comic art, and political travesties became the order of the day. Fielding was amongst those who wasted their powers in this direction. Foote, being a man of quick and penetrating mind, at once perceived his opportunity, and struck in. He saw that the element of farce was one which had not been made the most of in comedy, and by using it in conjunction with a real satiric faculty in portraying the follies of the day, he attained success. That the result did not belie his expectations, is shown in the fact that he was described as the English Aristophanes.

If in all its breadth and fulness, Foote was not entitled to this epithet of "The English Aristophanes," there were yet some aspects of his character (as will

have been gathered from a preceding observation) in which the learned Greek and world-famous humorist might readily have acknowledged kinship with the English dramatist. Although separated by so many centuries, they had common qualities. In both is witnessed a perfect *abandon* of humor; there is no hesitation, no endeavor to count the cost before the satirist swoops down on his prey. Both were the scourgers of their age. But in the case of Aristophanes there was the imposing background of genius which is lacking in Foote. For that reason, the epithet applied to the latter is as flattering to the English dramatist as it is unjust to his far greater prototype.

Yet if humor and satire as salutary social forces require any apology, this apology may unquestionably be discovered in the witty and entertaining writings of Samuel Foote.—*Temple Bar*.

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#### THE WORK OF VICTOR HUGO.

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

In the spring of 1616 the greatest Englishman of all time passed away with no public homage or notice, and the first tributes paid to his memory were prefixed to the miserably garbled and inaccurate edition of his works which was issued seven years later by a brace of players under patronage of a brace of peers. In the spring of 1885 the greatest Frenchman of all time has passed away amid such universal anguish and passion of regret as never before accompanied the death of the greatest among poets. The contrast is of course not wholly due to the incalculable progress of humanity during the two hundred and sixty-nine years which divide the date of our mourning from the date of Shakespeare's death: nor even to the vast superiority of Frenchmen to Englishmen in the quality of generous, just, and reasonable gratitude for the very highest of all benefits that man can confer on mankind. For the greatest poet of this century has been more than such a force of indirect and gradual beneficence as every great writer must needs be. His spiritual service has been in its inmost essence, in its

highest development, the service of a healer and a comforter, the work of a redeemer and a prophet. Above all other apostles who have brought us each the glad tidings of his peculiar gospel, the free gifts of his special inspiration, has this one deserved to be called by the most beautiful and tender of all human titles—the son of consolation. His burning wrath and scorn unquenchable were fed with light and heat from the inexhaustible dayspring of his love—a fountain of everlasting and unconsuming fire. We know of no such great poet so good, of no such good man so great in genius: not though Milton and Shelley, our greatest lyric singer and our single epic poet, remain with us for signs and examples of devotion as heroic and self-sacrifice as pure. And therefore it is but simply reasonable that not those alone should mourn for him who have been reared and nurtured on the fruits of his creative spirit: that those also whom he wrought and fought for, but who know him only as their champion and their friend—they that cannot even read him, but remember how he labored

in their cause, that their children might fare otherwise than they—should bear no unequal part in the burden of this infinite and worldwide sorrow.

For us, who from childhood upwards have fostered and fortified whatever of good was born in us—all capacity of spiritual work, all seed of human sympathy, all powers of hope and faith, all passions and aspirations found loyal to the service of duty and of love—with the bread of his deathless word and the wine of his immortal song, the one thing possible to do in this first hour of bitterness and stupefaction at the sense of a loss not possible yet to realize, is not to declaim his praise or parade our lamentation in modulated effects or efforts of panegyric or of dirge: it is to reckon up once more the standing account of our all but incalculable debt. A brief and simple summary of his published works may probably lay before the student some points and some details not generally familiar to the run of English readers: and I know not what better service might be done them than to bring into their sight such aspects of the most multifarious and many-sided genius that ever wrought in prose or verse as are least obvious and least notorious to the foreign world of letters.

Poet, dramatist, novelist, historian, philosopher, and patriot, the spiritual sovereign of the nineteenth century was before all things and above all things a poet. Throughout all the various and ambitious attempts of his marvellous boyhood—criticism, drama, satire, elegy, epigram, and romance—the dominant vein is poetic. His example will stand forever as the crowning disproof of the doubtless more than plausible opinion that the most amazing precocity of power is a sign of ensuing impotence and premature decay. There was never a more brilliant boy than Victor Hugo: but there has never been a greater man. At any other than a time of mourning it might be neither unseasonable nor unprofitable to observe that the boy's early verse, molded on the models of the eighteenth century, is an arsenal of satire on revolutionary principles or notions which might suffice to furnish forth with more than their natural equipment of epigram a whole army of reactionary rhymesters and pamphleteers. But from

the first, without knowing it, he was on the road to Damascus: if not to be struck down by sudden miracle, yet by no less inevitable a process to undergo a no less unquestionable conversion. At sixteen he wrote for a wager in the space of a fortnight the chivalrous and heroic story of *Bug-Jargal*; afterwards recast and reformed with fresh vigor of vitality, when the author had attained the maturer age of twenty-three. His tenderness and manliness of spirit were here made nobly manifest: his originality and ardor of imagination, wild as yet and crude and violent, found vent two years later in *Han d'Islande*. But no boyish work on record ever showed more singular force of hand, more brilliant variety of power: though the author's criticism ten years later admits that "il n'y a dans *Han d'Islande* qu'une chose sentie, l'amour du jeune homme; qu'une chose observée, l'amour de la jeune fille." But as the work of a boy's fancy or invention, touched here and there with genuine humor, terror, and pathos, it is not less wonderful than are the author's first odes for ease and force and freshness and fluency of verse imbued with simple and sincere feeling, with cordial and candid faith. And in both these boyish stories the hand of a soldier's son, a child of the camp, reared in the lap of war and cradled in traditions of daring, is evident whenever an episode of martial adventure comes in among the more fantastic excursions of adolescent inventiveness. But it is in the ballads written between his twenty-second and his twenty-seventh year that Victor Hugo first showed himself, beyond all question and above all cavil, an original and a great poet. *La Chasse du Burgrave* and *Le Pas d'Armes du Roi Jean* would suffice of themselves to establish that. The fire, the music, the force, the tenderness, the spirit of these glorious little poems must needs, one would think, impress even such readers as might be impervious to the charm of their exquisitely vigorous and dexterous execution. It will of course, I should hope, be understood once for all that when I venture to select for special mention any special poem of Hugo's I do not dream of venturing to suggest that others are not or may not be fully as worthy of homage, or that anything of

this incomparable master's work will not requite our study or does not demand our admiration; I do but take leave to indicate in passing some of those which have been to me especially fruitful of enduring delight, and still are cherished in consequence with a peculiar gratitude.

At twenty-five the already celebrated lyric poet published his magnificent historic drama of *Cromwell*: a work sufficient of itself to establish some of the author's fame for all ages in which poetry and thought, passion and humor, subtle truth of character, stately perfection of structure, facile force of dialogue and splendid eloquence of style, continue to be admired and enjoyed. That the author has apparently confounded one earl of Rochester with another more famous bearer of the same title must not be allowed to interfere with the credit due to him for wide and various research. Any dullard can point the finger at a slip here and there in the history, a change or an error of detail or of date: it needs more care to appreciate the painstaking and ardent industry which has collected and fused together a great mass of historic and legendary material, the fervent energy of inspiration which has given life, order, and harmony to the vast and versatile design. As to the executive part of the poem, the least that can be said by any competent judge of that matter is that Molière was already equalled and Corneille was already excelled in their respective provinces of verse by the young conqueror whose rule was equal and imperial over every realm of song. The comic interludes or episodes of the second and third acts, so admirably welded into the structure or woven into the thread of the action, would suffice to prove this when collated with the seventeenth scene of the third act and the great speech of Cromwell in the fifth. The subtlety and variety of power displayed in the treatment of the chief character should be evident alike to those who look only on the upright side of it and those who can see only its more oblique aspect. The Cromwell of Hugo is as far from the faultless monster of Carlyle's creation and adoration as from the all but unredeemed villain of royalist and Hibernian tradition: he is a great and terrible poetic figure, imbued

throughout with active life and harmonized throughout by imaginative intuition: a patriot and a tyrant, a dissembler and a believer, a practical humorist and a national hero.

The famous preface in which the batteries of pseudo-classic tradition were stormed and shattered at a charge has itself long since become a classic. That the greatest poet was also the greatest prose-writer of his generation there could no longer be any doubt among men of any intelligence: but not even yet was more than half the greatness of his multitudinous force revealed. Two years later, at the age of twenty-seven, he published the superb and entrancing *Orientales*: the most musical and many-colored volume of verse that ever had glorified the language. From *Le Feu du Ciel* to *Sara la Baigneuse*, from the thunder-peals of exterminating judgment to the flute-notes of innocent girlish luxury in the sense of loveliness and life, the inexhaustible range of his triumph expands and culminates and extends. Shelley has left us no more exquisite and miraculous piece of lyrical craftsmanship than *Les Djinns*; none perhaps so rich in variety of modulation, so perfect in rise and growth and relapse and reiteration of music. And here, like Shelley, was Hugo already the poet of freedom, a champion of the sacred right and the holy duty of resistance. The husk of a royalist education, the crust of reactionary misconceptions, had already begun to drop off: not yet a pure republican, he was now ripe to receive and to understand the doctrine of human right, the conception of the common weal, as distinguished from imaginary duties and opposed to hereditary claims.

The twenty-eighth year of his life, which was illuminated by the issue of these passionate and radiant poems, witnessed also the opening of his generous and lifelong campaign or crusade against the principle of capital punishment. With all possible reverence and all possible reluctance, but remembering that without perfect straightforwardness and absolute sincerity I should be even unworthier than I am to speak of Victor Hugo at all, I must say that his reasoning on this subject seems to me insufficient and inconclusive: that his own

radical principle, the absolute inviolability of human life—the absolute sinfulness of retributive bloodshedding, if not utterly illogical and untenable, is tenable or logical only on the ground assumed by those quaintest though not least pathetic among fanatics and heroes, the early disciples of George Fox. If a man tells you that supernatural revelation has forbidden him to take another man's life under all and any circumstances, he is above or beyond refutation: if he says that self-defence is justifiable, and that righteous warfare is a patriotic duty, but that to exact from the very worst of murderers, a parricide or a poisoner, a Philip the Second or a Napoleon the Third, the payment of a life for a life—or even of one infamous existence for whole hecatombs of innocent lives—is an offence against civilization and a sin against humanity, I am not merely unable to accept but incompetent to understand his argument. We may most heartily agree with him that France is degraded by the guillotine, and that England is disgraced by the gallows, and yet our abhorrence of these barbarous and nauseous brutalities may not preclude us from feeling that a dealer (for example) in professional infanticide by starvation might very properly be subjected to vivisection without anæsthetics, and that all manly and womanly minds not distorted or distracted by prepossessions or assumptions might rationally and laudably rejoice in the prospect of this legal and equitable process. “The senseless old law of retaliation” (*la vieille et inepte loi du talion*) is inept or senseless only when the application of it is false to the principle: when justice in theory becomes unjust in practice. Another stale old principle or proverb—“*abusus non tollit usum*”—suffices to confute some of the arguments—I am very far from saying, all—adduced or alleged by the ardent eloquence of Victor Hugo in his admirable masterpiece of terrible and pathetic invention, *Le dernier jour d'un condamné*, and subsequently in the impressive little history of *Claude Gueux*, in the famous speech on behalf of Charles Hugo when impeached on a charge of insult to the laws in an article on the punishment of death, and in the fervent eloquence of his appeal on the case of a criminal ex-

ecuted in Guernsey, and of his protest addressed to Lord Palmerston against the horrible result of its rejection. That certain surviving methods of execution are execrable scandals to the country which maintains them, he has proved beyond all humane or reasonable question: and that all murderers are not alike inexcusable is no less indisputable a proposition: but beyond these two points the most earnest and exuberant advocacy can advance nothing likely to convince any but those already converted to the principle that human life must never be taken in punishment of crime—that there are not criminals whose existence insults humanity, and cries aloud on justice for mercy's very sake to cut it off.

The next year (1830) is famous for ever beyond all others in the history of French literature: it was the year of *Hernani*, the date of liberation and transfiguration for the tragic stage of France. The battle which raged round the first acted play of Hugo's and the triumph which crowned the struggles of its champions, are not these things written in too many chronicles to be for the thousandth time related here? And of its dramatic and poetic quality what praise could be uttered that must not before this have been repeated at least some myriads of times? But if there be any mortal to whom the heroic scene of the portraits, the majestic and august monologue of Charles the Fifth at the tomb of Charles the Great, the terrible beauty, the vivid pathos, the bitter sweetness of the close, convey no sense of genius and utter no message of delight, we can only say that it would simply be natural, consistent, and proper for such a critic to recognize in Shakespeare a barbarian, and a Philistine in Milton.

Nevertheless, if we are to obey the perhaps rather childish impulse of preference and selection among the highest works of the highest among poets, I will avow that to my personal instinct or apprehension *Marion de Lorme* seems a yet more perfect and pathetic masterpiece than even *Hernani* itself. The always generous and loyal Dumas placed it at the very head of his friend's dramatic works. Written, as most readers (I presume) will remember, before its predecessor on the stage, it was prohib-

ited on the insanely fatuous pretext that the presentation of King Louis the Thirteenth was an indirect affront to the majesty of King Charles the Tenth. After that luckless dotard had been driven off his throne, it was at once proposed to produce the hitherto interdicted play before an audience yet palpitating with the thrill of revolution and resentment. But the chivalrous loyalty of Victor Hugo refused to accept a facile and factitious triumph at the expense of an exiled old man, over the ruins of a shattered old cause. The play was not permitted by its author to enter till the spring of the following year on its inevitable course of glory. It is a curious and memorable fact that the most tender-hearted of all great poets had originally made the hero of this tragedy leave the heroine unforgiven for the momentary and reluctant relapse into shame by which she had endeavored to repurchase his forfeited life; and that Prosper Mérimée should have been the first, Marie Dorval the second, to reclaim a little mercy for the penitent. It is to their pleading that we owe the sublime pathos of the final parting between Marion and Didier.

In one point it seems to me that this immortal masterpiece may perhaps be reasonably placed, with *Le Roi s'amuse* and *Ruy Blas*, in triune supremacy at the head of Victor Hugo's plays. The wide range of poetic abilities, the harmonious variety of congregated powers, displayed in these three great tragedies through almost infinite variations of terror and pity and humor and sublime surprise, will seem to some readers, whose reverence is no less grateful for other gifts of the same great hand, unequalled at least till the advent in his eighty-first year of *Torquemada*.

Victor Hugo was not yet thirty when all these triumphs lay behind him. In the twenty-ninth year of a life which would seem fabulous and incredible in the record of its achievements if divided by lapse of time from all possible proof of its possibility by the attestation of dates and facts, he published in February *Notre-Dame de Paris*, in November *Les Feuilles d'Automne*: that the two dreariest months of the year might not only "smell April and May," but outshine July and August. The greatest of all tragic romances has a Grecian per-

fection of structure, with a Gothic intensity of pathos. To attempt the praise of such a work would be only less idle than to refuse it. Terror and pity, with eternal fate for key-note to the strain of story, never struck deeper to men's hearts through more faultless evolution of combining circumstance on the tragic stage of Athens. Louis the Eleventh has been painted by many famous hands, but Hugo's presentation of him, as compared for example with Scott's, is as a portrait by Velasquez to a portrait by Vandyke. The style was a new revelation of the supreme capacities of human speech: the touch of it on any subject of description or of passion is as the touch of the sun for penetrating irradiation and vivid evocation of life.

From the *Autumn Leaves* to the *Songs of the Twilight*, and again from the *Inner Voices* to the *Sunbeams and Shadows*, the continuous jet of lyric song through a space of ten fertile years was so rich in serene and various beauty that the one thing notable in a flying review of its radiant course is the general equality of loveliness in form and color, which is relieved and heightened at intervals by some especial example of a beauty more profound or more sublime. The first volume of the four, if I mistake not, won a more immediate and universal homage than the rest: its unsurpassed melody was so often the raiment of emotion which struck home to all hearts a sense of domestic tenderness too pure and sweet and simple for perfect expression by any less absolute and omnipotent lord of style, that it is no wonder if in many minds—many mothers' minds especially—there should at once have sprung up an all but ineradicable conviction that no subsequent verse must be allowed to equal or excel the volume which contained such flower-like jewels of song as the nineteenth and twentieth of these unwithering and imperishable *Leaves*. But no error possible to a rational creature could be more serious or more complete than the assumption of any inferiority in the volume containing the two glorious poems addressed to Admiral Canaris, the friend (may I be forgiven the filial vanity or egotism which impels me to record it?) of the present writer's father in his youth; the two first in date of Hugo's

finest satires, the lines that scourge a backbiter and the lines that brand a traitor (the resonant and radiant indignation of the latter stands unsurpassed in the very *Châtiments* themselves); the two most enchanting aubades or songs of sunrise that ever had outsung the birds and outsweetened the flowers of the dawn; and—for here I can cite no more—the closing tribute of lines more bright than the lilies whose name they bear, offered by a husband's love at the sweet still shrine of motherhood and wifehood. And in each of the two succeeding volumes there is, among all their other things of price, a lyric which may even yet be ranked with the highest subsequent work of its author for purity of perfection, for height and fullness of note, for music and movement and informing spirit of life. We ought to have in English, but I fear or—rather I am only too sure—we have not, a song in which the sound of the sea is rendered as in that translation of the trumpet-blast of the night-wind, with all its wails and pauses and fluctuations and returns, done for once into human speech and interpreted into spiritual sense for ever. For instinctive mastery of its means and absolute attainment of its end, for majesty of living music and fidelity of sensitive imagination, there is no lyric poem in any language more wonderful or more delightful. A yet sweeter and sadder and more magical sea-song there was yet to come years after—but only from the lips of an exile. Of the ballad—so to call it, if any term of definition may suffice—which stands out as a crowning splendor among *Les Rayons et les Ombres*, not even Hugo's own eloquence, had it been the work (which is impossible) of any other great poet in all time, could have said anything adequate at all. Not even Coleridge and Shelley, the sole twin sovereigns of English lyric poetry, could have produced this little piece of lyric work by combination and by fusion of their gifts. The pathetic truthfulness and the simple manfulness of the mountain shepherd's distraction and devotion might have been given in ruder phrase and tentative rendering by the nameless ballad-makers of the border: but here is a poem which unites something of the charm of *Clerk Saunders* and *The Wife*

of *Usher's Well* with something of the magic of *Christabel* and the *Ode to the West Wind*: a thing, no doubt, impossible; but none the less obviously accomplished.\*

The lyric work of these years would have been enough for the energy of another man, for the glory of another poet; it was but a part, it was (I had well-nigh said) the lesser part, of its author's labors—if labor be not an improper term for the successive or simultaneous expressions or effusions of his indefatigable spirit. The year after *Notre-Dame de Paris* and *Les Feuilles d'Automne* appeared one of the great crowning tragedies of all time, *Le Roi s'amuse*. As the key-note of *Marion de Lorme* had been redemption by expiation, so the key-note of this play is expiation by retribution. The simplicity, originality, and straightforwardness of the terrible means through which this austere conception is worked out would give moral and dramatic value to a work less rich in the tenderest and sublimest poetry, less imbued with the

\* In the winter of the year which in spring had seen *Les Rayons et les Ombres* come forth to kindle and refresh the hearts of readers, Victor Hugo published an ode in the same key as those *To the Column* and *To the Arch of Triumph*, on the return and reinterment of the dead Napoleon. Full of noble feeling and sonorous eloquence, the place of this poem in any collection of its author's works is distinctly and unmistakably marked out by every quality it has and by every quality it wants. In style and in sentiment, in opinion and in rhythm, it is one with the national and political poems which had already been published by the author since the date of his *Orientales*: in other words, it is in every possible point utterly and absolutely unlike the poems long afterwards to be written by the author in exile. Its old place, therefore, in all former editions, at the end of the volume containing the poems previously published in the same year, is obviously the only right one, and rationally the only one possible. By what inexplicable and inconceivable caprice it has been promoted to a place, in the so-called *édition définitive*, on the mighty roll of the *Légende des Siècles*, at the head of the fourth volume of that crowning work of modern times, I am hopelessly and helplessly at a loss to conjecture. But, at all risk of impeachment on a charge of unbecoming presumption, I must and do here enter my most earnest and strenuous protest against the claim of an edition to be in any sense final and unalterable, which rejects from among the *Châtiments* the poem on the death of Saint-Arnaud and admits into the *Légende des Siècles* the poem on the reinterment of Napoleon.

purest fire of pathetic passion. After the magnificent pleading of the Marquis de Nangis in the preceding play, it must have seemed impossible that the poet should without a touch of repetition or reiteration be able again to confront a young king with an old servant, pour forth again the denunciation and appeal of a breaking heart, clothe again the haughtiness of honor, the loyalty of grief, the sanctity of indignation, in words that shine like lightning and verses that thunder like the sea. But the veteran interceding for a nephew's life is a less tragic figure than he who comes to ask account for a daughter's honor. Hugo never merely repeats himself: his miraculous fertility and force of utterance were not more indefatigable and inexhaustible than the fountains of thought and emotion which fed that eloquence with fire.

*Marion de Lorme* had been prohibited by Charles the Tenth for an imaginary reflection on Charles the Tenth; *Le Roi s'amuse* was prohibited by Louis-Philippe the First—and Last—for an imaginary reflection on Citizen Philippe Égalité. Victor Hugo vindicated his meaning and reclaimed his rights in a most eloquent, most manly, and most unanswerable speech before a tribunal which durst not and could not but refuse him justice. Early in the following year he brought out the first of his three tragedies in prose—in a prose which even the most loyal lovers of poetry, Théophile Gautier at their head, acknowledged on trial to be as good as verse. And assuredly it would be, if any prose ever could: which yet I must confess that I for one can never really feel to be possible. *Lucrèce Borgia*, the first-born of these three, is also the most perfect in structure as well as the most sublime in subject. The plots of all three are equally pure inventions of tragic fancy: Gennaro and Fabiano, the heroic son of the Borgia and the caitiff lover of the Tudor, are of course as utterly unknown to history as is the self-devotion of the actress Tisbe. It is more important to remark and more useful to remember that the mastery of terror and pity, the command of all passions and all powers that may subserve the purpose of tragedy, is equally triumphant and infallible in them all.

*Lucrèce Borgia* and *Marie Tudor* appeared respectively in February and in November of the year 1833: *Angelo*, two years later; and the year after this the exquisite and melodious libretto of *La Esmeralda*, which should be carefully and lovingly studied by all who would appreciate the all but superhuman versatility and dexterity of metrical accomplishment which would have sufficed to make a lesser poet famous among his peers for ever, but may almost escape notice in the splendor of Victor Hugo's other and sublimer qualities. In his thirty-seventh year all these blazed out once more together in the tragedy sometimes apparently rated as his master-work by judges whose verdict would on any such question be worthy at least of all considerate respect. No one that I know of has ever been absurd enough to make identity in tone of thought or feeling, in quality of spirit or of style, the ground for a comparison of Hugo with Shakespeare: they are of course as widely different as are their respective countries and their respective times; but never since the death of Shakespeare had there been so perfect and harmonious a fusion of the highest comedy with the deepest tragedy as in the five many-voiced and many-colored acts of *Ruy Blas*.

At the age of forty Victor Hugo gave to the stage which for thirteen years had been glorified by his genius the last work he was ever to write for it. There may perhaps be other readers besides myself who take even more delight in *Les Burgraves* than in some of the preceding plays which had been more regular in action, more plausible in story, less open to the magnificent reproach of being too good for the stage—as the *Hamlet* which came finally from the recasting hand of Shakespeare was found to be, in the judgment even of Shakespeare's fellows; too rich in lyric beauty, too superb in epic state. The previous year had seen the publication of the marvelously eloquent, copious, and vivid letters which gave to the world the impressions received by its greatest poet in a tour on the Rhine made five years earlier—that is, in the year of *Ruy Blas*. In this book, as Gautier at once observed, the inspiration of *Les Burgraves* is evidently and easily traceable. Among

numberless masterpieces of description, from which I have barely time to select for mention the view of Bishop Hatto's tower by the appropriately Dantesque light of a furnace at midnight—not as better than others, but as an example of the magic by which the writer imbues and impregnates observation and recollection with feeling and with fancy—the most enchanting legend of enchantment ever written for children of all ages, and sweet and strange enough to have grown up among the fairy tales of the past whose only known authors are the winds and suns of their various climates, lurks like a flower in a crevice of a crumbling fortress. The entrancing and haunting beauty of Régina's words as she watches the departing swallows—words which it may seem that any one might have said, but to which none other could have given the accent and the effect that Hugo has thrown into the simple sound of them—was as surely derived, we cannot but think, from some such milder and brighter vision of the remembered Rhineland solitudes, as were the sublime and all but Æschylean imprecations of Guanhumara from the impression of their darker and more savage memories or landscapes.

Two years before the appearance of *Les Burgraves* Victor Hugo had begun his long and glorious career as an orator by a speech of characteristically generous enthusiasm, delivered on his reception into the Academy. The forgotten playwright and versifier whom he succeeded had been a professional if not a personal enemy: the one memorable thing about the man was his high-minded opposition to the tyranny of Napoleon, his own personal friend before the epoch of that tyranny began: and this was the point at once seized and dwelt on by the orator in a tone of earnest and cordial respect. The fiery and rapturous eloquence with which at the same time he celebrated the martial triumphs of the empire gave ample proof that he was now, as his father had prophesied that his mother's royalist boy would become when he grew to be a man, a convert to the views of that father, a distinguished though ill-requited soldier of the empire, and a faithful champion or mourner of its cause. The stage of Napoleonic hero-worship, sin-

gle-minded and single-eyed 'if short-sighted and misdirected, through which Victor Hugo was still passing on towards the unseen prospect of a better faith, had been vividly illustrated and vehemently proclaimed in his letters on the Rhine, and was hereafter to be described with a fervent and pathetic fidelity in a famous chapter of *Les Misérables*. The same phase of patriotic prepossession inspired his no less generous tribute to the not very radiant memory of Casimir Delavigne, to whom he paid likewise the last and crowning honor of a funeral oration: an honor afterwards conferred on Frédéric Soulié, and far more deservedly bestowed on Honoré de Balzac. More generous his first political speech in the chamber of peers could not be, but there was more of reason and justice in its fruitless appeal for more than barren sympathy, for a moral though not material intervention, on behalf of Poland in 1846. His second speech as a peer is an edifying commentary on the vulgar English view of his character as defective in all the practical and rational qualities of a politician, a statesman, or a patriot. The subject was the consolidation and defence of the French coast-line: a poet, of course, according to all reasonable tradition, if he ventured to open his unserviceable lips at all on such a grave matter of public business, ought to have remembered what was expected of him by the sagacity of block-heads, and carefully confined himself to the clouds, leaving facts to take care of themselves and proofs to hang floating in the air, while his vague and verbose declamation wandered at its own sweet will about and about the matter in hand, and never came close enough to grapple it. This, I regret to say, is exactly what the greatest poet of his age was inconsiderate enough to avoid, and most markedly to abstain from doing; a course of conduct which can only be attributed to his notorious and deplorable love of paradox. His speech, though not wanting in eloquence of a reserved and masculine order, was wholly occupied with sedate and business-like exposition of facts and suggestion of remedies, grounded on experience and study of the question, and resulting in a proposal at once scientific and direct for such research as might

result if possible in an arrest of the double danger with which the coast was threatened by the advance of the Atlantic and the Channel, to a gradual obstruction of the great harbors, and by the withdrawal or subsidence of the Mediterranean from the sea-ports of the south; finally, the orator urged upon his audience as a crowning necessity the creation of fresh harbors of refuge in dangerous and neglected parts of the coast; insisting, with a simple and serious energy somewhat unlike the imaginary tone of the typical or traditional poet, on the homely fact that ninety-two ships had been lost on the same part of the coast within a space of seven years, which might have been saved by the existence of a harbor of refuge. To an Olympian or a Nephelococcygian intelligence such a paltry matter should have been even more indifferent than the claim of a family of exiles on the compassion of the country which had expelled them. To my own more humble and homely understanding it seems that there are not many more significant or memorable facts on record in the history of our age than this: that Victor Hugo was the advocate whose pleading brought back to France the banished race of which the future representative was for upwards of twenty years to keep him in banishment from France. On the evening of the same day on which the house of peers had listened to his speech in behalf of the Bonaparte family, Louis-Philippe, having taken cognizance of it, expressed his intention to authorize the return of the brood whose chief was hereafter to pick the pockets of his children. In the first fortnight of the following year the future author of the terrible *Vision of Dante* saluted in words full of noble and fervent reverence the apostle of Italian resurrection and Italian unity in the radiant figure of Pope Pius the Ninth. When the next month's revolution had flung Louis-Philippe from his throne, Victor Hugo declined to offer himself to the electors as a candidate for a seat in the assembly about to undertake the charge of framing a constitution for the commonwealth: but if summoned by his fellow-citizens to take his share of this task, he expressed himself ready to discharge the duty so imposed on him with the disin-

terested self-devotion of which his whole future career was to give such continuous and such austere evidence. From the day on which sixty thousand voices summoned him to redeem this pledge, he never stinted nor slackened his efforts to fulfil the charge he had accepted in the closing words of a short, simple, and earnest address, in which he placed before his electors the contrasted likenesses of two different republics; one, misnamed a commonweal, the rule of the red flag, of barbarism and blindness, communism and proscription and revenge: the other a commonweal indeed, in which all rights should be respected and no duties evaded or ignored; a government of justice and mercy, of practicable principles and equitable freedom, of no iniquitous traditions and no utopian aims. To establish this kind of commonwealth and prevent the resurrection of the other, Hugo, at the age of forty-six, professed himself ready to devote his life. The work of thirty-seven years is now before all men's eyes for proof how well this promise has been kept. On dangerous questions of perverse or perverted socialism (June 20, 1848), on the freedom of the press, on the state of siege, its temporary necessity and its imminent abuse, on the encouragement of letters and the freedom of the stage, he spoke, in the course of a few months, with what seems to my poor understanding the most admirable good sense and temperance, the most perfect moderation and loyalty. I venture to dwell upon this division of Hugo's life and labors with as little wish of converting as I could have hope to convert that large majority whose verdict has established as a law of nature the fact or the doctrine that "every poet is a fool" when he meddles with practical politics; but not without a confidence grounded on no superficial study that the maintainers of this opinion, if they wish to cite in support of it the evidence supplied by Victor Hugo's political career, will do well to persevere in the course which I will do them the justice to admit that—as far as I know—they have always hitherto adopted; in other words, to assume the universal assent of all persons worth mentioning to the accuracy of this previous assumption, and dismiss with a

quiet smile or an open sneer the impossible notion that any one but some single imbecile or eccentric can pretend to take seriously what seems to them ridiculous, or to think that ridiculous which to their wiser minds commends itself as serious. This beaten road of assumption, this well-worn highway of assertion, is a safe as well as a simple line of travel; and the practical person who keeps to it can well afford to dispense with argument as palpably superfluous, and with evidence as obviously impertinent. Should he so far forget that great principle of precaution as to diverge from it into the humble and homely course of investigation and comparison of theory with fact and probability with proof, his task may be somewhat harder, and its result somewhat less than satisfactory. I would not advise any but an honest and candid believer in the theory which identifies genius with idiocy—which at all events would practically define one special form of genius as a note of general idiocy—to study the speeches (they are nine in number, including two brief and final replies to the personal attacks of one Montalembert, whose name used to be rather popular among a certain class of English journalists as that of a practical worshipper of their great god Compromise, and a professional enemy of all tyranny or villainy that was not serviceable and obsequious to his Church)—to study, I say, the speeches delivered by Victor Hugo in the Legislative Assembly during a space of exactly two years and eight days. The first of these speeches dealt with the question of what in England we call paupersim—with the possibility, the necessity, and the duty of its immediate relief and its ultimate removal: the second, with the infamous and inexpiable crime which diverted against the Roman republic an expedition sent out under the plea of protecting Rome against the atrocities of Austrian triumph. A double-faced and double-dealing law, which under the name or the mask of free education aimed at securing for clerical instruction a monopoly of public support and national encouragement, was exposed and denounced by Hugo in a speech which insisted no less earnestly and eloquently on the spiritual duty and the spiritual necessity of faith and

hope than on the practical necessity and duty of vigilant resistance to priestly pretention, and vigilant exposure of ecclesiastical hypocrisy and reactionary intrigue. Against "the dry guillotine" of imprisonment in a tropical climate added to transportation for political offences, the whole eloquence of a heart as great as his genius was poured forth in fervor of indignation and pity, of passion and reason combined. The next trick of the infamous game played by the conspirators against the commonwealth, who were now beginning to show their hand, was the mutilation of the suffrage. To this again Victor Hugo opposed the same steadfast front of earnest and rational resistance; and yet again to the sidelong attack of the same political gang on the existing freedom of the press. A year and eight days elapsed before the delivery of his next and last great speech in the Assembly which he would fain have saved from the shame and ruin then hard at hand—the harvest of its own unprincipled infatuation. The fruit of conspiracy, long manured with fraud and falsehood and all the furtive impurities of intrigue, was now ripe even to rottenness, and ready to fall into the hands already stretched towards it—into the lips yet open to protest that no one—the accuser himself must know it—that no one was dreaming of a second French empire. All that reason and indignation, eloquence and argument, loyalty and sincerity could do to save the commonwealth from destruction and the country from disgrace, was done: how utterly in vain is matter of history—of one among the darkest pages in the roll of its criminal records. The voice of truth and honor was roared and hooted down by the faction whose tactics would have discredited a den of less dishonest and more bare-faced thieves; the stroke of state was ready for striking; and the orator's next address was the utterance of an exile.

There are not, even in the whole work of Victor Hugo, many pages of deeper and more pathetic interest than those which explain to us "what exile is." Each of the three prefaces to the three volumes of his *Actes et Paroles* is rich in living eloquence, in splendid epigram and description, narrative and satire and

study of men and things : but the second, it seems to me, would still be first in attraction, if it had no other claim than this, that it contains the record of the death of Captain Harvey. No reverence for innocent and heroic suffering, no abhorrence of triumphant and execrable crime, can impede or interfere with our sense of the incalculable profit, the measureless addition to his glory and our gain, resulting from Victor Hugo's exile of nineteen years and nine months. Greater already than all other poets of his time together, these years were to make him greater than any but the very greatest of all time. His first task was of course the discharge of a direct and practical duty ; the record or registration of the events he had just witnessed, the infliction on the principal agent in them of the simple and immediate chastisement consisting in the delineation of his character and the recapitulation of his work. There would seem to be among modern Englishmen an impression—somewhat singular, it appears to me, in a race which professes to hold in special reverence a book so dependent for its arguments and its effects on a continuous appeal to conscience and emotion as the Bible—that the presence of passion, be it never so righteous, so rational, so inevitable by any one not ignoble or insane, implies the absence of reason ; that such indignation as inflamed the lips of Elijah with prophecy, and armed the hand of Jesus with a scourge, is a sign—except of course in Palestine of old—that the person affected by this kind of moral excitement must needs be a lunatic of the sentimental if not rather of the criminal type. The main facts recorded in the pages of *Napoléon le Petit* and *L'Histoire d'un Crime* are simple, flagrant, palpable, indisputable. The man who takes any other view of them than is expressed in these two books must be prepared to impugn and to confute the principle that perjury, robbery, and murder are crimes. But, we are told, the perpetual vehemence of incessant imprecation, the stormy insistence of unremitting obloquy, which accompanies every chapter, illuminates every page, underlines every sentence of the narrative, must needs impair the confidence of an impartial reader in the trustworthiness of a chronicle and a commentary

written throughout as in characters of flaming fire. Englishmen are proud to prefer a more temperate, a more practical, a more sedate form of political or controversial eloquence. When I remember and consider certain examples of popular oratory and controversy now flagrant and flourishing among us, I am tempted to doubt the exact accuracy of this undoubtedly plausible proposition : but be that as it may, I must take leave to doubt yet more emphatically the implied conclusion that the best or the only good witness procurable on a question of right and wrong is one too impartial to feel enthusiasm or indignation ; that indifference alike to good and evil is the sign of perfect equity and trustworthiness in a judge of moral or political questions ; that a man who has witnessed a deliberate massacre of unarmed men, women, and children, if he be indiscreet enough to describe his experience in any tone but that of scientific or æsthetic serenity, forfeits the inherent right of a reasonable and an honorable man to command a respectful and attentive hearing from all honorable and reasonable men.

But, valuable and precious as all such readers will always hold these two books of immediate and implacable history, they will not, I presume, be rated among the more important labors of their author's literary life. No one who would know fully or would estimate aright the greatest genius born into the world in our nineteenth century can afford to pass them by with less than careful and sympathetic study : for without moral sympathy no care will enable a student to form any but a trivial and a frivolous judgment on writings which make their primary appeal to the conscience—to the moral instinct and the moral intelligence of the reader. They may perhaps not improperly be classed, for historic or biographic interest, with the *Littérature et Philosophie mêlées* which had been given to the world in 1834. From the crudest impressions of the boy to the ripest convictions of the man, one common quality informs and harmonizes every stage of thought, every phase of feeling, every change of spiritual outlook, which has left its mark on the writings of which that collection is composed ; the quality of a pure, a perfect,

an intense and burning sincerity. Apart from this personal interest which informs them all, two at least are indispensable to any serious and thorough study of Hugo's work: the fervent and reiterated intercession on behalf of the worse than neglected treasures of mediæval architecture then delivered over for a prey to the claws of the destroyer

and the paws of the restorer; the superb essay on Mirabeau, which remains as a landmark or a tidemark in the history of his opinions and the development of his powers. But the highest expression of these was not to be given in prose—not even in the prose of Victor Hugo.—*Nineteenth Century.*

(*To be concluded.*)

### THE AFGHANS ARE THE LOST TEN TRIBES.

BY HIS HIGHNESS ABDUR RAHMAN KHAN, AMEER OF AFGHANISTAN.

NEXT to the authorship of the Junius Letters, and the identity of the Man in the Iron Mask, the subject that most excites the curiosity of those who delight in ransacking the waste-paper baskets of history is the discovery of the Lost Tribes of Israel. There is quite a school of Englishmen—the Anglo-Israelites—whose happiness in life depends upon the conviction that they are the direct descendants of the ten tribes. But the accepted belief is that they are to be found in Afghanistan, and the following proclamation issued in 1882 by the Ameer Abdur Rahman, which has never hitherto been published, may be accepted as a unique piece of evidence as to the reality of the conviction with which some Afghans claim to be of Jewish origin. The character of the Afghans, who often speak of themselves as Beni Israel, has much in common with that of the Jews as depicted in the Old Testament, and the resemblance between the character of Shere Ali and Saul has often been noted. The proclamation is also exceedingly interesting as giving the present Ameer's version of recent Afghan history, and the side light which it throws upon the character of the ruler whose possessions alone intervene between our frontier and the Russian outposts.

*After praise to God and blessings on the Prophet.*—O you nation, the inhabitants of Afghanistan, O you the present tribes of this delightful banquet, according to the words of God, "reserve or select a company of yourselves to invite people towards good and command them towards righteousness;" it is, therefore, necessary for the wise men of the age and the sages of nature to conduct the ignorant and wanderers in the desert of uncer-

tainty with good advice into the straight path, and to fulfil the duties of sympathy with their co-tribesmen, which is one of the conditions of Islam: "to be patriotic is a sign of good faith."

I, therefore, bring to the notice of the nobles and commons several sayings for your observance. I hope you will remove the cotton of negligence from your ears and listen to my speech. Should my advice be acceptable to you, act accordingly; if not consider me as one of your tribesmen and think my speech preposterous, and throw it into the field of forgetfulness.

O my tribesmen, it is known to you that you are a noble race and your pedigree is traced from Jacob the prophet. The Creator of mankind treated your ancestors with favor and you are mentioned in the Koran with respect, as follows: "O Children of Israel, remember my benevolence that I have granted unto you, and verily I have exalted you above other creatures."

In the time when the nations of the world and most of the children of Adam were wandering in the wilderness of perversion and were worshipping idols, you were the chosen nation of God, the possessors of the Book, and believed in one God; also you were honored and respected in the whole world.

After the death of Joseph you committed vicious acts and broke the chain of friendship and union among yourselves and became jealous and malicious against each other.

On this account, although you were about six lakhs of people, you became subordinate to the Copts and the Egyptians, your property was plundered and your male children were massacred by the accursed Pharaoh. Then some of your pious men having been disgraced beyond measure by the strange nation awoke from their sleep of negligence and turned the face of supplication towards their Creator. The arrow of their prayers reached the target of response. Then Moses, may peace be on him, was selected from your nation, and by the strength of his prophecy, intellect, and great qualifications he emancipated you from captivity and the slavery of the Copts and the Pharaohs, and selected the provinces of Egypt and Syria for your abode. Manna and

quails were sent to you from the secret blessed table and all temporal enjoyments were granted to you.

After that you again forgot the promises of God, and for a time, yielding to the tempting of Smari, you worshipped a calf. Another time while fighting against tyrant nations you behaved treacherously to your prophet. Again God poured out his anger on you. Manna and quails and other blessings ceased.

When you started for Syria you were all confused and bewildered in the desert of Teeh. The distance was not more than 250 miles; this small distance you could not accomplish in forty years.

Moses and Aaron, on account of your thankless behavior, then left you and were free from your evil hearts and your trouble.

You wandered in the desert of perversion until you ceased committing vicious acts and turned the face of refuge towards the threshold of the Creator. Then God selected Yusha Bin Noon (Joshua) from among you, by whose prayers and blessings and acceptance of your repentance you were released from the desert of bewilderment, and by the strength of your arms the tyrant nations were made contemptible and miserable.

You then by reason of your thanksgiving to God, comfortably enjoyed the gardens and buildings of the province of Syria. After a long time you again were conquered by negligence of duty to God, and became idolaters and did not remember to preserve unity. Then God being wrathful made a tyrant nation rule over you; they plundered most of your property and killed the rebellious people of your nation, and you, on account of your malice against each other, would not in any way defend yourselves against your enemy.

Eventually you could find no remedy except in repentance, and being feeble and no longer able to endure you hastened towards the Judge of your necessities. He then selected Tanloot (Saul) from among you, who was physically powerful and materially full of intellect, and made him your Amir, and through him all your enemies were defeated, and the standards of your victories were firmly hoisted.

In the time of Solomon when you believed and obeyed God to the best of your knowledge, and when malice and intrigue were cast away from among you, all at once you became rulers over the land and sea, and your orders were obeyed by the demons and fairies.

Then your learned men (Olama) became degraded, and the seeds of jealousy and malice began to sprout in the ground of your hearts, you forgot the blessings of God, and would not listen to your learned men, nor would you take example by your own experiences; you did not respect your chiefs, and did not wipe the rust from off the mirror of your hearts by the polish of friendship; therefore again the storm of the anger of God confronted you in the image of Bukht-n-Nasir (Nebuchadnezzar); all your property and treasures which you had stored up were plundered by his troops, your men and women were made captives and taken to Babylon, which is now called Bagdad. He destroyed Baitul Makudas, the sacred house,

Jerusalem, and drove you from the gardens of Syria, and for a length of time you were captives to the tyrant until he departed to the desert of hell. Then you, leaving the countries of Arabia, came to the hills of Ghour and settled yourselves there.

You were in that country when the mercy of God supported you, and through Kais and the good acts of Khalid-bin-Walid you were ennobled by being converted to Islam.

A very long time after that, by reason of enmity between yourselves, you were like beasts wandering in the hills of Ghour, and were continually plundering each other. In the meantime you were constantly being trampled upon by the horses of the sowers of Ghazni and Ghour, and in the reign of the Persians you used to obey the common Turks, until by the perseverance and efforts of Ahmad Shah, Abdali, your malice and alienation were converted into friendship; then you were freed from obedience to strangers.

Through his prosperous luck and suitable deeds on your part, you slumbered in the cradle of safety. You took possession of the provinces of India, the borders of Turkestan, and some parts of Persia, and brought to your own country all the riches of those places, and with it you built new cities and good houses. You continued in the enjoyment of the blessings of God until you again forgot to submit your thanks to God and again became jealous and malicious to each other, and much bloodshed and fighting took place among you. When this ungrateful conduct of yours towards the bounty of God exceeded the utmost limit, the sea of the anger of God began to rise and He sent the British nation from a corner of this world to twist your ears, and they inflicted on you all sorts of punishment until smoke rose up from your race and your lamentation and clamors reached the sky. Eventually your prayers were accepted by God; after much opposition and fighting you got released from the hands of such a powerful enemy and twisted the wrist of that brave nation by the force of your daylight prayers and your midnight sighs.

For a long time you slumbered in the cradle of safety and comfort under the shadow of my grandfather. When my noble grandfather, being on the expedition against Herat, found the mercy of God (died) and closed his worldly eyes on the administration of the affairs of this earth, my late uncle, the Amir Sher Ali Khan, sat on the throne of sovereignty. My noble father, who saw the bad results of enmity, notwithstanding his great influence and position, abstained from malice and animosity, and wrote to him in a friendly way. That unjust man (Sher Ali) by way of violence and a perverse mind, imprisoned my father, which act compelled me to fight with him, and I succeeded in releasing my father, and I brought him to the throne of my ancestors.

After the death of my father, when the world played a treacherous game with me, I did not wish to remain in Afghanistan lest on my account the country should suffer disturbance and destruction; consequently I exiled myself in a

strange country, and spent thirteen years waiting for a suitable opportunity.

By reason of your domestic disturbances and local contests the anger of God increased and the waves of His wrath became violent, then you suffered by earthquakes, cholera, and unexpected floods. Still you did not awake from the sleep of negligence and were intoxicated with the wine of folly and remained in shame.

The English army again after forty years girded their loins against you, and through the cowardice of the man who was Governor at the time and through want of arrangements you were defeated by a slight attack.

For some time, in order that you might expiate your unworthy acts, you suffered hundreds of sorts of injuries and tasted a thousand species of poisons and misfortunes, so much that, eventually, through scarcity of grain and attacks of misfortunes and blight, your business ended in your losing your lives, and the knife of the enemy reached your bones. Your sighs and cries reached even to the blue sky.

In accordance with the covenant that God had made with your ancestors, the arrow of your prayers reached the target of acceptance, and I whom He kept under his guardianship for thirteen years was sent for your release, and by my fortunate efforts the High and Respected God emancipated you from the allegiance to the strange nation. The drops of blessings were poured on you, famine was ended, the highway robbers at once despaired of their lives, those who were the cause of the destruction of the country were imprisoned, and disturbances were quelled in your country.

I made a suitable remission of your revenue, and added to your pensions so far as was proper. I shut my eyes to the former contest between us, and never listened to your enemies. I opened the gate of my Durbar to you, and spread my tablecloth before you. By your own counsel I made peace with the English Government, and I obtained from them a considerable sum for the advancement of your welfare, and night and day I prepare war ma-

terials for you, and am procuring the implements which will procure name and repute for you. I have not slumbered a moment on account of my anxiety to improve your affairs; I have not rested for a second in advancing the duties of the faith and of the State.

I trust you will thank God for this great blessing and will not be ungrateful for His gracious bounties, that according to His words, "those who give thanks for what they receive will receive more," the blessings of God will daily be increased. But if you should be ungrateful for such copious blessings, I see with my eyes that a dreadful plague has opened its mouth to devour you and me, and a terrible enemy (Russia) has turned his eyes towards you, and the time has almost come when your property will be in possession of the enemies and your families will be captives in the hands of unbelievers (Kafirs), and you, as in the times of Bukht-u-Nasir, will be exiled from your homes and will suffer many troubles.

You may be certain that as long as my soul remains in my body I shall endeavor as much as is in my power to resist and repulse the enemies of the Faith, and will try to introduce civilization amongst you. I shall consider your enemies to be my own enemies, and will fight against them with heart and life; but sovereignty is like a house. I am the architect who makes the plan, officers of the army are the masons, and the people are the workmen; if any of these three distinct classes neglect their respective duties, this building will not be constructed, but if every one attend to his respective duty, in a short time a firm foundation will be laid.

I pray to God for your welfare and prosperity, and do you pray for me to be firm in justice and in the laws of God's prophet.

My last advice to you is this, that if any one of my officials oppress you, or extort more than the fixed revenue, bring it to my notice without fear, and I will see justice done to you. I will not be partial even if my son should be in question.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

## A BROTHER OF THE MISERICORDIA.

### IN THREE CHAPTERS.

#### CHAPTER I.

THEY were talking of brotherhoods the other day at Lloyd Fenton's, and extolling the good deeds done by them, especially by that fraternity called in Italy the "Misericordia." Each one had some experience to relate—a tale of benevolence or courage—but I sat silent. At length Fenton asked me a direct question: "Why do you say nothing, Cuthbert? You have been in Italy so

long, you must have heard much of the brethren."

"I have heard something of them," was my answer, "and indeed have had an experience of treatment at the hands of one of them; but as it is directly at odds with all of yours, it seems a pity I should mention it."

"O no"—"Tell us"—"You must"—"We want a shadow to all this light," was the chorus raised immediately. And this is what I told them.

Five years ago I was poor enough, and was thankful to take what work came to hand ; so, when my rich cousin, John Harper, sent me to Florence to copy pictures for his great house at Eastmere, I gratefully accepted the munificent offer he made me, started off at once for Florence, and set up my easel in the "city of Flowers" early in October. By February I felt as if I had lived there for years, and had made acquaintance with nearly all its pictures, palaces, and churches. After making copies of some well-known works—"Madonna," by Raphael ; "Madonna and Two Saints," by Andrea del Sarto ; "Pietà," by Fra Lippi—I thought I would change my ideas by having a face that was not a saintly one to gaze at ; so I betook myself to the Sala di Venus in the Pitti Palace, and took up my brushes in front of the "Bella Donna" of Titian. As the face and form grew under my pencil, I could not but learn from the favorable remarks continually made upon it in my hearing, that I had succeeded somewhat better than usual in transferring a portion of the beauty of the original to my canvas. The picture was all but finished, and I was one day adding a stroke here and there to the gold embroidery of the dress, when I heard the steps of two gentlemen pause behind me, and one of them exclaimed : "Per Bacco, non c'è male !" He began to talk about my work ; soon learned that I was English, and intending to go homewards shortly ; and before our interview was over, he asked me to copy for him a picture in his gallery, the original of which he wished to part with. He was good enough to say that he had been seeking some one who would catch the intention of the painter sufficiently well to supply the copy he wanted ; and he thought I might be able to render the meaning of the original without supplementing it by fancies of my own. He let me fix my own time for work, so I arranged to begin early in the following week. With the usual formal salutations, we parted ; and on looking at the card left by my new patron, I found him to be the "Principe Gherardo Schidone," of whose small but exquisite collection of pictures I knew well the reputation.

On presenting myself at the Palazzo,

I was shown into the library. The tall man in livery who opened the massive door moved so quietly across the thickly carpeted floor that the Prince did not hear his approach, and I had time to take note of the apartment and its inhabitant before he was informed of my presence. He was writing, and I observed his high narrow forehead and projecting chin almost unconsciously. His eyes were dark, and rather hard, the nose and mouth beautifully formed. When he raised his head and a friendly smile brightened his face, the Prince was decidedly a handsome man. He was about thirty ; and I had heard of him as being extremely clever, somewhat of a *début*, and unquestionably poor. After a few minutes' chat, he proposed to conduct me to the gallery, whither he said my painting-things would have been already taken. We walked down a corridor hung with tapestry, and scantily furnished with ancient seats, dower chests, and antique vases, after the manner of such places ; and turning sharply to the right, ascended a marble staircase, from the landing at the top of which a door on the left admitted us to the picture-gallery. The rooms I had already seen were rather shabby, and looked as if a good round sum might be expended on their re-decoration with advantage ; but the two apartments which contained the collection of paintings were in excellent preservation. The decorations of wall and ceiling were fresh and bright ; the polished floor was covered in the centre with a thick carpet ; huge logs flamed on the hearth ; and the place had the cheerful air of being cared for, which in my experience was not usual in the Palazzi of Florence.

The Prince allowed me to look at the masterpieces of art of which he was the fortunate possessor, and then paused before a striking picture—the one of which he told me he desired the most faithful copy in my power to produce. He further added that the subject of the portrait was an ancestress of his, and that it was by Morone, that prince amongst portrait-painters.

My admiration of the work seemed to make Prince Gherardo think he should account for parting with it ; and with something of a frown on his handsome face, he said : "The lady was a Bandi-

nelli; and her family having long wished for the portrait, I have at length decided they shall possess it."

I bowed, and was soon left alone. Placing my easel in the most favorable position, I studied the portrait attentively for a good half-hour, and came to the conclusion that no light task had been assigned me. The picture represented a girl of about twenty, and was entitled simply "*Amaranthe*." It was of three-quarter length; and the lady's appearance fascinated me at first sight; but her charm became less the more the features were studied. She wore a dress of dark amethyst velvet, with curious gold ornaments. About the throat and wrists there was some lovely lace, and she carried a fan of feathers in her hand. The face was of a delicate paleness, and beautifully formed; the mouth rather large, and with firm, clearly-cut lips. A well-modelled nose and marked eyebrows gave it character. The forehead was broad and low; the eyes of an exquisite grey, with lashes so dark and long they seemed to give a violet shade to the pupils. And most noticeable of all was the magnificent wealth of golden hair, which hung down without band or ribbon, being loosely plaited from the shoulders. As I studied the picture, I came to believe that the lady had been one who would be more admired than beloved, and who would be a cold friend and a remorseless foe. I may have wronged "*Amaranthe*;" but the portrait had all the life-like charm that the best pictures by Morone possess, and I believe revealed her character.

Prince Gherado took great interest in my work, coming often to watch its progress, and giving me hints which showed him to have a great knowledge of the technical part of the artist's profession. He used to come at all times, and never twice together entered by the same door, till at length I had an uncomfortable idea that he watched me, and that these unexpected appearances were to test my industry. He was, however, always extremely polite, and expressed nothing but satisfaction with my work.

One morning I chanced to be earlier than usual at the palace, and found the windows had not been uncovered. The servant who followed me went to one of

them, and I to the other, and when the heavy blind was raised, I remained a few moments looking out. The window was rather high in the wall, and standing on the floor, one could not see into the garden below. I knelt on the broad window-seat, and from my elevation looked down into the inclosure, gay with flowers, and with a fountain splashing in the centre. Facing me was a wall, then another garden, and a long low range of white buildings. As I watched, a door in the centre of these opened, and out trooped a bevy of nuns. They looked like merry school-girls as they frisked round and round the garden-walks. Their dress of black and white was oddly finished off by an enormous flapping straw hat, tied down with black ribbon, completely concealing the face, and as unlike as possible to the head gear of any order of nuns when seen outside their dwelling.

"What convent is that?" I inquired.

"It belongs to the order of St. Caterina," was the man's answer; and as he passed me to leave the room, he said in a subdued voice: "It was from there that the Princess came."

The Princess! I had not heard of her, and I found myself once or twice wondering what manner of lady she was.

That afternoon, as I was working away at the hair of *Amaranthe*, the door on my right opened and the rustling of a dress betokened the presence of a visitor. I rose from my seat as the Prince entered with a lady, from whose face I could not withdraw my eyes, so strangely did she resemble the portrait I was copying. How well I knew the features! But the face of the living *Amaranthe* bore only a sweet, amused expression as she said: "See Gherado; the Signor is struck with the likeness!" and advancing to me, she continued with a merry laugh: "That *Amaranthe Bandinelli* was my ancestress. Are we not alike?"

I stammered some reply, but the words did not come quickly. To sit for days in front of a canvas copying the lineaments depicted thereon till you know every curve and line, and then to find beside you the picture come to life!—without a word of warning—this was so strange an experience that it took away my self-possession for the moment.

The Princess was about to tell me more, and began, saying: "That Amaranthe was not a"—when the Prince interfered, saying: "*Basta!* you must not interrupt the Signor.—Do you like his work? Look at it."

His voice was harsh, peremptory; and the young wife's face changed; a hard look came into it, and the likeness of the picture was intensified. She spoke no word, but gazed fixedly on my work for a few moments; then, with a stately step, crossed the room to a door in the wall behind me, and disappeared. The Prince followed, and I was again alone.

My work was progressing well; and in the bright spring afternoons I began to leave it, and go to the Cascine to watch the crowds driving up and down—the Russians with their low carriages, spirited horses with scarcely any harness, and fur-capped coachmen; the eccentric American with his team of fourteen ill-matched steeds; the sober English, heavy Germans, and brilliant Italians, all driving or riding according to their various nationalities and in their special fashions. I sometimes saw Prince Schidone and his lovely wife; they were invariably alone; and the carriage was never drawn up at the side of the avenue with a crowd of loungers encircling it, as was the case with the other vehicles. One of my Italian friends, Luigi Savelli, told me the Prince was jealous, and that he allowed his wife no liberty, adding that she had run away from her convent to marry him. I remembered the footman's words, and began to believe the statement, notwithstanding my knowledge of the watchful care with which the Church guards her children.

When I thought my work nearly done, Prince Gherado became fastidious about the dress, and objected to the color of the fan and my treatment of the lace. It seemed as if he did not wish the picture finished. I began to weary of the alterations; and after repainting the portions twice, told him I did not consider the work improved, and that I must decline more changes.

I went one morning early to try for the last time at the lace, when, on taking up my palette, I noticed on it a large patch of green paint, which I cer-

tainly had not left there, and on it, traced in black letters, were the English words: "Help me. Stay till six.—A."

This was strange. It savored of an adventure. Who was "A"? What did he or she want? Could it be the Princess? Her name perhaps was Amaranthe. I would certainly stay till six. Before that hour the door close to my right hand opened; the rustle of a dress again heralded the entrance of the Princess. I had a large open tin box by my side, and as the lady was passing it she dropped her fan; it fell behind her, and the Prince stooped to pick it up. At that instant a tiny scrap of paper fluttered into my box; and I perceiving it, closed the lid as I rose to salute my visitors. The Princess spoke no word to me, but made some rapid and not favorable criticisms on my work in Italian. I spoke to the Prince in the same language, as I feared his wife might not know I understood her remarks, which were not of the most polite description. She did not appear to heed this, in fact continued her strictures, the gist of which I found to be her displeasure with the hair; she thought it required much more careful finish. I reminded the Prince that I must leave for England in a fortnight; therefore, my work at the picture must soon cease, and that I did not think I could improve it. He was quite satisfied, and told his wife that when it hung in the place of the original she would confess it was well done.

I did not dare to read the note till I arrived at my rooms; but once there, I speedily made myself master of its contents. It was written in Italian, and ran as follows:

I trust you, for your face is good and kind, and you are English. I am a most unhappy woman, a prisoner and a slave. I *must* return to the convent. There I shall be able to communicate with my uncle, Cardinal Bandinelli. Here, I can never speak to him of my wrongs, I am so watched. Will you help me? If so, write "Yes" on your palette, and I will tell you what to do.—A.

This was startling certainly. I pondered on the request, and was greatly

disturbed. Why should I, peaceable Cuthbert Ainsley, mix myself up with the family troubles of an Italian household? Then, on the other hand, the lady might really be unhappy—ill-treated even; and at all events it did not seem very wrong of her to wish for free speech of her uncle, or even to go back to the convent for a time. I knew Cardinal Bandinelli well by sight and name; he was said to be a most amiable prelate, and he looked gentleness personified. Perhaps Amaranthe only wanted me to take him a letter. Anyhow, the love of adventure, the idea of succoring beauty in distress, combined to determine me to accede to the lady's request; and before leaving the Palazzo next day, I traced in small black letters on a red patch the word "Yes," which would not be noticed unless sought for, as it looked like idle touches of the brush.

The following day, on uncovering my canvas, I found pinned round the edge a little slip of paper, on which was written: "Thank you. The day before you go, leave in your box a coil of rope thirty feet long, with a strong hook attached. Send by a safe hand the note you will find addressed to my uncle."

I hastily hid the paper. Scarcely had I done so, when the door on my left opened and admitted the Prince. He was pleasant, as usual. I trusted he perceived no confusion in my manner. He crossed the room to a door in the wall behind me, which faced one on my right hand, and went out. There was a quaint old-fashioned mirror hung rather high, which tipped slightly forward, and in which I could see the reflection of the wall behind me with its two doors. A few minutes after the Prince left, I bent to take something from my box, and as I raised my head, I saw in the glass above me the reflection of his face gazing fixedly at me through the open door, with so intense, wicked, and cruel an expression, that the features seemed transformed! I turned sharply; but he was gone.

#### CHAPTER II.

The day before I was to give up work at the Palazzo, I took with me a coil of rope, wrapped as a parcel, much wondering what Amaranthe would do with it. The incident of the reflected face of her

husband haunted me, and determined me to have no hesitation in fulfilling the Princess's request, as I felt that he possessed undoubtedly great capacity for cruel deeds. He came to talk to me in the afternoon, and conversed with his usual urbanity; but with my recollection of what his face *could* be, I wondered I had ever thought him handsome, the eyes were so hard, and the long chin and massive jaw betokened obstinacy; still, when he smiled, or when, as to-day, he spoke of the ennobling effect of religion on art, he looked almost saintly. Standing before a "Pietà" of Sassoferato's, he said: "Why have we no painters now who can so bring before us the realities of our faith?"

"Perhaps because we ourselves are faithless," I answered lightly.

"Ah, no; faith is not dead," he replied seriously. "She only slumbers in our hearts, and it needs but little to rouse her to active life."

Surely this man was a strange compound of good and evil! I wished I had been able to study his character more, and half repented of the coil of rope, the notes, the promise to his wife. As if in answer to my unuttered wish for his acquaintance, he said: "Will you drive with me to-morrow? I am going to inspect some antique jewels I hear are for sale, and I should like you to see them."

"Willingly. I shall have finished my work here at four, and shall be quite at your service."

"At half-past four to-morrow, then," he said, "I will call for you at the Palazzo Machiavelli—that is where you live, I think?"

"Yes," I answered; but I was a little surprised, for I had only told him I lodged in the Via Santo Spirito, and had not given him the name or number of my residence. I thought a good deal about the increased friendliness of the Prince, while I was putting the finishing touches to my work, and felt uneasy as to my share in the doings of his wife; but nevertheless I placed the parcel of rope in my box, which of course I did not lock. Leaving little but the varnishing to do on my picture on the morrow, I took my departure.

Once again I strolled to the Cascine, drinking in the gaiety of the scene and

watching the gay throng of passers-by ; and on my way home, gazing with fresh wonder at the beauty of the Campanile, touched at its top with the lovely hues of sunset, and standing out against the clear sky more like some exquisite building in a dream, than one that has watched the changes of the city below for five hundred years and more. At the *Café Rossini*, where I went for dinner, I heard the friendly voice of Savelli calling me to go to his table, and promising to order a proper meal for me, a feat he never considered me capable of performing for myself.

"You are leaving us soon, I hear," he said. "How have you succeeded with your picture?"

"Tolerably well ; but it was a difficult one to copy, as all Morone's are."

"Have you made acquaintance with the Princess?" was his next query.

"I have seen her once or twice, when the Prince has brought her to look at my work. How lovely she is ! and how like the 'Amaranthe.' She told me the lady of the portrait was her ancestress ; but I understood Prince Gherado to say she was *his*. How is that?"

"The families of Bandinelli and Schidone have intermarried for three centuries, I believe, so the lady may easily be the ancestress of both Prince and Princess," was his answer. "They were cousins, I know ; but not of course within the degree prohibited by our Church. Their marriage was notorious enough without that !"

"Notorious ! How?"

"Why, all Florence knows that the Princess was at the convent of St. Caterina, the garden of which joins that of the Palazzo Schidone. The Bandinelli are poor ; and the Princess had many brothers and sisters ; she was destined for the cloister. During her probation, however, she became in some manner acquainted with the Prince ; and as her father declined to alter his family arrangements and allow her to leave the convent, Gherado took the matter into his own hands, and persuaded her to elope with him."

"Was there not a great scandal?"

"The cardinal's influence was invoked ; by his aid the affair was hushed up and the young people forgiven ; but

I have heard that not only did the Prince forego any claim to dowry with his wife, but that he has consented to part with some of the treasures brought into the family by former Bandinelli, now to be returned as peace-offerings. Your picture perhaps?"

"Perhaps," I replied, not liking to say I knew it was so.

"I doubt if the Princess is happy," pursued Luigi, for whom the subject seemed to possess an interest. "Gherado comes of a hard and cruel race ; and in spite of his piety and his devotion to the poor, there are many tales afloat of his tyranny when thwarted, and he has never been supposed to be a *cavalier des dames*."

"Does the Princess appear often in society?"

"Very seldom, and *never* without her husband. It has been remarked that she is never out of his sight in the presence of a third person. She must find it dull."

"Not so dull as the convent, I imagine," was my reply.

We soon left the dinner-table and sauntered towards the Ponte Vecchio on the way to my rooms, where Savelli wanted to see some of my sketches. As we came to the Via Condotta, a company of the "Misericordia" were passing along it bearing a covered litter, in which they were taking some poor wretch to the hospital. We waited to let them pass before we crossed the road, and raised our hats as the captain of the company advanced. The figure in the strange black garments, bearing his taper, turned towards me ; and with the thrill that is always given by a look from eyes behind the two pierced holes in the brother's mask, came to me the idea that the leader of the band was Gherado Schidone. I mentioned this to my companion.

"Likely enough," was his careless answer. "Gherado is one of the fraternity, I know. He never shirks his turn of duty."

The weird procession went on. It was past nine and an exquisite night. The moon had not long risen, and the tapers of the receding brethren made patches of yellow in the soft moonlight. Savelli and I sat talking far into the

night, and I made a sketch of the little scene that had so impressed itself on my mind.

Next morning, I prepared for my last visit to the Palazzo with a slight fluttering of the nerves, and an idea that "something might happen" before I returned to my rooms. The picture-gallery, however, bore its usual aspect of peace and comfort; a splendid fire lent cheerfulness to the apartment, and everything was as quiet as heretofore. On opening my tin box I found a sign of Amaranthe's presence, not only in the absence of the rope, but also in a square letter sealed with a large coat of arms, and directed to "His Eminence the Cardinal Bandinelli." This I put carefully in my pocket-book; and in the afternoon I placed my now finished picture on a dower chest, and with a farewell glance around the room, and specially at the "Amaranthe," whose face I had studied so long, I summoned the attendant to carry my impedimenta, and jumped into the carriage he called for me.

At the appointed time the Prince's little English groom called for me at my lodgings and informed me that his master awaited me; and I descended to the street. Here I found a little low carriage drawn by a pair of ponies; and during our somewhat long drive, I admired the way in which Gherado guided the spirited little animals through the crowded streets, till, after passing down the Lung' Arno and crossing the river by the Ponte alle Grazie, we skirted the Duomo, then turned in the direction of S. Maria Novella, and finally, in a small street leading out of the Via del Giglio, paused in front of a large Palazzo, where we halted.

After being conducted through the usual dreary saloons and galleries, we came to the room in which were the antiques for sale; and they were shown us by their owner. I did not think much of the display, and found very few things I could advise the Prince to purchase. It seemed to me that he must have been misinformed as to the value of the collection. He expressed no disappointment, however, chose one or two bits of inlaid jewelry, and we prepared to leave. I had noticed a lovely chased cup by Benvenuto Cellini, and recom-

mended the Prince to buy it; but he refused, and as we were on our way to his carriage, he explained that he did not believe it to have been worked by Cellini, but copied by one of his pupils; and he added: "The original I claim to possess; and if you can spare the time, I should like to show it you. Will you return with me?"

I gladly acquiesced; and we were speedily driving into the courtyard of the Palazzo Schidone. The Prince ran lightly up the broad staircase, and entering the library in which I had first seen him, led me through it to a small but exquisitely furnished apartment, where he said he kept his few treasures. Here I spent, I think, the most enjoyable hour I had passed in Florence. The collection was small; but the tazzi, intaglios, cameos, and enamels were perfect of their kind, and to each a tale of interest was attached. I was fascinated by the charm of Gherado's manner, as he directed my attention to them and told their histories. At length he brought me the Cellini vase: it was a cup shaped like a nautilus-shell, of exquisitely chased gold. On the rounded portion of the back was a winged Mercury poised on a ball of onyx. In the one we had previously seen, the figure was placed on a silver globe, which spoilt the effect, and it was, besides, of far inferior finish. The Prince asked me if I would like to make a sketch of the vase, as I was so much impressed by its beauty; and I took out my little pocket-book for the purpose. The Prince gave me a segar, rang for some coffee, and while returning his treasures to their various stands and cabinets, also began to smoke. The servant entered with the coffee, which he placed on a table behind me, and retired. My companion rose to replace in a jewel-case a ring left out, while I went on with my sketch. Presently he handed me my coffee, and drinking some himself, sat down and continued his delightful talk, to which I listened eagerly. The delicious coffee was in a cup of rather larger size than those in which the beverage was usually served. I was tired, and sipped it gladly.

Gradually I found a curious sensation stealing over me. I was strangely unable to go on with my sketch, and drop-

ping the pencil, listened to the Prince. I felt contented, satisfied—but stilled. My head fell gently back against the cushioned chair, and languidly I watched the Prince. His talk appeared to grow more rapid, then he paused. Presently he laughed—a low wicked laugh, and his face assumed the evil expression I remembered so well; but I was incapable of the smallest effort. Suddenly he rose from his chair, leaned over me, and hissed in my ear: “Fool! I know all! Death is thy doom!” Then he crossed the room, pushing the furniture out of his way, rang a bell violently, and came back to my side. When the servants rushed in, he cried: “See, Giovanni; the Signor is ill—dying, I fear. He just now put his hand to his heart, sprang from his chair, and fell back like this! Go instantly and fetch il Dottore Monte.—Meanwhile, you bring me a cordial, water, a fan,” he continued, turning to another servant; and then to his valet: “Unfasten his collar.”

While the terrified footmen were hurrying hither and thither, I still had consciousness enough left to feel that I was now in the hands of a remorseless foe, who meant that I should die. Still I seemed not specially distressed or grieved, but more as if I were outside my body as a spectator. Slowly even this recognition of outward things failed me; and while Gherado and the valet were trying to unfasten my tie and placing the cordial on my lips, their faces and voices receded, and became fainter and dimmer, till all things faded from my consciousness, and I remembered no more.

### CHAPTER III.

A strange droning noise, an atmosphere heavy with incense, and a feeling of imprisonment, are the memories that come back to me when I recall the first moment of returning consciousness. A dull heavy pain in my head, a sensation of numbness, a feeling that I did not care to know where I was or how I came there, are the next things I remember. Then suddenly and with a bound I seemed to regain control of my brain, and gazed about me with full awakening. My surroundings gave me ample food for thought. I was in the chapel of the Misericordia; the priest was

chanting a mass for the dead, and six of the brethren in their black dresses were kneeling round me holding tapers in their hands. I was dressed in grave-clothes, and in the coffin, which, with a curious recollection of detail, I knew to be a gorgeous one, and remembered that it would, when I reached the burial-ground, be exchanged for a wretched shell, resembling an elongated egg-box, and be sent back to serve for the repose of other still forms, whilst I should be sleeping under the sod. The bier was a low one, and as the head of my coffin was somewhat raised, I commanded a view of the altar, where stood the officiating priest, and the acolytes swinging censers.

An agony of horror possessed me. My first impulse was to cry out and warn the worshippers that this mockery must cease. Then one of the brothers stirred, and the certainty that my would-be murderer was there, watching till I should be safely entombed, made me restrain the sound that rushed to my lips. I closed my eyes and tried to grasp my position. From what I knew of Italian customs, I was aware that not more than twenty-four hours had been allowed to elapse since my supposed death; and as it was dark, and I must have been with Schidone till nearly seven in the evening, I surmised it to be some time between midnight and dawn, and that the brethren were waiting for daylight to convey me to the cemetery. They watched all night, I knew, and celebrated midnight mass for those whose friends were able and willing to pay for the ceremony, and I guessed that Prince Gherado had charged himself with these cares on my behalf. Slightly unclosing my lids, I gazed at each kneeling figure in turn. They were of course facing the altar, and my only clue to their identity would be gathered from the hand of each as he held his taper, and from what I could see of his feet. Of the six, four displayed rough, coarsely made shoes, and hands accustomed to labor; one had new boots, but his hands, though white and shapely, were heavy and large. The sixth figure, the one on my left, nearest the altar, was, I knew, Schidone. He was as still as a carved image, his head bowed, his hands grasping a heavy candle; but it did not need

the gleam of a great stone in a ring he habitually wore to tell me it was my enemy. I recognised at once the long thin fingers of his white hands, and felt I could trace the shape of his head beneath the black drapery. How helpless I was—how entirely in his power! If I interrupted the service and for the moment escaped, I knew I should not leave Italy in safety; a man so unscrupulous and so powerful for evil as he was would not be balked of his prey so easily. A cold sweat bedewed my body, as grim thoughts chased each other through my brain. I was so weak, and every now and then a strange dizziness overpowered me, I felt as though I could not regain my liberty unaided.

The minutes as they passed seemed hours; and yet they flew all too fast, for I could invent no scheme for escape. A moonbeam shone through one of the upper windows, and I thought how lovely it must be outside, how the soft light would be glorifying the Campanile, how deep would be the shadow in the Bigallo, how black would show the inlaid marble of the Duomo! Should I ever see it all again? My eyes wandered round the chapel; I gazed at the picture of St. Sebastian over the altar; then at the acolytes and murmuring priest; and then at the long lace-trimmed altar-cloth, which touched the ground on either side. Surely my eyes were at fault, or was that black spot a smoldering cinder from out the censer the boy had swung so carelessly? With rapt intensity I watched the linen with the coal on it, and the little puff of smoke arising therefrom. A few seconds more, and a red line of fire ran up and along the cloth, and the artificial flowers on the altar were ablaze! A shout from the brethren, who seemed to rise simultaneously from their knees, and confusion reigned. Then the voice of Gherado arose calm and clear. "Save the picture!" was the command to two of his companions, who immediately obeyed.—"Call the firemen," he said to another.—"Quick, put the treasures and relics into a place of safety," was his command to the priest. But his coolness only availed for a few minutes; for as the flames seemed to take possession of the building, priest, acolytes, and brethren

disappeared in a panic, leaving their black robes on the floor.

Gherado stood for a moment with the ghastly light of the flames shining on his face, and then advanced to my side. I feared his piety would cause him to carry me out for proper burial, and with a sickening dread I held my breath and allowed no muscle to quiver; but he only muttered: "È meglio così—fire hides as well as earth," and walked out of the flaming building.

As his receding footsteps died away, and with the noise of the advancing crowd in my ears, I sat up, then crept from the coffin, and seizing one of the long robes of the brethren, put it on, drew the hood closely over my face, and escaped by the door leading into the Via Calzaoli, whence I sped, barefooted as I was, across the bridge and down the street of the Santo Spirito. The excitement of the numerous people I met was great; but after the first few minutes, I dreaded attracting attention, and had the sense to refrain from running, trusting that the sight of a "Misericordia" walking barefooted would not excite remark. Several persons gazed at me curiously, but no one spoke; and I arrived at the door of my dwelling in safety. Then I paused. If I entered, there would be danger of questions and inquiries, much talk and confusion, and my escape would certainly reach the Prince's ears. It would be better for me to go elsewhere, and I determined to seek Savelli.

When he was aroused, and had listened to my tale, he promised every aid in his power, but strongly advised me not to return to my lodgings, or to remain in the city longer than was necessary. Together we made plans for my safety and for the help of Amaranthe, for whose welfare I had the greatest anxiety and for whom I had grave fears. Savelli gave me food and wine and a much-needed change of raiment; and I thankfully flung myself on a sofa for a few hours' repose. At the appointed time my friend aroused me; and by nine o'clock we were on our way to the dwelling of Cardinal Bandinelli, in pursuance of our design to invoke his aid in our difficulty. The old porter was hard to persuade that we ought to be admitted;

but it occurred to Savelli to request him to send for the cardinal's secretary, with whom he was slightly acquainted. Then we were allowed to go up the great staircase, and pass behind the heavy curtains at the top, whence we were ushered into a plainly furnished apartment, semicircular in form, and with three open windows, commanding a glorious prospect. Here, after waiting a few minutes, we were joined by the secretary, to whom Savelli told enough of the truth to enable him to judge that an interview with the cardinal was imperative. He conducted us to the study, where we found His Eminence seated in a huge armchair and clad in his purple cassock. His little red cap and the large ring he wore were the only indications that his rank was higher than that of a "Monsignor." A cup of chocolate was on a table beside him, and a little book of devotion open on his knee.

"Your Eminence will pardon me," said the secretary as we advanced, "but these gentlemen have news for your private ear."

"Ah, my children, the tidings are bad, I fear, since you come so early; good news can always wait," said the amiable old man.

We unfolded our tale. It was grievous to speak of the evil deeds of one near him to this benevolent personage; but he showed the ready acumen of a man of the world in dealing with the subject.

"I presume you have no wish to bring an accusation of attempted murder against the Prince?" he said.

"No," I answered, somewhat unwillingly.

"You must be aware that your interference in the affairs of the Prince's household was most unwarrantable," he said severely; "and besides, you would, I think, be unable to bring any proof of such an attempt that would satisfy a judge. The servants would bear witness to his great anxiety about you, and to the statement he made to them as to your illness.—See," he added, "here is the newspaper with an account of the affair."

I took the sheet he handed me, and read that an English artist, "Cuthberto Anslej," had died suddenly of heart-disease at the Palazzo Schidone, after returning from a long drive with the

Prince, during which he appeared to be in excellent health. Doctor Monte was mentioned as having been in attendance soon after the event.

"To-morrow," said the old prelate, "there will be another paragraph stating that the body of the before-mentioned artist was burned in the fire at the chapel of the Misericordia."

"Will the Prince believe that?" I asked.

"What matters it? He will not care to question it; and as for you, your departure from the city had best be speedy. I will see that Signor Savelli has unquestioned liberty to pack your effects and forward them to you."

"Did your Eminence receive a letter from the Princess? I posted one to you from her just before my drive with the Prince," I ventured to say.

"*Davvero!*" returned he, "I had the envelope. There was nothing in it but a sheet of blank paper."

We did not dare to insist on the unhappiness of his niece and the danger she might be in. He promised to take immediate steps for her welfare; but his manner forbade further speech on the subject, and we were dismissed with his Eminence's blessing, a grace craved by Savelli.

Two days afterwards, I arrived, wearied, exhausted, dazed, but safe and sound, at the hospitable house of my cousin at Eastmere. My adventure interested him immensely, and he warmly seconded my wish that Luigi Savelli, to whom I felt so greatly indebted, should be invited to come to England and stay with us for a while. The invitation I wrote procured the following response:

AMICO MIO—I thank you with all my heart for your amiable letter, and your cousin for his most kind invitation. I will come! Yes, my friend, I will visit your green island when your fogs are gone and your sun is come. I will look in your face once more, as I did the night you came to me from the tomb, like another Ginevra degli Amieri, and we will talk of the pleasant days in Florence. Since you left us, we have had a tragedy. The Prince Schidone is dead—died by his own hand, say some; died by his wife's hands, say others.

It is true he is dead ; how, I know not. His valet found him lifeless in the early morning, and there was an empty chloroform phial beside him, and also a lady's kerchief. Amaranthe is also dead, one may say, for she is gone into the con-

vent of the "Sepolte Vive" in Rome, which is indeed a living death.

Of more cheerful subjects we will speak when I grasp your hand in the summer.—*Sempre a te.* LUIGI SAVELLI.  
—*Chambers's Journal.*

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### WHAT IS PUBLIC OPINION?

BY H. D. TRAILL.

In one of the most sardonic sallies of the famous epitaph upon Colonel Francis Charteris, it is recorded of the deceased scoundrel that, after having with impunity committed nearly every crime of which human nature is capable, he was at last executed for one of which he was innocent. I cannot but think that some such legend might be fitly inscribed upon the tombstone of Mr. Gladstone's Government—so varied in character and so heinous in enormity have been the political offences of which they have been guilty, and so doubtful the validity of the indictment upon which they have been convicted, sentenced, and executed. That the luckless Budget of Mr. Childers was as ill-conceived as it was ill-fated may be true enough ; to say that it was both unfair and impolitic is only another way of saying that it was the production of a Cabinet of the clumsiest tricksters who ever unwillingly served the cause of honesty by making fraud ridiculous, or demonstrated the merits of the straight path by the uniformity with which they lost themselves in their own crooked ways. But to maintain that the Budget offended so flagrantly against justice as to condemn the authors of the Irish Land Act, or so fatuously against financial policy as to be unpardonable in the men who concluded the De Lesseps agreement, appears to me an extravagant proposition. It cannot, I think, be reasonably contended that an Administration which has squandered the treasure of England with both hands in three out of the four quarters of the globe, which has lowered the flag of England before every enemy, however contemptible, by whom it has been challenged, and which has abandoned to destruction every ally who has trusted her, and given up to death or disgrace every

servant by whom she has been served—it cannot, I say, be reasonably contended that an Administration which has done all these things, and survived them, should have found it impossible to blunder in a set of financial proposals without coming by their death. A Government which may desert a Gordon but may not put a shilling duty on spirits, which may establish Russia at the gate of India but may not tax beer, is surely a conception which can find no place in a sane imagination. That appearances go to show that this conception has been actually realized is a reason, not for indolently tolerating the conception, but for minutely interrogating the appearances. There is nothing itself in a Government being out-voted ; the event has no real significance unless there is reason to believe that what a majority in Parliament has done a majority in the country would be ready to do—or, in other words, that there is a preponderance of opinion among Englishmen in favor of restraining the Government which was allowed to desert Gordon from putting a shilling duty on spirits, and the Government which has with impunity established Russia at the gate of India from taxing beer.

If this fantastic proposition is not a true one, it may be false in one or other of two ways. It may be (1) that the English nation would rather, after all, have had their beer and spirits taxed than their heroes sacrificed and their empire endangered, and that their representatives were wrong in attributing a reversed order of precedence to these considerations ; or (2) that the English nation are equally indifferent both to the disgrace of treachery and cowardice and to the burden of an increased impost on alcoholic liquors, and that their

representatives were wrong in supposing that they have any preferences in such matters at all. If (1) is true, the House of Commons has merely failed to interpret the political opinion of the country correctly; if (2) is true, it amounts to saying that the country, taken at large, has no such thing as a political opinion to interpret. Now everybody, of course, who would like to think of the nation as still possessing a corporate intelligence, a corporate conscience, or even, one may say, a corporate existence, must prefer to believe in the truth of (1). Better a thousand times that a nation should be unworthily represented than that it should possess no opinion worthy of representation. Better a thousand times that a blind assembly should think, or an unscrupulous assembly pretend to think, that the predominant mass of the English electorate can be touched by nothing that has not first touched their pockets, than either that this should be true or else that those millions who can determine the destinies of the country are an absolutely inert and impenetrable body, not capable of being moved even by the stimulus of a tax, and *à fortiori* utterly insensible under the pressure of national danger or the sting of national dishonor. Everybody, in a word, must hope that there still *is* such a thing as a genuine "English public opinion" on political matters, and that if it is not at present effective, it is the fault of those who profess to interpret it and cannot.

Everybody, I repeat, must hope that this is the case, but what evidence is there that it is? If I were to say that not only the foremost and most conspicuous, but perhaps the only, proof of its existence is that a vast and highly elaborated organization exists for the main purpose of expressing it, I am not quite sure whether I should be regarded as using a serious argument. Those who are blessed or cursed with what I may call a too importunate sense of humor, would very likely suspect me of irony. To a great many people the energetic political activities of English newspapers pass for proof that there is in England an effective political opinion. Their logic is instinctive and inarticulate, but if they were called upon to defend their belief by formal argument, they would probably do so after some fashion of this

kind: "The large space which all newspapers now-a-days devote to the subject of horse-racing, is justly regarded as evidence of a widespread and (since newspapers universally defer to it) effective public opinion that horse-races are interesting. Similarly, the large space devoted by them to politics and to political criticism and disquisition, may be fairly taken as proof that the same proposition which has been affirmed of horse racing may be affirmed also of politics." If one were to reply to this, as, of course, it would be obvious to do, that, whereas all newspapers have been steadily increasing the amount of space devoted to horse-racing, they have most of them been as steadily reducing the space devoted to politics; and that while the letter-press of sport, of theatres, and of amusement generally, has been growing by columns, Parliamentary Debates have been dwindling at the same rate, the rejoinder would probably be that that portion of the newspaper space which is allotted not to political report, but to the enunciation of political opinion, has undergone no diminution whatever, and that, therefore, the analogy above suggested holds good, to the extent of proving that at least as large a proportion of the people are interested in the triumph of what they respectively consider sound views on political questions, as are interested in the process known as "spotting a winner." "Put it this way," an upholder of the analogy in question may urge. "There are published every morning in London six or seven newspapers of the first class, and of very large circulation. Every one of these has at least one long political leader, most of them at least two, some of them on many occasions three, one of them on some occasions four. Week in week out, in session and out of session, upon every day of the whole three hundred and thirteen *dies fasti*—for English newspapers know no *dies nefasti* but Sundays—a political leader appears, solid, tri-paragraphed, columnar, a dish of politics not to be lightly trifled with at breakfast time, like the omelette of the foreigner, but to be manfully attacked and disposed of like the mutton-chop of the Briton. Now newspapers, like all who live to please, must please to live; the more they please the more

vigorous their life, as attested by what is the surest proof of vigor—the circulation. It cannot be supposed, therefore, that they would allot such an inordinate amount of space to the exposition, the defence, and the attack of political opinion, unless they had reasonable grounds for believing not only that such 'matter' pleased their public, but that it pleases them more than any other kind of matter which might with no more, if not with actually less, difficulty be obtained. Let anyone who doubts it get some of those excellent statisticians, who seem always ready for such tasks, to calculate how many times the pavement of Fleet Street could be carpeted in the course of a year with the political leaders of the morning newspapers whose engines throb on either side of that famous thoroughfare, and having, then, further considered what might be done with all this space if portioned out among items of sporting intelligence, and paragraphs of theatrical gossip, let him ask himself whether, if the latter kind of matter was really more valuable than the former, the most self-denying of newspaper proprietors would be able to resist the temptation so to utilize it."

It is certainly not for me to deny the cogency of this plausible argument, or to assert that the newspaper proprietor walks, as a rule, like a youthful Primrose through the world's fair, unwitting how to lay out his money to the best advantage. Only I would point out that a sense of seriousness, a feeling of high respectability, a consciousness of importance are highly prized among Englishmen, and that English newspaper proprietors may as reasonably sacrifice mere pecuniary interests to the gratification of influencing, or being supposed to influence, the course of national affairs, as landed proprietors sacrifice the same interests to the gratification of figuring as county personages, and serving on the Commission of the Peace. Let it be granted, however, for the sake of argument, that the importance given to politics by the newspaper is no more than proportioned to the curiosity of the popular mind with respect to political matters, it still remains to inquire how far this testifies to the existence of such a thing as an *effective* public opinion on political questions? By effective I

mean, of course, a public opinion which is something more than a popular emotion—though it may quite legitimately and creditably owe its birth to a popular emotion—an opinion, in other words, which is held with sufficient warmth of interest to incite its holder to *act*, and with sufficient strength of conviction to ensure his acting in one particular way. That, of course, is what is meant by public opinion in all political argument—it must be effective public opinion, or it is naught. When a politician or a journalist tells a Minister that such and such a policy will be condemned by public opinion, he does not mean that a majority of the men and women of the nation will pronounce him a foolish or wicked man for adopting it, but that a majority of the electors of the country so strongly disapprove of it that they will go to the ballot-boxes to punish by their votes the folly or wickedness of the Minister who has adopted it.

Let me, then, repeat the question: What evidence is there that such a kind of public opinion on political questions has any existence? and in what relation to it, if real, or to the simulation of it, if imaginary, do its professed exponents suppose themselves to stand? And here it should be noted that the attitude maintained at the present day by these exponents is one which implies a much more confident assumption of the existence of such an entity than was formerly the case. At one time it used to be regarded as the proud function of newspapers, or rather of a newspaper—for with the multiplication of their number the belief died, in a two-fold sense, a natural death—to "create," to "educate," to "direct" public opinion. At the time of its greatest prevalence, that is to say, about thirty years ago, there was, no doubt, some foundation for the belief, though even then probably very much less than was supposed. But still, in the palmy days of what used then to be called the leading journal—a high-price print addressing a middle-class public, with some diffused experience of political affairs, and some inherited traditions of political duty—it might, without doing any great violence to language, have been said that a newspaper created, or directed, or (for various phrases were used to describe the

process) educated public opinion. Mr. Kinglake, who was no very warm friend of the journal in question, was wont to maintain that its editor never did more than collect, or partly collect and partly guess, the opinions of the particular public whom he addressed, and pass them off ingeniously upon his readers as his own original counsels. But this appears to me an unfairly subtle piece of cavilling. The then editor of the newspaper in question was a man fairly representative of his readers; and though he may occasionally have had to correct his thoughts by theirs, it seems more likely that in most cases he independently thought the same thoughts as they did, and may claim, if not to have formed, at any rate to have directed or educated their opinion by co-ordinating and developing their unsystematized ideas. He was, in a certain sense, what he professed to be, namely, their instructor, and not their mouth-piece; and his successor of our own day, in accordance with the traditions of the newspaper, but not with anything else, continues to advance the same pretensions. But when the repeal of the paper duty gave life and vigor to a host of cheap newspapers, representing every school of political opinion, there was felt to be some absurdity in the competition of such a multitude of political instructors, all of about equal rank, ability, and authority, but all of whom, with one lucky group of exceptions, were necessarily condemned at each successive election to exhibit themselves as instructors who had failed to instruct. Accordingly, by tacit consent, they all took to asserting, not that they instructed the public, but that the public instructed them. Mistakes committed under that assumption were felt to be less humiliating than they would have been under the old one; and the assumption having been adopted in a day when the penny newspapers were in their infancy, was, and is, maintained with equal confidence after the number of newspaper readers has increased by millions, and the number of persons whose opinions, if they have any, are of high importance to the future of the country has, through the operation of successive measures of enfranchisement, undergone a like augmentation. What is yet more singular,

the voices which the newspapers profess to hear and interpret have gained, it would seem, in the distinctness of their utterance as they have increased in number, a phenomena not usually observable among gathering and growing multitudes. The desires, the fears, the loves, hatreds, and beliefs of "the people"—meaning always of the electoral millions—have, according to their professed exponents, become more unmistakable in their manifestations, and more plainly recognizable with regard to a greater number of subjects, as the electorate has grown in size. Every day adds, if we are to believe our newspapers, to the number of things which "Public Opinion will heartily approve," or "will severely condemn," to the number of high Imperial objects which it "has at heart," and of Imperial dangers which it "gravely apprehends." These have now swelled into such a lengthy list that, if we can accept the catalogue as a full, true, and particular account of them, our "capable citizens" must be capable indeed.

It may be worth while to enumerate a few of them. Public opinion, then, meaning the established and effective conviction of the capable citizens, "approves heartily of the maintenance of the Unity of Great Britain," and will not hear of any concession to the claims of Home Rule. It would even demand the condign punishment of any English statesman who should show signs of coquetting with that pernicious movement. It is remarkably proud of the "great Empire handed down to us by our ancestors," and could not for a moment submit to the rule of any Government in whose hands it did not believe that the interests and safety of that Empire might be safely placed. To descend to particulars of Imperial policy, it is a cardinal article of Public Opinion that "English influence must be paramount in Egypt," that our power of transit through the Suez Canal must be "assured against any risk of molestation," and that as a necessary condition of such assurance, we "cannot tolerate anarchy in Egypt," or allow its financial affairs to fall into that disorder which sooner or later leads to administrative anarchy. On the matter of India itself, our solicitude for which is the main

cause of this strong Public Opinion with regard to Egypt, we should expect to find a still stronger Public Opinion in existence. And so we are assured we do. Proud of their Empire in general the "English people" are more proud of their Indian possessions than of any others beneath their flag; they "perceive the immense importance of India to their trade and internal prosperity"; they glory in the "civilizing work" which they are performing among the "countless races" of the Peninsula; and they watch with the most jealous vigilance any menace to the safety of that great dependency or to the "tranquillity of its teeming populations." So again as to the Colonies; more "public opinion," more "pride," more determination to "knit closer the bonds which," &c., and to punish any enemy, English or foreign, who shall attempt, &c.

Such being the reputed attitude of Public Opinion towards questions affecting the national interests of the country, what is its relation to its moral duties? Here, again, its equipment of admirable views is of the most complete description. The English people—meaning always the English people for political purposes, the electorate—are "enthusiastic admirers of fair play, haughtily sensitive to the point of honor, immovably staunch in the support of their agents and representatives abroad, unalterably true to their allies, inflexibly faithful to their national engagements." Public Opinion will never forgive a Ministry who deal treacherously with their countrymen, or inequitably with their political opponents, who humiliate the nation by truckling to foreign Powers, abandon the officials who have with zeal and fidelity discharged their instructions, surrender defenceless allies to the vengeance of their infuriated enemies, or in any manner violate their country's plighted word.

Pretty well this, it will be admitted, for a catalogue of national convictions and principles. A nation which can boast this collection of political opinions and moral maxims, which is fortified on the material side by such sound views as to its temporal interests, and on the moral side by such generous instincts and conscientious scruples, ought, one

would think, to enjoy the promise both of this life and of that which is to come. And our newspapers, as I have said, are never weary of insisting that this apparatus of excellent principles does, in truth and in fact, constitute the Public Opinion of the country. It is common ground alike with Liberals and Conservatives that this is so. Neither side could venture, of course, to dispute the obligation of the moral maxims; and as to the political convictions, the national pride in the Empire, the national belief in the value of India, the national attachment to the Colonies, the national sense of the importance of Egypt—these also are alleged constituents of English Public Opinion, to which only a small section of Liberals, and no Liberal newspaper of importance, ever venture to deny a place therein. Ministerial prints have, throughout the career of the late Government, devoted their whole energies to showing, not that the English people do not care for their Empire, still less that they are indifferent to truth, honesty, and self-respect, but that the policy of the Ministry, strongly as appearances made against it, was in some mysterious fashion calculated to safeguard the material interests, and to exalt or, at any rate, not to lower the moral reputation of the country. And starting from this common ground of belief or professed belief in a judicious and honorable Public Opinion, Ministerialist and Opposition pressmen have for two or three years past kept up such an incessant fire of appeals to it that, if Public Opinion really *is* non-existent, we may almost fancy ourselves on the top of Carmel.

Yet, even to escape an impression so disagreeable, can we honestly say that the priests of this Baal have received any audible reply? Let us take those cries by which the god, if he be not a very Baal indeed, would certainly be moved to answer. In other words, let us consider how Public Opinion has comported itself with regard to those questions on which our newspapers have given the loudest and most passionate utterance to its alleged voice. In the spring of 1884, Mr. Gladstone, by way of mere momentary expedient of policy, despatched General Gordon to the Soudan. The enterprise was a desperate one, devotedly un-

dertaken. In the event of its manifest failure, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Gladstone's country were as deeply pledged to use every effort for the rescue of their emissary as ever a Minister and nation were. Time passed on, and the Parliamentary emergency which Gordon's mission was designed to dispose of passed away. Soon it became evident that the enterprise was going to fail: a little longer and it was evident that it had failed; that the emissary who had been sent to "rescue and retire" was powerless to do either, and was, in fact, himself a prisoner in the city he had sought to relieve. At once, therefore, there arose the moral obligation of rescuing him; but this obligation, having inconsiderately presented itself without being duly introduced by a Parliamentary emergency, failed to obtain an audience of the Prime Minister. How, in these circumstances, did Public Opinion behave? Public Opinion, as represented by the voices of its entire priesthood, behaved admirably. It would not hear for a moment of the abandonment of Gordon; on that the Liberal and the Conservative priests were in perfect accord. It is true that the latter felt convinced that the Government would end by abandoning Gordon, and said so, and that the former professed to be equally assured that Ministers were incapable of such infamy; but it would be unjust to make the god responsible for the contradictory utterances thus ascribed to him. They were merely the conflicting glosses of two rival schools of commentators. On the main point they were, as has been said, in complete accord. Public Opinion would not tolerate the desertion of Gordon, cried the newspapers in chorus; and presently it seemed that some of Mr. Gladstone's followers in the House of Commons began to hear in that chorus the accents of the god. Another Parliamentary emergency threatened; and now Mr. Gladstone, who had declared up to that moment that Gordon did not need rescuing, undertook to rescue him. Public Opinion then expressed itself satisfied, the stress of the emergency abated, and the Government resolved that they would take their time about rescuing Gordon, and do their work in their own—that is, of course, the cheapest and

least business-like—way. Then came the Nile Expedition. The march of Stewart's forlorn hope, the battles in the desert, the fall of Khartoum, the news of Gordon's death.

What now was the behavior of Public Opinion—that Public Opinion which had declared a thousand times through its Liberal and Conservative priests that Gordon must be saved, and through its Conservative, with but faint contradiction from its Liberal, priests that if he were lost through the default of the Government, they would be held to a heavy reckoning? Well, Public Opinion behaved admirably again. The news of the disaster arrived, unfortunately, during the Parliamentary recess, so that it was necessary for Public Opinion to go on feeling indignation at Gordon's betrayal, for, I think, about a fortnight, before it could bring itself to bear upon the guilty Government. But it was quite equal to the occasion. Conservative priests were still confidently invoking the fire of its wrath, and the Liberal priests still industriously constructing a lightning-conductor out of Sir Charles Wilson, when Parliament met; and so potent had been the voice of the god in the meantime, that out of twenty-eight members of Parliament who doubted whether Public Opinion had approved of the rescue of Gordon, as many as fourteen had been converted to the belief that Public Opinion disapproved of Gordon's having been left to be slaughtered by the troops of the Mahdi. Anticipating, however, a new manifestation of the deity, under its hypostasis of Parliamentary Emergency, Mr. Gladstone had announced his intention of "avenging" the dead hero who had never himself sought vengeance upon anybody, and of "breaking the power of the Mahdi at Khartoum," as an offering to the manes of the soldier-administrator who had warned the Government twenty times over that they would have to undertake that work, but who would never himself have undertaken it, as they now proposed to do, as a mere vindictive measure to be followed by no constructive work. Public Opinion, however, was pleased to be satisfied with the Ministerial offer. It had apparently, during its few weeks of reflection, arrived at the conclusion either that heroes

or that honorable obligations were not of such value as had at first been hastily assigned to them, or that, at any rate, the betrayal of the former and the breach of the latter might be quite sufficiently atoned for by the slaughter of a few more thousands of Arabs. And so rapidly, as we all know, did heroes and honorable obligations continue to decline in the market, that in the course of a few more weeks their equivalent in slaughtered Arabs disappeared altogether. Public Opinion heard that the Soudanese Expedition was to be abandoned, and that the Government no longer saw any occasion for breaking the power of the Mahdi at Khartoum; and Public Opinion manifested every sign of acquiescence in the change of plan.

I have selected this particular example of the behavior of our mysterious deity, because it happens to be the strangest and the most striking. The history of the Egyptian campaign abounds, however, in examples of the same kind. The invasion of the country in the first instance, the precipitate abandonment of the Soudan, the mission of Gordon to Khartoum, the despatch of General Graham to Suakim, the recall of General Graham from Suakim—each and every one of these moves was made in response to a supposed command from Public Opinion, and accepted by the power which inspired it as a sufficient obedience thereto. The god said, "Go to Egypt"; and again he said, "Retire from Egypt." He said, "The Soudan must be abandoned at once," and immediately added, "but it must be pacified first." He frowned when Baker Pacha's army was annihilated, but his brow cleared after the bloodshed of El Teb and Tamanieb, and again he graciously acquiesced in an abandonment of the Soudan. Of his even more inscrutable demeanor as regards the fall of Khartoum, and the death and avenging of Gordon, I have already spoken, as being the most striking example of his mysterious ways; but it is only one degree more striking, perhaps, than the revelations vouchsafed to us during the Afghan crisis. There, again, the priests were all unanimous, or nearly so. Public Opinion had spoken out clearly on the necessity of opposing a firm front to Russian aggression upon the territory of the Ameer, and Russian

menace of the tranquillity of India. Mr. Gladstone even said in the House of Commons that the god had declared "a policy" unanimously received by the country, and that this policy included, among other things, the maintenance of Abdur-Rahman in possession of all territory that is lawfully his. When news of the Penjdeh incident reached England, Public Opinion was exceedingly wroth. The god thundered with every voice that he possessed, and even the *parcus deorum cultor* here and there was awed for a moment, like Horace, into political piety. London society was shaken to its centre. The usually placid surface of Consols—that "steady lake" in which English solvency complacently contemplates itself—was profoundly agitated; and the stream of Russian finances threatened to run back to its source. Public Opinion, in the admission of the most sceptical, had indeed spoken. Reparation must be demanded, the rights of the Ameer vindicated, the offending Russian general recalled, the advancing Russian troops withdrawn. Nor was this noble resolution a mere affair of days. Komaroff's exploit was known in England early in April, and as late as the 27th of that month Mr. Gladstone's warlike speech was received by Public Opinion with dignified approval. But when, not two days after the delivery of this speech, the Prime Minister executed the evolution so admirably portrayed by Mr. Tenniel, and the mailed knight, with the drawn sword and the open book, was instantaneously transformed into a smirking figure with the olive branch—why, Public Opinion gave that evolution its dignified approval too! A few priests, it is true, went on declaring that the god was still angry; but there are bigots in all churches. The major part held that his godship had simply forgotten all his magnificent emotions of a fortnight earlier. If General Komaroff had got a sword of honor, so much the better for General Komaroff; if Sir Peter Lumsden was directed to repair to the metropolis, so much the worse for Sir Peter Lumsden. If, after vowing that Penjdeh belonged to the Ameer, and instructing the Ameer to occupy it, and encouraging the Ameer's soldiers to defend it, and seeing those soldiers cut to pieces by Russian

forces in the attempt to do so, it had occurred to our Government that there was a good deal to be said for the proposition that Penjdeh did *not* belong to the Ameer, and that, on the whole, its proprietorship had better be determined in friendly discussion by a few English and Russian gentlemen assembled in Downing Street—why, that was a matter with which Public Opinion, the inspirer of the oracles about the transcendent importance of our Indian Empire, the value of our plighted word, our responsibility for the protection of allies who have trusted to us and served us, declined to concern himself in any manner whatever.

Seriously, does this god exist? Can any attentive and unprejudiced observer of the world about him believe in his existence? Will anyone who has got to know the voices of the priesthood by heart affirm with confidence that he has at any time heard among them the veritable divine accents? If it is said that he has at all times been a shy deity, and of few appearances, the answer surely is that the elder, the Saturnian god, so to speak, of the days before the Second Reform Act could make his presence really felt and feared in the sudden destruction of strong administrations. If this reputed successor of his has a real existence, how comes it that he cannot do the like? Obedient to a sudden and wrathful mandate from Public Opinion, Lord Palmerston's majority turned against him in 1859, within twenty-four hours. Why is it that a similar mandate, as sudden, and, according to its heralds, as wrathfully in earnest as that which precipitated Lord Palmerston's overthrow, has only the effect of slightly, if even slightly, weakening Mr. Gladstone? Is it not that, whereas the voice of Public Opinion could, five-and-twenty years ago, convince all men of its authenticity, so that those only disobeyed it who were prepared to dare the certain punishment of disobedience, a daily increasing number of men at the present day have convinced themselves that the *vox populi* is really *vox et præterea nihil*? that it is not the expression of a settled consistent effective opinion on men and things, but the mere outcry of

a transient emotion, destined to subside as speedily as it has been excited? Does not the difference between Lord Palmerston's condign punishment for one un-English concession, and Mr. Gladstone's prolonged impunity for a series of the most abject surrenders—does this not imply that the Parliamentary followers of the former Minister believed that if they did not punish him themselves the country would punish him and them together, while the followers of the latter Minister believe that if only a General Election can be postponed for forty-eight hours after any fresh betrayal of the interests or sacrifice of the honor of the country, neither he nor they would have anything to fear? And if they believe this, as from their whole conduct it is surely manifest that they do believe it, who will maintain that they are wrong?

I put this question, however, in a purely rhetorical spirit, for we all know very well who *will* maintain that proposition. It will be maintained with as much confidence as ever by the priesthood of this doubted divinity. Daily, nightly, weekly, monthly, from now till the elections, we shall be told by them that he exists, and will one day terribly prove his presence and his power. "Cry aloud, for he is a god: either he is talking or he is pursuing, or he is on a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked." It is not for me to say what may have become of this unregarding Baal; and I have certainly no heart to repeat the taunts of Elijah, at any rate in Elijah's mood. In the case of our democratic Baal, the most plausible excuse for his inattention might seem to be that he is talking; though he is certainly much engaged in the pursuit of novelties, and he has done a good deal of journeying, some of us think, during the last five years. But, after all, peradventure he sleepeth, and his priests, who will undoubtedly continue to cry aloud and to "cut themselves after their manner"—that is, on the fingers—with the knives and lancets of premature prediction, may, perhaps, succeed in awaking him by November next. From the bottom of my heart I wish them success.—*National Review*.

## PRIDE.

BY THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.

PRIDE is defined to be an inordinate desire of our own perfection. A desire of perfection is not only consistent with humility, but it is a part of it: for humility makes a man unconscious of any good in himself, and awakens in him a desire for the perfection which he believes himself not to possess. But, if this desire be inordinate, it is contrary to humility and to reason, and it vitiates the motive of the desire, turning it from good to evil. Perfection is then not desired for its own sake, but for our own sake; that is, for the honor, or for the advantage, or for the pre-eminence, or from the glory which may return from it upon ourselves.

By perfection is meant the highest excellence of any particular kind. And these kinds are many.

First, there is religious perfection, and spiritual pride that inordinately desires it. But this would lead us into the realm of Theology, and among details hardly in place in MERRY ENGLAND. We may dismiss it speedily, by calling up a Pharisee as witness against himself. People, when they wish to murder the reputation of a neighbor, call him a Pharisee, meaning thereby a hypocrite, a sham, a whited sepulchre. But there were good Pharisees as well as bad. There were men among them of strict life and of rigorous exactness. So far as we know, some were men both upright and just; but, for the most part, they were spiritually proud, and separated themselves from other men as from the leprosy. This has given to the name an evil sense. But we must bear in mind that all were not equally bad; that some may have been only incipiently bad. The disease of Pharisæism had its beginning, its growth, and its final stage. In its beginning, they may have been like many among us, with the average faults of self-contemplation, self-complacency, vigilant criticism of other men, which ends in a quick sight of the faults of others, and a blind unconsciousness of their own. This is the Pharisæism of the new law; for there are Pharisees now as there were Phari-

sees then. But we will leave this sublimer form of pride, and come down to mother earth.

We are told that pride has seven sons, an unpleasant family and bad neighbors. By name they are Vainglory, Boasting, Ambition, Presumption, Hypocrisy, Stubbornness, and Contempt of others. These all spring from one root, and are the first degree in the family tree. In passing, we may say that Vainglory and Vanity are not the same. Vanity may be vainglorious about nothing, for vanity is emptiness; but pride is not empty, and its vainglory consists in the contemplation with complacency of its own excellence. All other sins are multiplied by doing evil. Vainglory alone is fed by doing good. It is called vainglory, not from the absence of matter, but from the disease of self-contemplation, which turns what would be a glory into shame.

Some men are proud of that in which they have had neither merit nor share; as, for example, in birth and inherited titles of honor. Aristotle says that the offspring from such men as Pericles tend to stupidity; and the offspring of such as Alcibiades to madness. Yet, no doubt, their offspring were as proud of their ancestors as they were unlike them in public service or in private worth. There is, however, in this pride something not to be reproved. It restrains men from base actions, and it impels them not only to good, but to the higher forms of goodness. *Spartam nactus es, Spartam exorna*. You were born in Ireland or in England; adorn it with all your might. St. Paul said that he was "a citizen of no mean city." His consciousness that he was "born free" gave him an independence of spirit in the face of danger. This was what men call an honest pride, founded on the providence of God.

There is another kind of less exalted pride, which we call "purse pride." It is irrational enough to be proud of what we are; but how much more to be proud of what we possess? The man must be very poor in brain and heart to

be proud of his banker's book. His one superiority to his neighbor is, that he can spend more money. He may have less mental resource and less moral refinement than his own gamekeeper. At school he was a dunce; at college he was an idler; in life he is a trifler; in all things he is a dolt. He is neither ornamental in private life, nor useful in public. But he is rich; and he feels as if, standing on his money-bags, he were head and shoulders above other men. It is happy for him if he does not become selfish; unfeeling to those who suffer; and hard-hearted when they cry to him. Few men are both rich and generous; fewer are both rich and humble. Wealth, unless controlled by moral elevation, generates a mind of its own which is lofty, isolated, and if not contemptuous of others, unconscious of its own mental and moral inferiority to those whom it consciously looks down upon.

There is also what is called "the pride of life." We feel the meaning of these words, but find it hard to define them. Perhaps the clearest notion of them is this: Vigor of mind, health of body, exuberance of vital power, prosperity in the world, satisfaction with self in the past, complacency with self in the present, and confidence in self for the future, independence of all control, and self-sufficiency in judgment and in action. All this makes up a habit of mind which becomes a worship of self; and that is the apotheosis of pride. It is pride upon its throne. This kind of pride is sometimes found in men whose moral life is correct so far as the world can see. It is a revived Paganism.

But such examples are rare. Self-worship is rarely found without self-will; and self-will is the source both of license and of violence. The will is its own law and its own law-giver, license is its legislation, and violence its executive. Such characters cease to be simply human. They become preternaturally evil, and at last diabolical. Pride,

if resisted, becomes aggressive; if defeated, it becomes malicious; and when put to shame, it becomes shameless. A proud man standing at bay against the moral sense of men is a terrible sight. It is a perversion of manhood which rises to the sublime of evil, and attracts to itself a kind of popular *cultus*; for "Satan is sometimes to be honored for his burning throne."

But we will come down to common life again. What is "pride of intellect" in men otherwise good? It means that a man believes or fancies himself to have greater intellectual powers than his neighbors: and enjoys the reflection. He takes delight in making others feel it: and relies upon his superiority to carry all before him. But the highest powers are generally unconscious. It is no sign of intellectual greatness to hold other men cheaply. A great intellect takes for granted that other men are more or less like itself. Intellectual assumption, pedantry, despotism, and pomposity are no evidence of great powers. A certain doctor of this kind was described as "a peacocky sort of man." Such men have always their tails spread. In heraldry they would be blazoned as a "peacock in pride." Great intellects are tolerant of the slowness and mistakes of others. They conceal themselves. Intellectual pride inflicts itself upon everybody. Where it dwells there can be no other opinion in the house. Such a man is what the Romans call a *Decretalista*. His judgments are final under pain of ignorance, or incompetence, or both, recorded against all who differ from him. But here we must end.

The difference, then, between vanity and pride is evident. Vanity makes mischief among men; but pride makes havoc. Vanity may commit follies; but pride commits sins. Vanity can be safely laughed at; but pride is to be always feared: and if offended, is terrible in its wrath. By pride angels fall; and by it no man can rise.—*Merry England.*

## TO WITHIN A MILE OF KHARTOUM.

BY CAPT. R. F. T. GASCOIGNE.

BEFORE narrating the events which occurred during the twelve days occupied by Colonel Sir Charles Wilson, R.E., K.C.M.G., in the attempt to open up communications with General Gordon and the garrison in Khartoum, it will be best to state shortly the exact achievements of the small force which left Korti, part of them on December 30, and part on January 3, under command of the late Major-General, then, Brigadier Sir Herbert Stewart, K.C.B. The force consisted of 1,911 of all ranks, including Egyptian and Aden camel-drivers, but the actual European strength was only about 1,600, and after deducting hospital and commissariat details the number of combatants was about 1,470. Without any opposition they reached the almost useless wells of El Hoveyat on January 1, halted there a very few hours, left a strong company (Essex Regiment) to keep up the line of communications, and then pushed on to Gakdul, where were large pools of good water, perfect natural reservoirs in the steep rocky hills which here intersect the Bayuda desert. There part of the force halted for eleven days, during which time Brigadier Stewart returned with as many camels as possible for more stores and men to Korti, and then again rejoined his troops on January 11. On the 13th the late Colonel Burnaby arrived at Gakdul with a large grain convoy, much wanted by our camels, as the food they could pick up anywhere near the camp was very poor. Next day at 2 P.M. the whole force, except a garrison of 150 men and the necessary medical staff who were left in charge of the hospital which was permanently established here, started on their march to Metammeh. It was known we were watched, but no enemy was seen by the scouts or flankers of the 19th Hussars until 11 A.M. of the 16th, when Colonel Barrow sent in a message, during the two hours' halt for breakfast and for feeding the camels, to say he had found and exchanged a few shots with the enemy's cavalry. Brigadier Stewart immediately galloped up to our advanced scouts on to a hill,

from whence we could see the Arab camp, marked by a tent and a number of flags, situated in a dry watercourse close to where our maps and our native guide told us were the wells of Abu Klea. A very rough broken valley with high bare hills on both sides led to the wells, and after choosing the best site possible, the force was halted for the night (it was then about 2 P.M.), and orders were given to zereba ourselves as strongly as possible with a parapet of thorn bushes, stones and provision boxes, and this kept every one busy till dark. The enemy's bullets from a hill on our right flank, too distant for us to occupy, began to drop among us about 4 P.M., and their fire continued at intervals during the night.

At daylight next morning, the 17th, their fire recommenced very briskly, and several officers and men were hit before the square marched out to fight its way to the wells, about 10 A.M.; but of that day's fighting it is not my intention now to write.

After the battle of Abu Klea, which, though it cost us heavy losses, was eminently successful, the square reached the wells at 5 P.M., bivouacked there for the night and, supperless, tried to sleep; but in vain, for the north wind was so keen that rest was impossible. At 8 A.M. the following morning our convoy returned from the zereba bringing away everything; and, after a hurried breakfast, an extremely busy day was spent in building a small but strong fort for a garrison of 100 Royal Sussex men, left here to protect our wounded and to hold the wells. We also had hard work in trying to refill our water-skins from about twenty shallow and insufficient water-holes; for the camels there was no water to be had, and for the 19th Hussar horses very little indeed.

At 4 P.M. the same afternoon the little army, then reduced to about 1000 actual combatants, started on its night march of twenty-five miles to strike the Nile a little south of Metammeh, a town of which very little was known, nor could we tell what force of rebels it might con-

tain. It was a very dark night, the camel-drivers, tired out with constant work, were perpetually dropping asleep, the camels' loads were continually falling off, and then in the darkness were replaced by men so careless from fatigue that the work was generally imperfectly done. Halt after halt was sounded to allow the rearguard, who had a night of toil, as hard as it was unceasing, to reload and drive up again to the column our weary camels, who had now been five days without water and on very short rations of dhurra. To add to our difficulties we entered about midnight a plain covered with thickly-scattered bushes: it was too dark to tell six feet off what were bushes and what were camels; many baggage animals straying a few yards out of the line of march were unseen and so lost; and the men of different regiments became considerably mixed up.

At daylight, the 19th, we were still some miles from Metammeh, and at 8 A.M., when the enemy appeared in force from that town between us and the river, the Brigadier ordered the force to zereba on the best position that was near. Bullets from the Arab skirmishers were soon causing us losses, and about 9:30 A.M. Sir Herbert Stewart received his mortal wound, and Colonel Sir Charles Wilson took over the supreme command. After the zereba was finished, and we had had some food (the first for twenty-four hours), and as the Arabs refused to attack us, a square was formed to march out and fight its way to the Nile, very much as had been done forty-eight hours previously to reach the wells of Abu Klea. In the zereba we left all our stores, all the camels, except about sixty which were required for spare ammunition and to carry the wounded, with as strong a garrison as possible to protect them.

The Arab sharp-shooters annoyed us severely, and the only way we could keep down their fire was by halting the square and firing volleys at them; but after the main body made their final charge and fell back defeated, they retreated into Metammeh and left us unmolested to reach the river just after dark. How delicious the water of the old Nile—still ever cold, as in the days when Herodotus wrote—tasted to our

parched throats, few who drank that evening will ever forget; except what we had scooped out of the wet sand from the water-holes of Abu Klea, we had had no water, beyond the regular allowance served out, since the morning of the 13th inst. Next morning, the 20th, we took possession of the hamlet which is alike known as Gubat and Abu Klu, situated a third of a mile from the river on rising ground, and then about half the force marched to bring all they could away from the zereba; and that night we all bivouacked between the village and the river. At daylight next morning we made a reconnaissance in front of Metammeh, and while so employed we were joined by some of Gordon's troops from Khartoum, who had just landed from four steamers which had been sent to help us on our way up the river. In the afternoon Major Davison, 16th Lancers, and the remainder of his garrison were brought into Gubat from the zereba; the previous afternoon our heavy losses amongst the transport camels had prevented us from bringing all into our new position. The following day was occupied in reconnoitring Shendy with part of our force on board the steamers, as we had reason to believe from reports which had been brought to us that there was a strong force of the enemy there; this, however, was found not to be the case. The 23rd inst. was fully employed by Sir Charles Wilson (who, since the Brigadier had been badly wounded, and Colonel Burnaby killed, was responsible for the safety of the troops at Gubat) in seeing that the defensive works of our small fort on the river were in a condition advanced enough towards completion to repel any attack which a large rebel force might make upon us. It was also necessary to select from among the crews of the four steamers wholly Soudanese sailors and officers; and from the troops they had on board, only to take on our voyage to Khartoum Soudanese or black soldiers; as General Gordon had stated in one of his last letters a strong wish that no Fellaheen (or men from Lower Egypt) should be brought back to him. The black troops, consisting of Bashi-Bazouks, under their own Beys and some Turkish officers, and a few Soudanese artillery and regu-

lars, as well as the Egyptian men, and the steamers, were all under command of Noushi Pasha, an Egyptian officer whom I had formerly known at Keren in 1882, where he was town commandant.

Next morning, the 24th, soon after daylight we started for Khartoum. In the steamer "Bordein" were Sir Charles Wilson, myself, Khasm-el-Mous, ten non-commissioned officers and men (Royal Sussex Regiment), one naval artificer, and 110 Soudanese troops; in the "Tall Howeiya," our second steamer, Captain Trafford and ten more Royal Sussex men, Lieutenant Stuart-Wortley (Intelligence Department), one naval artificer, Abdul Hamid Bey, and about eighty Soudanese troops, part of whom were on board a large dismantled nuggar in tow of the steamer. These steamers were about the size of the Thames penny boats, but they had been protected as well as possible against rifle-fire with large iron plates and strong planks like railway sleepers to the height of six feet from the deck, and each carried a four-pound brass gun in a turret amidships, and another in a second turret in the bows. At 10.30 A.M. a native hailed us from the bank, was taken on board, and told us of a gun the enemy had in position on the east bank, about a mile higher up. We landed a little below the spot indicated, and I marched up with some Bashi-Bazouks, but found the gun had lately been removed from the battery, which was well concealed in the bank, and had three embrasures, one up stream, one straight to the front, and one down stream. At 12.30 P.M. we were obliged to stop for firewood at a deserted village, and after a detention of two hours we steamed on till dark, and then moored to the bank for the night near Derrera.

The following morning we were under way at daylight, but the captain insisted on stopping at 8 A.M. for about an hour for more fuel, and we had much trouble in keeping the Soudanese troops from going off after loot and the villagers' flocks and herds, instead of carrying wood on board. At 4 P.M. we passed the strong fort of Wad-el-Habeshi, where the Beys told us the enemy had four guns in position, but no rebels were seen, and shortly afterwards we entered

the sixth cataract, which extends for about twenty miles, reaches of comparatively open water intervening between most dangerous rapids. At 5.15 P.M. the "Bordein" ran hard and fast upon a rock in a bad reach of river; and in spite of all our efforts to move her, which were continued till nearly midnight, she still remained immovable. A few rifle shots were fired at us during the day from the west bank. The steamers' furnaces were of an old and extravagant pattern, therefore they burned fuel very fast, but our captains said we now had sufficient timber on board to take us through the cataract, where it is almost impossible to stop to get wood.

At earliest dawn on the 26th we recommenced our attempts to float the steamer, and at 9 A.M. we succeeded in hauling her off the rock by means of a hawser from our starboard quarter to a sandbank on which we had landed all our troops, by laying out an anchor from the starboard bow, and also after having shifted all the boxes of ammunition and stores right aft. We then steamed up to the "Tall Howeiya," which had anchored during the night a mile ahead of us and close below Hassan Island, one of the ninety-nine islands which here make the navigation so difficult. Our misfortunes, however, were by no means over: we ran hard aground in the sand, had to land all our men, and after getting afloat again our reis declared that the steamers must ascend this difficult rapid one at a time with both reises on board each steamer, a plan which took up much time, but which we were powerless to prevent. An hour before dark we passed through an excessively difficult passage, and anchored for the night close to another of these islands, which are extremely picturesque, being covered with rich vegetation down to the water's edge. Some natives, friends of Khasm-el-Mous, came on board and reported hard fighting at Khartoum.

Soon after starting next morning we had to moor to the west bank opposite Jebel Royan for more wood. Previous to this we had passed through Shabluka, a narrow gorge, where the hills on both sides come down to the river—a splendid place to defend and stop all steamers. We were now well above the last part of the sixth cataract, and during the day

we made good progress up the river, which here is broad and not very swift. At 2.30 P.M. shots began to be fired at us from both banks, and this fusillade continued up to dark, when we moored to the east bank, near a large deserted village a quarter of a mile from the river. In the afternoon an Arab had hailed us from the bank, and said a camel man had passed through his village that day, and reported the fall of Khartoum and death of General Gordon on the 26th inst., but this we did not believe. It was necessary that we should take on board all the fuel we could carry, as we knew we should have some hard steaming on the following day to run past the rebel batteries near Khartoum. Our men were both tired and lazy; and Sir Charles Wilson, Stuart-Wortley, and myself were all at work till 1 A.M. keeping the Soudanese carrying on board and sawing into suitable lengths the beams from the houses in the village. Captain Trafford and his Sussex men formed a line of picquets beyond the village, so as to give us notice of any sudden attack while we were at our work.

Next morning we started at day-break; at 7.30 A.M. passed Gebel-Seg-et-Taib, a steep hill close to the river, where formerly the rebels had some guns with which to fire at Gordon's steamers; but it appeared then unoccupied. A Shagiya native hailed the "Tall Howeiya," and stated that Khartoum had fallen two days before. About 11 A.M. we could see the town in the distance over the low banks, but still some miles off. Opposite Figiyeh we received a sharp fire, half a mile higher up a very heavy fire from four guns at Halfiyeh, and much musketry fire from rebels entrenched in rifle-pits and behind natural cover. Our men replied with great vigor, and the artillerymen under Abdullah Effendi in the 'midships turret worked their gun rapidly and well; but the enemy was so well hidden we probably did but little execution. When passing Tuti Island we were not fired at until near the south end, but here we received a hot rifle-fire, close range; then to our astonishment the engines suddenly stopped, our reis and captain declaring that, as they were now sure Khartoum had fallen, it would be useless proceed-

ing further; but Sir Charles Wilson at once ordered the "Bordein," the leading steamer, to go on ahead. Very soon four guns opened fire on us from the direction of the town, and when almost opposite Omdurman, and within range of its down-stream guns (which at once opened a heavy fire on us), and when we could see Khartoum across the open water above Tuti Island, at the junction of the two Niles, the town being then about a mile distant, Sir Charles ordered the "Bordein" to be headed down stream, as it was then evident to all of us that Khartoum had really fallen. The bullets from some thousands of rebels, who were in large numbers with many of the Mahdi's flags on the Khartoum shore, as well as from a very strong force of the enemy in masses between Omdurman and the river, kept hitting the two steamers all over, but owing to our armor plates only two men were killed and about fifteen wounded. Our ship's boat was sunk by a shell, and the other steamer received a round shot through her hold.

Now we had the following good reasons for knowing Khartoum had fallen:—

Not an Egyptian flag anywhere on Khartoum, though we all searched most carefully for them with our glasses, and we were quite near enough to have seen any ensign with the naked eye.

Large numbers of rebels on the Khartoum shore close to the town.

No counter attack on the rebels from the town to aid us, which would have been the case had Gordon still held command; nor were his steamers sent to help us.

Rebels on Tuti Island, where we knew they had never been before during the siege.

For the last twenty miles up to the town we had met occasional nuggars and boats; Gordon had collected them all under his guns and moored them close to Khartoum; had he still been there we should not have met them.

We could plainly see that all the houses around Government House had been wrecked and half destroyed; Gordon's large troop-boats riding at anchor off Omdurman.

I do not add to these reasons the two accounts we had received from two

different natives at separate times, because native information is often so untrustworthy.

After turning we proceeded down stream, receiving more fire from Hal-fiyeh and Figiyeh; at dark we anchored in mid-stream about twelve miles south of Jebel Royan. We immediately sent natives ashore to try to gain information; on returning they told us that Khartoum had fallen on the night of the 26th inst. through the treachery of Farag Pasha, who opened the gates to the rebels, and that Gordon had been killed almost immediately.

All our Soudanese, Turkish, and Egyptian naval officers were completely upset both by what we had seen and by the news we had received. Most of them had families in Khartoum, and they were certain to have perished; and we were all much disheartened about Gordon's terrible fate. The reises made out great difficulties about descending the cataract, as the water was so low and the steamers were too large, they said, for the passage at this season. We therefore determined to jettison all the dhurra, of which we had many sacks in both steamers, as we were taking it up for the Khartoum garrison, who were known to have been very hard up for food. All our men had fought well, the Royal Sussex on the top of the deck houses firing volleys whenever they had a chance; on Tuti Island they saw six rebels fall from the effect of their fire at one particular place.

On the morning of the 29th a damaged paddle-wheel delayed our start till 7 A.M.; at 8.30 we ran on to a sandbank for half an hour; two hours later both steamers stopped for consultation between the reises and captains, who all seemed very nervous. At 12.30 P.M. we stopped again for both reises to take the "Tall Howeiyia" down the first dangerous piece of the sixth cataract. At 3.30 P.M. we followed her, and afterwards both steamers proceeded together down seemingly fairly safe water, but at 4.30 P.M. our consort ship, which was then leading, struck heavily on a sunken rock, and immediately began to sink. We moored to a sandbank just below her, and I took the boat to help Wortley and Trafford, but found they had already disembarked their men, the

ship's guns, and all valuables into the nuggar, and there were only about a dozen men for me to take away. It was impossible, however, to save much ammunition, but the men took away with them their arms and kits. No panic had taken place on board, but the Soudanese seemed stupefied by the late events, and all the native officers seemed too upset to care what happened. The loss of Khartoum had thoroughly disorganized them all. It was reported that an argument had taken place between captain and reis as to which side of the sandbank had caused the accident; the fatal rock lay in mid-stream, three hundred yards straight above the sandbank; both Trafford and Wortley reported that they considered the wreck entirely accidental.

In the evening a dervish arrived, bringing a letter from the Mahdi addressed to the English officers and the Shagiya Beys. This letter enjoined us to surrender at once, to become Moslems, and if we did not comply with this, he would kill us all. It also stated that the Mahdi had taken Khartoum without any fighting, that Gordon was dead, and that if we did not believe this, a safe-conduct would be given to any one sent to Khartoum to verify the state of affairs. The messenger also invented a little story of his own, to the effect that General Gordon was with the Mahdi at Omdurman, had turned Mussulman, and had adopted the rebel uniform; and that after the conquest of all Egypt, the Mahdi intended marching on Constantinople. Needless to say no one believed these lies. No reply was given to the Mahdi's letter, but Khasm-el-Mous, knowing what difficulties we should have in descending the worst parts of the cataract, wrote to say he would never give himself up without a special pardon from the Mahdi; but if this was sent, he would surrender to Feki Mustafa at Wad-el-Habeshi, where guns had been mounted to oppose our passage. This fort we intended to run past at full speed, and, as Arab gunners are not of the best, we had a good chance of succeeding.

Next morning we placed all the shipwrecked people on the nuggar, rigged out her sweeps, and sent her down a difficult reach of water, which we afterwards

descended also in safety. At 11 A.M. we stopped to land all our men to lighten the ship, but a stiff breeze had driven us so firmly aground that it took us over an hour to get her off again. Then we entered some most dangerous narrow passages between sharp rocks, but by going with the greatest care, stern first, and sometimes using hawsers from one or both bows, made fast either to the shore or to an anchor in the stream, so as to steady her, and at the same time using her engines, we safely passed the worst part of the cataract and anchored for the night at 5.30 P.M. below Hasan Island. We had now only one dangerous reach before entering open water, and were about half way to Gubat. Natives came on board that night and told us that the English had taken Metammeh after three days' fighting, in spite of large reinforcements of rebels sent up from Berber to strengthen the garrison. My cook Suleiman informed us that Abdul Hamid Bey and others had wanted to wreck the "Bordein," but that Khasm-el-Mous had stopped the conspiracy. The natives also told us that the English were much dreaded, the effect of the fighting at Abu Klea and Gubat, and that they were swarming "across the desert up to the front like ants in numbers."

By 10 A.M. next morning, after slowly descending the last narrow gate of the cataract, which at this time of the year is really too dangerous for steamers the size of the "Bordein," we stopped for two hours for wood. Afterwards we steamed down open water, and hoped to successfully pass Wad-el-Habeshi without being badly hulled, but at 3.30 P.M. she bumped heavily on a sunken rock in mid-stream, came off again and was at once placed alongside a small island, which lay some fifty yards off Mernat Island near the east bank. The artificers at once carefully examined the hole in the ship's side, but found it impossible to stop it or to reduce the water in her hold, though we worked hard for an hour with the pump and lines of men with buckets. This hole was considerably below the water-line, amidships, in a very difficult place to get at, and the water was soon several feet above it. We landed all the men, guns, ammunition, and what stores and

provisions we had still remaining, and I was then ordered to examine Mernat Island for a suitable place for a zereba. The island was covered with high grass and scattered trees, and there was a small hamlet in the centre where were a few women, who fled at my approach and ran to the side nearest the east bank, where they evidently had a boat for crossing the narrow passage of three hundred yards to the mainland.

Mernat is about three-quarters of a mile broad and two miles long, with high steep banks all round above the river. Soon afterwards Sir Charles landed, and it was then decided that Lieutenant Stuart-Wortley should start at dark in our best boat (and she was but a heavy, clumsy craft) for Gubat Camp, a row of about forty miles, to carry the news of the fall of Khartoum, and to ask for a steamer to relieve us. We might of course have attempted to march down the east bank, but we had no idea what hostile forces might oppose us, and besides we should have been forced to abandon our wounded men, the steamers' guns, and everything except what we could carry on our backs. At 6.45 P.M. Stuart-Wortley started with a crew of four English soldiers and eight natives; and about an hour later we distinctly saw the flashes of three volleys in the distance, which we knew to be the enemy at Wad-el-Habeshi, three miles down stream, firing at our boat.

The native troops seemed perfectly indifferent; they all commenced cooking immediately they gained the island, and having enough to eat were perfectly happy; but the Turkish officers took a gloomy view of matters.

Soon after daylight on February 1 we commenced building a strong zereba on the banks of Mernat, which faced the small island where the "Bordein" lay with the water just above her deck; and we defended it with our four ship's guns. The Soudanese worked well, and by the evening we had made a position it was almost impossible for any number of rebels to rush, if our men only kept true to us. The zereba was the shape of a crescent on the high bank, along which was a line of thick trees quite hiding us on that face, and towards the centre of the island we made

the usual thorn obstacle and a ditch inside for our men to stand in and fire from if we were attacked. Some sheiks came to see Khasm-el-Mous, and all confirmed the account of Gordon and Khartoum. They tried hard to shake the old Bey's allegiance to us, but he remained firm, although he belonged to their tribe, all of which had lately declared for the Mahdi. At dark we posted a line of sentries outside the zereba; we ought to have had an outpost on the opposite side of the island, but the Soudanese refused to go so far away, and the Sussex men we required as sentries over the nuggar and the most important points of our position; Sir Charles Wilson had so placed the native troops that the men we could trust were distributed among the doubtful ones. A guard of twenty men was always kept on the small island (where there was thick cover) to prevent any rebels from the west bank landing there.

No attack was made during the night, though the enemy at Khartoum had then had plenty of time to have heard of the wreck and to have marched against us. Feki Mustafa and Sheik Abulata from the mainland (both of them important Shagiya chiefs) attempted again to get Khasm-el-Mous to submit, but he again refused. At 2 P.M. a report was brought to us that a native had come up the bank of the river from near Gubat with the news that two steamers had started for our relief on the previous afternoon; so we then knew that Stuart-Wortley had safely accomplished his perilous night row.

At 5 P.M. Mohammed Effendi Ibrahim, the interpreter, who had been most useful and plucky throughout the expedition, informed us that Abdul Hamid Bey had an hour ago deserted, leaving his Bashi-Bazouks and slaves behind him. This bey, a handsome young man of about twenty-six, had been much recommended to us in Gordon's letters; but ever since the wreck, he had kept by himself and had become very unfriendly. The same afternoon a few of the native soldiers, two native officers, and one of the reises also deserted; so, after this, orders were given to place the remaining reis and the steamers' captains (all Dongolawis, and friendly to the Mahdi) under a guard of

the Sussex with instructions to shoot the first man who tried to escape. Khasm-el-Mous told us we should not be attacked that night, but most probably on the following afternoon; however, we of course took all possible precautions and visited the sentries constantly during the night. The moon rose about 9.30 P.M. and gave a good light for aiming at an attacking enemy. The next morning Trafford and myself walked to the north end of the island to look out for the steamer, which might now arrive at any time. About 7.30 A.M. we saw the smoke of a gun at the end of the long reach of river which stretched from Mernat to Wad-el-Habeshi: It was the enemy's fort firing at the steamer, which directly afterwards came in sight round a bend in the river, and immediately the firing on both sides became hot and furious. We at once returned to camp to inform Sir Charles, and I rowed out to the "Bordein" to hoist the Egyptian ensign to show we were still on the island; while doing this I happened to look down stream to see how the fight was going on, and saw a dense cloud of white steam rise from the steamer. I knew she must have been hit in a very bad place; our men also saw this, and immediately they considered that she was as good as lost. Orders were then given to break up the zereba, and place on board the nuggar all the baggage—and an extraordinary amount there was still left after the two previous shipwrecks. A scene of confusion followed; all discipline was at an end among the Soudanese, and the rebels from the west bank opened on us a hot rifle-fire, hitting several of our men, although we returned the fire whenever we saw an enemy. In about half an hour our four guns and all the native baggage was placed on the nuggar, and I received orders to take her down to the ferry-place at the north end of Mernat to assist in taking across all our people on to the east bank. There were, however, too many rocks, and the water was too shallow, to allow me to do this; so the nuggar was moored to the bank where we found the water was deep enough, quite a quarter of a mile below the ferry. I then landed with about thirty Bashi-Bazouks, all the soldiers that were with me, and occupied a small rocky hill which commanded all

the country round the ferry. It was at once evident that there was no rebel force then near enough to oppose the landing from the island; so leaving Major Ali Agha with some men to hold the hill, I rejoined the rest of our people who were being brought over from Mer-nat to the mainland. This was a long business, as we had but one small boat, which could only hold a few at a time. We could see the fight still hotly continued, the steamer either anchored or aground on a sunken bank about 300 yards from the enemy's fort; but after all our people had crossed, and when we began marching down the bank, the fire slackened considerably, and we were soon near enough to see the white ensign flying defiantly over her stern, and that she was anchored in the stream, evidently badly damaged.

By signals she informed us that a round shot had pierced her boiler, that the injury would be repaired by that evening, and that next morning she would pick us all up if we would march down the bank a couple of miles, to where the water was deep enough to allow her to approach near, and would zereba ourselves there for the night. As it was desirable to learn full particulars I obtained leave to go out to her in our boat; she lay about five hundred yards from our bank, and on going on board I met Lord Charles Beresford commanding, and from him received the same instructions which had been signalled to us. She had had a very hot engagement with the fort, but had succeeded in silencing the enemy's fire; and now, whenever they did fire at her it was without taking any aim. Lord Charles Beresford spoke very highly of the good practice his men had made with their 5-pounders and the Gardner guns, and of the good shooting of the small party of mounted infantry under Lieutenant Bower. The steamer had almost succeeded in running past the fort when she was hit. Lieutenant Van Koughnet had been shot through the thigh while serving the Gardner, one seaman was mortally wounded, and several more badly scalded by the steam from the boiler. Orders were given me to return to Sir Charles Wilson, and to ask him to continue up to dark the fire which we had at once begun from our side of the river on

our arrival opposite the fort. We had only, however, landed one gun from the nuggar, as we had very little ammunition left, so much having been lost when the steamers were wrecked. After returning and delivering my message (it was then about 3 P.M.) I took charge of the nuggar and tried to get her past the fort by the passage under our bank, for the middle of the river was very shallow and the true channel lay under the enemy's guns. The reis thought we might succeed, but we shortly grounded exactly opposite the enemy's central embrasure, from which fire was at once opened on us. As she remained firmly aground, I landed all the wounded, except the very badly hit and the native women, some five-and-twenty in number, who did the cooking for the Soudanese, and we were then able to slowly tow her up stream out of fire. While doing this an Arab sailor, acting under the orders of one of the native officers, sneaked off down stream, to where he knew the zereba would be, with the only boat, in which he had placed some of the women. Several messengers were sent after the boat, but they returned one after another, saying it was too late (it was then near sunset) and the zereba too far off to bring a clumsy boat so far up against a strong stream. These natives never really went as far as the zereba, but Sir Charles Wilson ordered the boat to return, and three attempts were made to do so; it was not, however, until the wind fell before dawn, that they were able to bring her back. We waited a couple of hours in hopes of the return of the boat, but as she never came I determined to float down the channel under the fort without her at once before the moon rose, rather than waste any more time. We succeeded in dropping quietly down stream almost past their guns before the enemy perceived us, and when they did open fire, the bad light prevented their hitting us. Just as we seemed in the semi-darkness to have passed these narrows, the nuggar bumped heavily on a sunken rock, swung broadside on to the stream, and there remained hard and fast in spite of all our endeavors to move her. Four English soldiers and about ten native sailors were all the able men who were with me; we tried getting into the river upon the rock and so forcing the heavy

nugger off, but as we were heavily handicapped in having no boat to lay out an anchor with, we were in a bad position. When the moon rose the fort fired a few more unsuccessful shots.

At daylight our boat arrived, and with difficulty we laid out an anchor upstream. Our first attempts to move her again failed, but at 9 A.M., after having jettisoned all the dhurra and heavy baggage, she at last hove off the rock, and on swinging clear we cut the cable and floated down stream. Previous to this, as soon as there was light enough to see the passage, Lord Charles Beresford in the "Safiyeh" had successfully steamed past the fort: had anchored some way below the nugger, and had sent to my assistance a strong boat's crew under Lieutenant Keppel, R.N., with orders that, if I could not at once float the nugger, everything valuable was to be taken out of her, and she was to be scuttled to prevent her falling into the enemy's hands. Fortunately, and owing chiefly to the great assistance which Lieutenant Keppel and his men gave me, it was not necessary to carry out this last order. The enemy since daylight had done their best to sink us, and the Arab riflemen on the bank, about 400 yards off, kept up a hot fire and occasionally hit the nugger, but no one was wounded

except Lieutenant Keppel by a spent ball. Two miles lower down stream we stopped and took on board the "Safiyeh" and the nugger Sir Charles Wilson, Captain Trafford, Khasm-el-Mous Bey, and all the Sussex men and Sudanese troops; and, the steamer towing the nugger, we reached El Gubat at 5.30 P.M. the same evening.

The amount of ammunition used on board the "Safiyeh" during her engagement on the 3rd of February is well worthy of note; no less than 70 rounds for the big gun, about 5,500 Gardner, and about 4,300 rifle cartridges were fired. This shows how hot was the fight, which, it must be remembered, was at rather close quarters, our men's rifles carrying true with the sights set for 350 yards, thus showing the exact distance the steamer lay from the fort.

I have endeavored in a few pages to place before my readers an exact account of the voyage from Gubat to the junction of the two Niles, close to Omdurman, and of all the incidents which happened to us on the way; of the doings of the rest of the campaign many and full details have already been laid before the public, and these do not come within the scope of my article.—*Nineteenth Century.*

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#### THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

##### A STUDY.

THOUGH it may be too soon to assign to Lord Beaconsfield the place which he will permanently occupy in the records of English statesmanship, it is not too soon to attempt an impartial estimate of his character and career, of the work which he actually accomplished, and of the still greater work, perhaps, which he was not allowed to perform; of the ideas which animated him, and of the extent to which he was enabled to carry those ideas into action.

At any rate, such an endeavor on the morrow of the defeat sustained by the Liberal party in Parliament, followed by the resignation of the Cabinet, which more than five years supplanted that of Lord Beaconsfield, and on the eve of

the possible, or probable, accession to power of a new Conservative Administration, cannot be unseasonable.

Many causes have been assigned for Lord Beaconsfield's failure at the General Election of 1880. One of them has, perhaps, been overlooked. In the famous letter addressed to the Duke of Marlborough, signifying his intention to appeal to the constituencies, Lord Beaconsfield clearly presented himself before the English public as the indispensable man of the hour—the saviour of his country from revolution and anarchy, endowed with an exclusive power of causing, what seven years previously he had described as "the moaning wind of Socialism," audible throughout

Europe, to subside. The attitude he thus assumed was not congenial to the English character. The inhabitants of these islands unconsciously resent the claim, on the part of any individual, however illustrious—who at the moment happens to be in the possession of power—to be accepted by them on his own terms.

Mr. Gladstone had previously advanced in 1874 the same pretensions. He had asked his countrymen to register a plébiscite in his favor, and they had refused to do so. Lord Beaconsfield made a similar request and met with an identical answer. Like Mr. Gladstone, the last eighteen months of his administration had been signalised by a series of errors and misfortunes. The instinct of the democracy, not an infallible instinct by any means, prompted it to judge of the pronunciamiento rather by the sinister facts, fresh in its memory, than by the auspicious era which its author would have them to believe was about to dawn. It seems scarcely necessary, for a correct understanding of the causes of the Conservative collapse in 1880, to add to this the consideration that Mr. Gladstone had been making a series of oratorical progresses and electioneering campaigns throughout the United Kingdom, that he had brought into play the instrument which with the English public is the mightiest political power of all—that of his resonant, plausible, and indefatigable eloquence.

No reasonable person, not even the most enthusiastic Liberal or Radical, can suppose that if Lord Beaconsfield's life and strength had been prolonged, Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues would not long ere this have been ejected from office. The pendulum would probably have swung back some two years since. England is governed—and the more democratic it becomes, the more will this be the case—less by parties than by the leaders of parties, less by the leaders of parties than by those who have been called "too powerful" individuals. When Lord Beaconsfield passed away there was—and it may be even said there is—no single man except Mr. Gladstone to rival him in the imagination and affection of the English people. It is not Mr. Gladstone's statesmanship,

it is his personal eminence, his matchless qualities, the attributes which have raised him above all his contemporaries, that are responsible for the prolongation of his premiership from 1880 to 1885. During half a century England has been ruled by those who have been great Englishmen first and great statesmen afterwards. Whether this *régime* is now about to come to an end a little time will show. If it be true that the opinion of foreign countries is an anticipation of the judgment of our own posterity, the overthrow of Mr. Gladstone will be remembered as an event noticeable only, or chiefly, as matter for genuine congratulation. Lord Beaconsfield's death was an European event.

The resignation of Mr. Gladstone has been with few exceptions commented on by the European press as calculated to relieve England of some of the many difficulties which beset her. It may be that Lord Beaconsfield, if when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer he had not been charged with the leadership of the House of Commons, and practically of the whole Conservative party—if, that is, he had enjoyed as much leisure for official work, and as strong a body of Parliamentary support as Mr. Gladstone when that statesman won his laurels as a financier—would have elaborated a fiscal policy of the highest order. It is certain that Lord Beaconsfield triumphantly perpetuated the foreign policy of Palmerston and Canning, and by his management of our international affairs won for England abroad an amount of honor and distinction which she has been steadily losing ever since. A great deal is said about the *damnosa hereditas* bequeathed by Lord Beaconsfield to Mr. Gladstone. It would be far truer to say that the legacy actually left by the dead to the living statesman was a carefully accumulated stock of prestige and power which the illustrious legatee has effectually dissipated.

Lord Beaconsfield has been called a visionary. The remark as applied to his foreign policy only holds true so far that he saw in his mental vision much which he was anxious but was also impotent to accomplish. The true doctrinaires in foreign politics are those who, for the sake of an idea, attempt the impracticable, and in their chimeric

cal efforts to compass it, ignore facts, sacrifice interests, forfeit alliances. In the "Letters of Runnymede," admirably edited by Mr. Hitchman, there is a passage in the epistle addressed to Lord Melbourne, which may be advantageously quoted here: "In foreign affairs, you and your company have finally succeeded in destroying all our old alliances without substituting any new ones; after having sacrificed every principle of British policy to secure an intimate alliance with France, the Cabinet of the Tuileries has even had the airy audacity to refuse its co-operation in that very treaty in which its promises alone involved you; while the British Minister can, with extreme difficulty, obtain an audience at St. Petersburg, the Ambassador of France passes with a polite smile of gay recognition the luckless representative of William IV., who is lounging in an antechamber in the enjoyment of an indolence which even your lordship might envy."

This is almost a prophetic description of the foreign policy of Mr. Gladstone. The Liberals came into power in April 1880, resolute upon cementing an imaginary friendship with France, in order to bring England into line with European Liberalism. For the same reason Mr. Gladstone had previously exclaimed "hands off" to Austria as the traditional representative of absolutism. Lord Beaconsfield throughout recognised the existing circumstances of the position, and in so doing showed himself more practical than the most utilitarian of Radicals. He saw that the great thing for England was not to bring her into line with European Liberalism or with any other ism, but with the mightiest diplomatic and military confederacy of the century, with the Austro-German alliance. He saw also that such an arrangement would not alienate from us, but would rather secure us the friendship of the most prosperous and powerful of the Latin races—namely, of the new-born Italy. In other words, he estimated the relative magnitude and tendencies of the forces at work in Continental Europe, and he regulated his action accordingly. To this task he brought not only a penetrating insight, but an unflinching will and an intrepid determination. The firmness with

which he comported himself at the Berlin Conference produced an impression on the minds of the Chancellor and sovereigns of Europe, which, it is no exaggeration to say, was a source of credit and profit to every subject of the English Crown. Even Mr. Gladstone, in his posthumous tribute in the House of Commons to Lord Beaconsfield, admitted this.

The reputation of England abroad has not, since the Crimean War, stood higher than in 1878, during and after the assemblage of the statesmen of Europe at the German capital. Lord Beaconsfield's arrival was heralded by anticipatory applause, showered not only on his position as a statesman, but on his genius as a writer and on the brilliant interest of his career. The expectations formed of him were more than confirmed by his presence, whether in the Council Chamber or in the streets of the capital. He won immediately the respect and friendship of Bismarck, who shortly afterwards told an English diplomatist that he had never been more impressed than by the visit he paid Lord Beaconsfield in his rooms at the Kaiserhof on a certain afternoon. The German Chancellor found the English Minister preparing to leave for England, because Russia denied the Porte the right to garrison the Balkans. "I cannot," he said to Prince Bismarck, "speak too highly of the civility of your railway officials. At considerable inconvenience they have provided me with a special train to-morrow morning." So astute a judge of character as the Man of Blood and Iron perceived at once that this was no piece of acting. On quitting Lord Beaconsfield, he saw Prince Gortchakoff, with the result that before nightfall Russia had withdrawn her opposition to a project which England would have regarded as a *casus belli*. To this day, visitors to Berlin are shown, in the room in which the members of the Bundsrath sit, the chair occupied by Lord Beaconsfield at the European areopagus of seven years ago. In all his dealings with foreign statesmen and chanceries, Lord Beaconsfield won the reputation of meaning what he said. He made the voice of England respected.

That Lord Beaconsfield's foreign policy was executed on a scale often not

commensurate with his conception of it is unquestionable. For instance, instead of purchasing the Suez Canal shares in 1875, he would doubtless, had his opportunities been equal to his designs, have occupied Egypt. As it was, he supplemented the purchase of those shares with the occupation of Cyprus. What he did was thus only the shadow of what he meant to do. "The foreign policy of England," he said in his speech on the Danish Question in 1864, "must be dependent on the character of the House of Commons;" and there was little or nothing in the condition of public feeling, of which the Representative Chamber is the embodiment, to nerve him to heroic enterprise. Yet, though he labored under these difficulties and was compelled to recognise these impediments, Lord Beaconsfield's foreign policy was, in comparison with that of the statesmen who succeeded to him—inspired, as they were, by the supreme idea of undoing all his work—a series of splendid successes; and this because, while discerning in imagination the lines of a course more ambitious than he dared to take, he subordinated the ideal to the practicable, and, having informed himself of the currents beneath the surface of affairs, took care not to place the craft of English statesmanship in opposition to them. Such was the statesmanship which commended itself to the imperial intellect of Burke, and the time is not far distant when it will be acknowledged that the leading principles of the latest and greatest actions of Lord Beaconsfield's life approached more nearly to the standard laid down by the first of English political philosophers than those of any other political leader who has lived in our democratic days. It may well seem strange that the statesman who ordered his doings by the strictest reference to the precepts of the most prosaic common sense, who subjected a soaring imagination to the sternest discipline of experience, should have been charged by his opponents with deliberately entertaining political projects of the most fantastically unconstitutional kind. The grotesque absurdity of the suspicion is shown by the rapidity and completeness with which the memory of it has disappeared. The letters of "Vindex," vigorous specimens as

they were of polemical English, are, one may safely say, forgotten.

The nonsense that was talked by Radicals on platforms and in the press about the sinister designs subversive of English freedom imputed to Lord Beaconsfield, would only to-day excite a smile. Yet it is the fact that many excellent if deluded people credited him then with being intent on reviving by some subterranean machinations the personal power of the Crown—with asserting for Queen Victoria more than the Stuarts ever claimed for themselves; with overawing Englishmen at home by Sepoys imported from India; by reviving in the person of the Duke of Edinburgh the Lord High Admiral of the Fleet; and finally with reducing the subjects of the British Monarchy to a state of Oriental despotism by proclaiming Her Gracious Majesty Empress of India.

The catalogue of these charges appears ridiculous to-day. Their absurdity is typical of many of the other nonsensical accusations with which Lord Beaconsfield was, on different grounds and at various periods of his career, assailed. It may be admitted that for some of these his writings and speeches in the earlier stages of his career were partially responsible. The absolute continuity of English history was with him somewhat too much of a dominating idea. He was too fond of tracing analogies between a past and a present state of things, and he was apt to exaggerate a partial or accidental resemblance into an unqualified identity. This tendency—one of the congenital defects of the literary mind—is particularly apparent in "The Spirit of Whiggism," also contained in Mr. Hitchman's volume. Profoundly convinced of the mischief done to English liberty by the Whig oligarchy, Lord Beaconsfield, in his political novels and in several parliamentary and extra parliamentary addresses delivered some forty years since, gave utterance to a conviction that the only method of resisting the "ignoble tyranny," as he calls it, was by rallying the masses round the throne. It was a picturesque notion, but it rested upon the assumption that the sovereign still had the power originally, and for centuries, inherent in the august office. There was an element of truth in the

æsthetic mummeries, the morris dances, the Christmas revels, and the general reproduction of feudal glories which formed an essential portion of the creed of young England. The young England school, that is to say, was a rebellion or protest—and in many respects a healthy one—against the dominating power conferred upon the moneyed and the middle classes by the Reform Act of 1832. The movement which culminated in the Factory Acts was not in its origin democratic or Liberal, still less Whig. It was distinctly aristocratic and Tory. Therefore Lord Beaconsfield asked, who are the friends of the people, if not the Tories? And, what is the Tory party, if not national? His domestic policy and his view of the functions of Conservatism remained to the last day of his life what they were when he wrote "Sybil" and "Coningsby," stripped of their fanciful trappings and grotesque artificialities. He believed in the generosity as in the enthusiasm of the English people, and he held that it was the business of Conservative statesmen to enlist popular sentiment on their side by remedying popular grievances, and so to convert revolutionary forces into forces making for law and order.

The line which he took in his first great speech in the House of Commons on the Chartist Riots contains the key to all his opinions on the relations between the different classes of which the English polity consists. The Chartists, he maintained, must have grievances. They were worthy of all censure for endeavoring to redress them by force. None the less those grievances demanded close inquiry into the wrongs of the working classes, and prompt reparation. The natural and the best government for a country with the traditions and population of England appeared to Lord Beaconsfield a monarchy and aristocracy, resting upon a theocratic sanction, ever mindful of the wants and in close sympathy with the feelings of the English masses. In this way, and in no other, he believed, would it be practicable to interpose an impassable barrier between the inhabitants of the United Kingdom and the selfish aspirations of the Whig oligarchy, ever ready to use the poor as their tools, and therefore consciously or unconsciously to play

into the hands of the revolutionary Radicals.

Such is a fair, though necessarily a very brief account of the ideas in the region both of foreign and domestic affairs with which Lord Beaconsfield started in life, and which, with tenacious and unswerving loyalty, he consistently endeavored to translate into practice. Let us now look at the specific means which in this enterprise he employed. It is perhaps not easy for the most appreciative of the many biographies of Disraeli which have been published, to comprehend the exact difficulties of his position at that remote period when he naively told Lord Melbourne that he wished to be Prime Minister, or of the obstacles raised by social and personal prejudice against him. Of these difficulties his defects were at once the creation and the measure. Placed in circumstances that would have overcome less aspiring and resolute natures, he had to forge the instruments with which to carve his way through them. It was necessary, in a word, for him to suit his weapons to his opponents and the character of the opposition he encountered.

English society, which is now rapidly becoming the most cosmopolitan and tolerant in the world, the most uniformly hospitable to the representatives of all nationalities—Turks, Medes, Elamites, Parthians, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia—was, half a century since, fenced round by an impenetrable barrier of exclusiveness and triple girt with bigotry. Preeminently patrician in its bias, it had not done anything to encourage that levelling-up movement from the middle to the higher classes which has been the great feature in our latter-day history. Although the younger Disraeli was the son of a man respected for his learning and his writings, the race to which he belonged excited against him in his first attempt to embark upon a political career an amount of antagonism and bitterness which, in this age of Hebraic omnipotence and popularity, may well seem incredible. The letters of the father of the present Duke of Rutland to the grandfather of the late Lord Strangford, in which the friendship of their two sons with Mr. Disraeli is deplored, faithfully reflect the current feeling of the society of that

epoch on the subject. "Their admirable character," writes his Grace of Belvoir, "only makes them the more assailable by the arts of a designing Jew." Sir Robert Peel, to whom Disraeli first addressed himself, was thoroughly saturated with this irrational antipathy, and it is also tolerably clear that Disraeli's attacks upon Croker are to be explained by the manner in which "Mr. Rigby," anxious not to offend the sensitiveness of his patrons, repulsed the author of "Coningsby." Up to the very last there were some foolish persons of the highest consideration in the fashionable world who abstained as much as possible from all intercourse with Lord Beaconsfield, simply in deference to an obsolete and unreasoning prejudice, while a duchess, the wife of a duke who was a member of his own Cabinet, boasted that she had never held any conversation with him in her life. During 1845 and 1846, when Disraeli was preparing Lord George Bentinck for the part he took in the Free Trade struggle, it is the fact that he never enjoyed the social intimacy or regard of the family of his noble pupil.

The man who was thus pitted against forces so subtle and so widely disseminated as those which confronted Disraeli the younger, had no alternative but to succumb if he could not resort to tactics of his own which exactly met the exigencies of the occasion. There were two things that it was incumbent upon Disraeli to do. The first was to make his mark, the second to show that he was a person to be feared and therefore to be conciliated. *Forti nihil difficile* was the motto which he selected for his escutcheon. He might with equal propriety have added the legend *Nemo me impune lacessit*. Before he was five-and-twenty he had won his place among the celebrities of the period, and if he had not resolved to utilise literature as a stepping-stone to politics, his path would have been smooth, brilliant and untroubled. What the authorities in the world of statesmanship resented was the ambition of a young man—endowed doubtless with dazzling gifts, but of an alien race, and of a personal appearance which, if picturesque, was also aggressively eccentric, unequipped with any of the usual credentials, undisciplined by

the regular educational ordeal, who had never been at a public school or a university—to win a place and raise his voice in the councils of the nation. It is sometimes imputed to Mr. Gladstone as a supreme merit that, belonging essentially to the middle class, he should have acquired so unchallenged an ascendancy over the Whig aristocracy, traditionally the proudest in the world, of England. But it must be recollected that Mr. Gladstone was the son of an opulent baronet, and that if he was not exactly born into the governing classes, he was from the first educated amongst them, unconsciously contracted their modes of thought, and made his earliest and most enduring friendships amongst them. Eton and Oxford never turned out a Tory of a more orthodox and uncompromising kind than the young member for Newark, whose work on Church and State, Macaulay criticised so pitilessly in the "Edinburgh Review." Even now it is a disadvantage to a man entering the House of Commons, not to have passed through some portion of the conventional training of England, whether of the college or the regiment; half a century since it was a positive disqualification. There is no single difficulty which the nature of his antecedents entailed upon the young Disraeli from which the young Gladstone did not enjoy an absolute immunity.

If, in 1837, the newly elected member for Maidstone was not to merge himself in the lists of mediocrity, was not in fact to acquiesce in the doom of effacement, it was clearly obligatory upon him to adopt a line of his own, more or less startling, and to leave nothing undone which would impress the public mind with the image of his personality and with a sense of his power. The mere circumstance that he was the author of some unusually brilliant books had fixed attention upon him, had even placed him on a pedestal, but had also raised against him a sentiment of distrust, natural to an assembly largely composed of those squires, one of the most representative of whom, on a well known occasion, "thanked Heaven that he had always voted against that damned intellect," and added piously that "he always intended to do so."

Lord Beaconsfield has been reproached with being wholly given over to personal ambition. He was not, it is said, a patriot at all. He was simply a clever, uncrupulous promoter of his individual success. The censure is as meaningless as it is stereotyped. What is it which divides ambition from patriotism? Who can say at what point the former ceases to be indispensable to the latter? How is a man to place himself in the position of serving his country unless he first secures the ear of his country; and how is he to do this unless, as a preliminary, he advances himself and takes his stand on a commanding platform?

That the policy of Lord Beaconsfield, when he obtained the opportunity of moulding a policy and secured for it the approval of the English people, was eminently patriotic and was in conformity with the best traditions of English statesmanship, has already been shown. Ambition is a part of patriotism. The motives which are the *primum mobile* of the patriot must always be beyond the ken of the critic. It is by his external action only, and its results, that the patriot can be judged. It may be confidently predicted that the more calmly and impartially the career of Lord Beaconsfield is examined the more contemptuously will history reject the charge, often and mechanically brought against him, of being a political adventurer. He made politics his profession. He fought his way by dint of his intrepidity, his intellectual power, his knowledge of human nature, his eloquence, his wit, his literary skill. He must therefore be classed with such men as Chatham and his son, with Burke, Macaulay, and Mr. Gladstone himself. Nor will Lord Beaconsfield ever be recognised as an adventurer in the sense that he changed his principles with the times, that he deserted a failing cause just soon enough to pin his allegiance to the winning colors, that he subordinated principles to expediency. "The Letters of Runnymede," "The Spirit of Whiggism," "The Vindication of the British Constitution," and the novels of "Sybil," "Tancred," and "Coningsby" contain the articles of that political creed to which Lord Beaconsfield was true throughout his life. The very reasons which caused him to be dissatisfied with

the Reform Bill of 1832 were the conclusive arguments in favor of his own Reform Bill of thirty-five years later.

For Disraeli not to have commenced in 1842 the attack on Sir Robert Peel, which he brought to so memorable and dramatic an issue four years later, would have been equivalent to a refusal to interpret the dominant feeling of the party to which he had attached himself, and to have missed deliberately the great opportunity of his life. It is said that Disraeli only turned upon Peel after the latter had refused him a place in his Administration. There is positively no truth in this statement, and the explanation of it is that some years previously an application had been made to Sir Robert Peel on behalf of Disraeli for a foreign consulship. Peel's conversion to free trade may be vindicated on many grounds. Without it Ireland might have been desolated by famine, and England plunged in civil war. Nor had Peel himself abstained from giving many years later some indications of the direction in which his thoughts were setting. The truth is, that Sir Robert Peel was one of those statesmen who, Conservative by nature, are not stationary, cannot, so long as progress seems safe and seems also to be demanded by the spirit of the age, choose but be progressive. In this respect the resemblance between him and Mr. Gladstone is striking. The "Croker Papers," edited by Mr. Jennings, contain conclusive evidence that long before parliamentary reform was an accomplished fact or free trade thought of, Sir Robert Peel's mind was in a state which was distinctly prophetic of a great change soon about to come over his political views and his policy.

"Do not you think," he writes to Croker on March the 3rd, 1820, "that the tone of England—of that great compound of folly, weakness, prejudice, wrong feeling, right feeling, obstinacy and newspaper paragraphs which is called public opinion—is more Liberal, to use an odious but intelligible phrase, than the policy of the Government? Do not you think that there is a feeling becoming daily more general and more confirmed in favor of some undefined change in the mode of governing the country? It seems to me a curious crisis when public opinion never had such influence on public measures, and yet never was so dissatisfied with the share which it possessed. It is growing too large for the channels that it has been accustomed to run through. God knows it is very difficult to widen them exactly

in proportion to the size and the force of the current which they have to convey, but the engineers that made them never dreamt of various streams that are now struggling for a vent."

However great and however pathetic the interest of this passage, however distinctly it foreshadows the revolution through which Peel was in the course of the next quarter of a century to pass, it is no answer to the statement that when he threw Protection overboard he abandoned the principles which the Conservatives had placed him in power to support. In doing so he naturally broke up the Conservative party, and when Disraeli delivered his invectives against the then Prime Minister, he saw the whole Conservative connection in a state of solution, and he knew that the doom of Conservatism, of the Peelite kind, had sounded. His speeches therefore on this occasion must be regarded as something more than destructive. They were intended not only to convince the House of Commons that the man who made them was the natural leader of the party to which he appealed, a head and shoulders above all his rivals, but further to inspire both the House of Commons and the country with the conviction that when the time came he would not shrink from the effort to recreate Conservatism on a new and stable basis. His onslaughts were bitter and merciless, but a popular chamber is not the place for rose-water polemics. The great thing is that they were uttered with a full sense of responsibility, and that a few years later Disraeli shrunk from none of the obligations they had imposed. By this time Protection was dead, and the severest criticism which can be passed upon the erstwhile champion of Protection, is that, at the very moment when he was denouncing Peel, he foresaw, as clearly as did Peel himself, its imminent and inevitable dissolution.

The more closely and coolly Lord Beaconsfield's career is examined, the more manifest will it become that the levity with which he was reproached was due to two causes never thoroughly understood by the English people. There are no features more marked in his intellectual development than his devotion to ideas—as seen in his views of English politics and his interpretation

of English history, as well as in his mastery of humor, sarcasm and wit. Now to ideas the English mind is curiously impervious, while nothing is easier to convince it than that the public man who irradiates his wisdom with the play of a sparkling intellect is secretly laughing in his sleeve at those whom he instructs or flatters. Many passages might be cited from Lord Beaconsfield's writings, which would lend plausible confirmation to such a notion. His sense of the ridiculous was acute, and it was accompanied by a certain intellectual contempt for many things and many persons which he was not able and was perhaps not anxious always to suppress. These qualities were accompanied by some bizarreries of manner and of costume, which half amused and half perplexed the English people. Shortly after he accepted leadership of the Tory party in the House of Commons, he produced a remarkable effect by coming up to the Carlton Club one day from Hughenden in the dress of a country squire of the stage—a low hat, a velvet shooting jacket, breeches and boots. Lord Derby pointed out to him the incongruity of the costume to the place and the character of the wearer, and the incident is only noticeable as furnishing an instance of Lord Beaconsfield's innate whimsicality, which thousands of excellent Englishmen never knew precisely how to interpret.

Again Lord Beaconsfield,—who, so far from possessing the impassive temperament with which he was sometimes credited, was sensitive in an extraordinary degree, and conscious of a spirit of volcanic impetuosity, had schooled himself into a tranquillity and apathy of demeanor which it cost him a perpetual effort to preserve—could not always resist the temptation of giving vent to his real feelings on things and persons in language which was occasionally more witty and pungent than quite suited the prim instinct of British respectability. The same characteristics were noticeable in his conversation when he was one of a company specially formed for his delight. By an interesting coincidence the same kind of charge to which Lord Beaconsfield's manner lent itself was also alleged against the late Bishop Wilberforce. Because that eminent prelate

declined to be dull when he could be witty, because he recognised the ludicrous and laughable as well as the serious side of human affairs, because he could satirise as well as preach, therefore it was assumed he was for ever playing a part. Readers of the interesting biography of him recently published, now know the absurdity of this imputation. It is an imputation which, if equally incurred by, has been equally exploded in, the case of Lord Beaconsfield. The last few years of Lord Beaconsfield's life, and it must be re-

membered they were the first when he was in a position to give effect to his ideas and had a parliamentary majority which enabled him to formulate and execute a policy, supply us with the materials for anticipating the verdict of posterity on one who was a British statesman of the Imperial type, and whose ideas, if sometimes they were not appreciated, or were premature, were always characterised by consummate insight, and never lacked the stamp of grandeur.—*Temple Bar*.

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### THE PRIMITIVE GHOST AND HIS RELATIONS.\*

BY JAMES G. FRAZER.

In his *Roman Questions*, that delightful storehouse of old-world lore, Plutarch asks—"When a man who has been falsely reported to have died abroad, returns home alive, why is he not admitted by the door, but gets up on the tiles, and so lets himself down into the house?" The curious custom to which Plutarch here refers prevails in modern Persia, for we read in "*Hajji Baba*" (c. 18) of the man who went through "the ceremony of making his entrance over the roof, instead of through the door; for such is the custom, when a man who has been thought dead returns home alive." From a passage in Agathias (ii. 23) we may, perhaps, infer that the custom in Persia is at least as old as the sixth century of our era. A custom so remote from our modern ways must necessarily have its roots far back in the history of our race. Imagine a modern Englishman, whom his friends had given up for dead, rejoining the home circle by coming down the chimney instead of entering by the front door. In this paper I propose to show that the custom originated in certain primitive beliefs and observances touching the dead—beliefs and observances by no means confined to Greece and Rome, but occurring in similar if not identical forms in many parts of the world.

\* For a fuller discussion of special points the reader is referred to the forthcoming number of the "*Journal of the Anthropological Institute*."

The importance attached by the Romans in common with most other nations to the due performance of burial rites is well known, and need not be insisted on. For the sake of my argument, however, it is necessary to point out that the attentions bestowed on the dead sprang not so much from the affections as from the fears of the survivors. For, as every one knows, ghosts of the unburied dead haunt the earth and make themselves exceedingly disagreeable, especially to their undutiful relatives. Instances would be superfluous; it is the way of ghosts all the world over, from Brittany to Samoa.\* But burial by itself was by no means a sufficient safeguard against the return of the ghost; many other precautions were taken by primitive man for the purpose of excluding or barring the importunate dead. Some of these precautions I will now enumerate. They exhibit an ingenuity and fertility of resource worthy of a better cause.

In the first place, an appeal was made to the better feelings of the ghost. He was requested to go quietly to the grave, and at the grave he was requested to stay there.†

But to meet the possible case of hardened ghosts, upon whom moral persuasion would be thrown away, more energetic measures were resorted to. Thus among the South Slavonians and Bohe-

\* Sebillot, "*Traditions et superstitions de la Haute-Bretagne*," i. p. 238; Turner, "*Nineteen Years in Polynesia*," p. 233.

† Gray, "*China*," i. pp. 300, 304.

mians, the bereaved family, returning from the grave, pelted the ghost of their deceased relative with sticks, stones, and hot coals.\* The Tschuwasche, a tribe in Finnland, had not even the decency to wait till he was fairly in the grave, but opened fire on him as soon as the coffin was outside the house.†

Again, heavy stones were piled on his grave to keep him down, on the principle of "*sit tibi terra gravis*." This is the origin of funeral cairns and tomb-stones. As the ghosts of murderers and their victims are especially restless, every one who passes their graves in Arabia, in Germany, and in Spain is bound to add a stone to the pile. In Oldenburg (and no doubt elsewhere) if the grave is shallow the ghost will certainly walk.‡

One of the most striking ways of keeping down the dead man is to divert the course of a river, bury him in its bed, and then allow the river to resume its course. It was thus that Alaric was buried, and Commander Cameron found the same mode of burial still in vogue for chieftains amongst a tribe in Central Africa.§

The expedient of enclosing the grave with a fence too high for the ghost to "take" it, especially without a run, is common to Finnland and the South Seas.||

Another simple but effectual plan was to nail the dead man to the coffin (the Tschuwasche again),¶ or to tie his feet together (among the Arabs), or his neck to his legs (among the Troglodytes, Damaras, and New Zealanders).\*\* The Wallachians drive a long nail through the skull and lay the thorny stem of a wild rosebush on the corpse.†† The

Californians clinched matters by breaking his spine.\* The corpses of suicides and vampires had stakes run through them.†

Other mutilations of the dead were intended not so much to keep the dead man in his grave as to render his ghost harmless. Thus the Australians cut off the right thumb of a slain enemy, that his ghost might not be able to draw the bow,‡ and Greek murderers used to hack off the extremities of their victims with a similar object.§

Again, various steps were taken to chase away the lingering ghost from the home he loved too well. Thus the New Zealanders thrash the corpse in order to hasten the departure of the soul;|| the Algonkins¶ beat the walls of the death chamber with sticks to drive out the ghost; the Chinese knock on the floor with a hammer,\*\* and the Germans wave towels about, or sweep the ghost out with a besom,†† just as in old Rome the heir solemnly swept out the ghost of his predecessor with a broom made specially for the purpose.‡‡ In ancient Mexico professional "chuckers-out" were employed, who searched the house diligently till they found the lurking ghost of the late proprietor, whom they there and then summarily ejected.§§

The favorite "beat" of the ghost is usually the spot where he died. Hence, in order to keep him at least from the house, the Kaffirs carry a sick man out into the open air to die, and the Maoris used to remove the sick into sheds. If a Kaffir or Maori died before he could be carried out, the house was tabooed

\* Ralston, "Songs of the Russian People," p. 319; Bastian, "Mensch," ii. p. 329.

† Castren, "Finnische Mythologie," p. 120.

‡ Sonntag, "Todtenbestattung," p. 197; Brand's "Popular Antiquities," ii. p. 309; Wuttke, "Deutsche Aberglaube," § 754, pp. 739, 748, 756, 758, 761; Klemm, "Culturgeschichte," ii. p. 225; Waitz, "Anthropologie der Naturvölker," ii. pp. 195, 324, 325, 524; *Id.* iii. p. 202.

§ "Across Africa," i. p. 120.

|| Castren, *op. cit.* 121; Bastian, ii. p. 368.

¶ Bastian, ii. pp. 337, 365.

\*\* Strabo, xvi. 17; Diodorus, iii. 33; Wood, "Natural History of Man," i. p. 348; Yates, "New Zealand," p. 136.

†† H. F. Tozer, "Researches in the Highlands of Turkey," ii. p. 92.

\* Bastian, ii. p. 331.

† Bastian, ii. p. 365; Ralston, p. 413; heads of vampires cut off (Wuttke, § 765; Töppen, "Aberglauben aus Masuren," p. 114; Tetiau u. Temme, "Volkssagen," p. 275).

‡ Tylor, "Primitive Culture," i. p. 451.

§ Suidas s. *μαχαλισθήναι, μαχαλιαρά.*

|| Klemm, iv. p. 325; Yates, "New Zealand," p. 136.

¶ Brinton, "Myths of the New World," p. 255.

\*\* Gray, "China," i. p. 280.

†† Wuttke, §§ 725, 737; F. Schmidt, "Sitten u. Gebräuche in Thüringen," p. 85; Köhler, "Volksbrauch," p. 254.

‡‡ Festus, s. v. *everriator*; cf. Gray, "China," i. p. 237.

§§ Bancroft, "Native Races of the Pacific States," i. p. 641.

and deserted.\* There are traces in Greece, Rome, and China of this custom of carrying dying persons into the open air.†

But in case the ghost should, despite of all precautions, make his way back from the grave, steps were taken to barricade the house against him. Thus, in some parts of Russia and East Prussia an axe or a lock is laid on the threshold, or a knife is hung over the door,‡ and in Germany as soon as the coffin is carried out of the house all the doors and windows are shut, whereas, so long as the body is still in the house, the windows (and sometimes the doors) are left constantly open to allow the soul to escape.§ In some parts of England every bolt and lock in the house is unfastened, that the ghost of the dying man may fly freely away.||

But if primitive man knew how to bully, he also knew how to outwit the ghost. For example, a ghost can only find his way back to the house by the way by which he left it. This little weakness did not escape the vigilance of our ancestors, and they took their measures accordingly. The coffin was carried out of the house, not by the door, but by a hole made for the purpose in the wall, and this hole was carefully stopped up as soon as the body had been passed through it; so that when the ghost strolled quietly back from the grave, he found to his surprise that there was no thoroughfare. The credit of this ingenious device is shared equally by Greenlanders, Hottentots, Bechuanas, Samoieds, Ojibways, Algonkins, Laosians, Hindoos, Tibetans, Siamese, Chinese, and Fijians. These special openings, or "doors of the dead," are still

to be seen in a village near Amsterdam, and they were common in some towns of central Italy, as Perugia and Assisi.\* A trace of the same custom survives in Thuringen, where it is thought that the ghost of a man who has been hanged will return to the house if the body be not taken out by a window instead of the door.†

The Siamese, not content with carrying the dead man out by a special opening, endeavor to make assurance doubly sure by hurrying him three times round the house at full speed—a proceeding well calculated to bewilder the poor soul in the coffin.‡

The Araucanians adopt the plan of strewing ashes behind the coffin as it is being borne to the grave, in order that the ghost may not be able to find his way back.§

The very general practice of closing the eyes of the dead appears to have originated with a similar object; it was a mode of blindfolding the dead, that he might not see the way by which he was carried to his last home. At the grave, where he was to rest forever, there was of course no motive for concealment; hence the Romans,|| and apparently the Siamese,¶ opened the eyes of the dead man at the funeral pyre, just as we should unbandage the eyes of an enemy after conducting him to his destination. The notion that, if the eyes of the dead

\* Lichtenstein, "Travels in Southern Africa," i. pp. 258, 259; J. Campbell, "South Africa," p. 515, 29; Taylor, "New Zealand," p. 170; Yates, "New Zealand," p. 86.

† Euripides, "Alcestis," v. 234 sqq. cf. 205; Scholiast on Aristophanes, "Lysistrata," v. 611; Seneca, Epist. I. xii. 3; Gray, "China," i. p. 279. In modern Greece, as soon as the corpse is out of the house, the whole house is scoured (C. Wachsmuth, "Das alte Griecheland im neuem," p. 120).

‡ Ralston, p. 318; Wuttke, §§ 736, 766.

§ Sonntag, p. 169; Wuttke, §§ 737, 725; Gubernatis, "Usi funebri," p. 47; Lambert, "Volksmedezin," pp. 103, 105, 106.

|| Dyer, "English Folklore," p. 230; Brand, "Popular Antiquities," ii. p. 231.

\* Yule on Marco Polo, i. p. 188; Crantz, "Greenland," i. p. 237; Tylor, "Prim. Cult.," ii. p. 26; Waitz, "Anthropologie," iii. p. 199; Williams and Calvert, "Fiji," p. 168; Sonntag, p. 51; Bastian, "Mensch," ii. p. 322; Klemm, ii. p. 221, 225; *id.*, iii. p. 293; C. Bock, "Temples and Elephants," p. 262; Pallegoix, "Siam," i. p. 245; Bowring, "Siam," i. p. 222; Gubernatis, p. 52; C. J. Anderson, "Lake Ngami," p. 466. A dead Pope is carried out by a special door, which is then blocked up till the next Pope dies.

† Wuttke, § 756.

‡ Pallegoix, "Siam," i. p. 245; Bowring, "Siam," i. p. 222. In some parts of Scotland the body used to be carried three times round the church (C. Rogers, "Social Life in Scotland," i. p. 167).

§ Klemm, v. p. 51; Wood, "Natural History of Man," ii. p. 565.

|| Pliny, N. H., xi. 150.

¶ C. Bock saw that the eyes of a dead man at the pyre were open (in Siam), and he says that in Lao it was the custom to close the eyes of the dead ("Temples and Elephants," pp. 58, 261).

be not closed, his ghost will return to fetch away another of the household, still exists in Germany, Bohemia, and England.\* In some parts of Russia they place a coin on each of the dead man's eyes.†

With a similar object the corpse is carried out of the house feet foremost, for if he were carried out head foremost his eyes would be turned towards the door, and he might therefore find his way back. This custom is observed, and this reason is assigned for it, in many parts of Germany and amongst the Indians of Chile.‡ Conversely, in Persia, when a man is setting out on a journey, he steps out of the house with his face turned towards the door, hoping thereby to secure a safe return.§ In Thüringen and some parts of the north of England it used to be the custom to carry the body to the grave by a roundabout way.||

I venture to conjecture that the old Roman usage of burying by night¶ may have originally been intended, like the customs I have mentioned, to keep the way to the grave a secret from the dead, and it is possible that the same idea gave rise to the practice of masking the dead—a practice common to the prehistoric inhabitants of Greece and to the Aleutian islanders.\*\*

To a desire to deceive the dead man I would also refer the curious custom amongst the Bohemians of putting on masks and behaving in a strange way as they return from a burial.†† They hoped, in fact, so to disguise themselves that the dead man might not know and therefore might not follow them. Whether the widespread mourning cus-

toms of smearing the body with mud or paint, mutilating it by gashes, cutting off the hair or letting it grow, and putting on beggarly attire or clothes of an unusual color (black, white, or otherwise), may not have also originated in the desire to disguise and therefore to protect the living from the dead, I cannot here attempt to determine. This much is certain, that mourning customs are always as far as possible the reverse of those of ordinary life. Thus, at a Roman funeral, the sons of the deceased walked with their heads covered, the daughters with their heads uncovered, thus exactly reversing the ordinary usage, which was that women wore coverings on their heads, while men did not. Plutarch, who notes this, observes that in like manner in Greece men and women during a period of mourning exactly inverted their usual habits of wearing the hair—the ordinary practice of men being to cut it short, that of women to leave it long.\*

The objection, deeply rooted in many races, to utter the names of deceased persons,† sprang no doubt from a fear that the dead might hear and answer to his name. In East Prussia, if the deceased is called thrice by his name, he appears.‡ This reluctance to mention the names of the dead has modified whole languages. Thus among the Australians, Tasmanians, and Abipones, if the name of the deceased person happened to be a common name—*e.g.*, the name of an animal or plant—this name was abolished, and a new one substituted for it.§ During the residence of the Jesuit missionary Dobritzshoffer amongst the Abipones, the name for tiger was thus changed three times.|| Amongst the Indians of Columbia near relatives of a deceased person often change their names, under the impression that the ghost will return if he hears the familiar names.¶

I must pass lightly over the kindlier modes of barring the dead by providing for the personal comforts of the poor

\* Wuttke, § 725; Dyer, "English Folklore," p. 230; Grohmann, "Aberglauben," p. 188.

† Gubernatis, "Usi funebri," p. 50.

‡ Wuttke, § 736; Klemm, ii. p. 101.

§ "Hajji Baba," c. i. § 30.

|| F. Schmidt, p. 94.

¶ Servius on Virg. *Æn.*, i. 186. Night burial was sometimes practised in Scotland (C. Rogers, "Social Life in Scotland," i. p. 161), and commonly in Thüringen (F. Schmidt, p. 96). Cf. Mungo Park, "Travels," p. 414.

\*\* Schliemann, "Mycenæ," pp. 198, 219-223, 311 *sq.*; Bancroft, "Native Races," i. p. 93. The Aztecs masked their dead kings (Bancroft, ii. 606), and the Siamese do so still (Pallegoix, "Royaume de Siam," i. p. 247).

†† Bastian, ii. p. 328.

\* Plutarch, "Rom. Quæst.," 14.

† Tylor, "Early History of Mankind," p. 142.

‡ Wuttke, § 754.

§ Tylor, *ibid.*, p. 144 *sqq.*

|| Klemm, ii. p. 99; Dobritzshoffer, "The Abipones," ii. p. 208 *sqq.*

¶ Bancroft, "Native Races," i. p. 248.

ghost in his long home. One instance, however, of the minute care with which the survivors will provide for the wants of the dead, in order that he may have no possible excuse for returning, I cannot refrain from mentioning. In the German district of Voigtland,\* with its inclement sky, they never forget to place in the coffin an umbrella and a pair of goloshes. Whether these utensils are intended for use in heaven, or elsewhere, is a question which I must leave to theologians.

A pathetic example is afforded by some Indian tribes of New Mexico, who drop milk from the mother's breast on the lips of her dead babe.†

The nearly universal practice of leaving food on the tomb or of actually passing it into the grave by means of an aperture or tube, is too well known to need illustration. Like the habit of dressing the dead or dying in his best clothes,‡ it probably originated in the selfish but not unkindly desire to induce the perturbed spirit to rest in the grave, and not come plaguing the survivors for food and raiment.

Merely mentioning the customs of building a little house for the accommodation of the soul either on the grave, or on the way to it,§ and of leaving straw on the road, in the hope that the weary ghost would sit down on it and never get as far as the house,|| I now come to two modes of barring the ghost, which from their importance I have reserved to the last—I mean the methods of barring the ghost by fire and water.

First, by fire. After a funeral certain heathen Siberians, who greatly fear the dead, seek to get rid of the ghost of the departed by leaping over a fire.¶ Similarly at Rome, mourners returning from a funeral stepped over fire,\*\* and in China they sometimes do so to this day.††

Taken in connection with the Siberian custom, the original intention of this ceremony of stepping over fire at Rome and in China can hardly have been other than that of placing a barrier of fire between the living and the dead. But, as has been the case with so many other ceremonies, this particular ceremony may well have been practised long after its original intention was forgotten. For customs often live on for ages after the circumstances and modes of thought which gave rise to them have disappeared, and in their new environment new motives are invented to explain them. As might have been expected, the custom itself of stepping over fire often dwindled into a mere shadow of its former self. Thus the South Slavonians returning from a funeral are met by an old woman carrying a vessel of live coals. On these they pour water, or else they take a live coal from the hearth, and fling it over their heads.\* The Brahmans contented themselves with simply touching fire,† and in Ruthenia the mourners merely look steadfastly at the stove or place their hands on it.‡

So much for the barrier by fire. Next for the barrier by water. "The Lusatian Wends," says Ralston,§ "still make a point of placing water between themselves and the dead as they return from a burial, even breaking ice for the purpose if necessary." In many parts of Germany, in modern Greece, and in Cyprus, water is poured out behind the corpse when it is carried from the house, in the belief that if the ghost returns, he will not be able to cross it.|| Sometimes by night they pour holy water before the door; the ghost is then thought to stand and whimper on the further side.¶ The inability of spirits to cross water might be further illustrated from the Bagman's ghastly story

\* Wuttke, § 734.

† Bancroft, i. p. 360.

‡ Gray, "China," i. pp. 278-280; Klemm, ii. pp. 104, 221, 225; *id.* iv. p. 38; Marshall, "Travels amongst the Todas," p. 171.

§ Klemm, ii. p. 297; Bastian, ii. p. 328; Marco Polo, i. c. 40; Waitz, "Anthropologie," ii. p. 195; *id.*, iii. p. 202; Chalmers and Gill, "New Guinea," p. 56.

|| Wuttke, § 739; Töppen, p. 109.

¶ Meiners, "Geschichte der Religionen," ii. p. 303.

\*\* Festus s. v. *aqua et igne*.

†† Gray, "China," i. pp. 287, 305.

\* Ralston, "Songs," p. 319.

† Monier Williams, "Religious Life and Thought in India," pp. 283, 288.

‡ Ralston, *l. c.*

§ "Songs of the Russian People," p. 320.

|| Wuttke, § 737; A. Kuhn, "Märkische Sagen," p. 368; Temme, "Volkssagen der Altmark," p. 77; Lammert, p. 105; Panzer, "Beitrag," i. p. 257; "Folk-lore Journal," ii. p. 170; Töppen, "Aberglauben aus Masuren," p. 108; C. Wachsmuth, "Das alte Griechenland im neuem," p. 119.

¶ Wuttke, § 748.

in 'Apuleius,\* from Paulus' "History of the Lombards,"† from Giraldus Cambrensis' "Topography of Ireland,"‡ and from other sources.§

Another way of enforcing the water barrier was for the mourners to plunge into a stream in the hope of drowning, or at least shaking off, the ghost. Thus among the Matamba negroes, a widow is bound hand and foot by the priest, who flings her into the water several times over, with the intention of drowning her husband's ghost who may be supposed to be clinging to his unfeeling spouse.|| In Angola, for a similar purpose, widows adopt the less inconvenient practice of ducking their late husbands.¶ In New Zealand all who have attended a funeral betake themselves to the nearest stream and plunge several times, head under, in the water.\*\* In Fiji the sextons always washed themselves after a burial.†† In Tahiti all who assisted at a burial fled precipitately and plunged into the sea, casting also into the sea the garments they had worn.‡‡ In some parts of West Africa, after the corpse has been deposited in the grave, "all the bearers rush to the water-side and undergo a thorough ablution before they are permitted to return to the town."§§

But the barrier by water, like the barrier by fire, often dwindled into a mere stunted survival. Thus after a Roman funeral it was enough to carry water three times round the persons who had been engaged in it and to sprinkle them with the water.||| In China, on the fifth day after a death, the mourners merely wash their eyes and sprinkle

their faces three times with water.\* In Cappadocia and Crete persons returning from a funeral wash their hands.† In Samoa they wash their faces and hands with hot water.‡ In ancient India it was enough merely to touch water.§ In Greece, so long as a dead body was in the house, a vessel of water stood before the street door that all who left the house might sprinkle themselves with it.|| Note that in this case the water had to be fetched from another house—water taken from the house in which the corpse lay would not do. The significance of this fact I shall have occasion to point out presently.

When considered along with the facts I have mentioned, it can hardly be doubted that the original intention of this sprinkling with water was to wash off the ghost who might be following from the house of death; and in general I think we may lay down the rule that wherever we find a so-called purification by fire or water from pollution contracted by contact with the dead, we may assume with much probability that the original intention was to place a physical barrier of fire or water between the living and the dead, and that the conceptions of pollution and purification are merely the fictions of a later age, invented to explain the purpose of a ceremony of which the original intention was forgotten. Time forbids me to enter into the wider question whether *all* forms of so-called ceremonial purification may not admit of a similar explanation. I may say, however, that there is evidence that some at least of these forms are best explained on this hypothesis. To one of the most important of these forms of purification—that of mothers after childbirth—reference will be made in the course of this paper.

Such, then, are some of the modes adopted for the purpose of excluding or barring the ghost. Before quitting the subject, however, I wish to observe that as the essence of these proceedings was simply the erection of a barrier against

\* "Metamorphoses," i. 19, cf. 13.

† iii. c. 34. ‡ Ch. 19.

§ Grimm, "Deutsche Mythologie," iii. p. 434; Theocritus, 24, 92-3; Homer, "Odys." xi. 26 sqq; Ovid, "Fasti," v. 441; Brent, "The Cyclopes," pp. 441, 442; Dennys, "Folklore of China," p. 24; Lammert, "Volksmedezin," p. 103.

|| Sonntag, p. 113. ¶ *Id.* p. 115.

\*\* Yates, "New Zealand," p. 137; Klemm, iv. p. 305.

†† Williams and Culvert, "Fiji," p. 163, ed. 1870.

‡‡ Ellis, "Polynesian Researches," i. p. 403.

§§ Wilson, quoted by Gardner, "Faiths of the World," i. p. 938; cf. Brinton, "Myths of the New World," p. 133; Ellis, "History of Madagascar," i. p. 238.

||| Virg. "Æn." vi. 228, where Servius speaks of carrying fire round similarly.

\* Gray, "China," i. p. 305.

† Wachsmuth, p. 120.

‡ Turner, "Polynesia," p. 228.

§ Monier Williams, "Religious Thought and Life in India," pp. 283, 288.

|| Pollux, viii. 65; Hesychius and Suidas s. v., ἀρδάντων. Cf. Wachsmuth, *ibid.* p. 109.

the disembodied spirit, they might be, and actually were, employed for barring spirits in other connections. Thus, for example, since to early man death means the departure of the soul out of the body, it is obvious that the very same proceedings which serve to exclude the soul after it has left the body—*i. e.*, to bar the ghost, may equally well be employed to bar the soul *in* the body—*i. e.*, to prevent it escaping; in other words, they may be employed to prevent a sick man from dying—in fact, they may be used as cures. Thus the Chinese attempt to frighten back the soul of a dying man into his body by the utterance of wild cries and the explosion of crackers, while they rush about with extended arms to arrest its progress.\* The use of water as a means of intercepting the flying soul is perhaps best illustrated by the Circassian treatment of the sick. It is well known that according to primitive man the soul of a sleeper departs from his body to wander far away in dreamland; in fact, the only distinction which early man makes between sleep and death is that sleep is a temporary, while death is a permanent, absence of the soul. Obviously then, on this view, sleep is highly dangerous to a sick man, for if in sleep his soul departs, how can we be sure that it will come back again? Hence in order to ensure the recovery of a sick man, one of the first requisites is to keep him from sleeping. With this intention the Circassians will dance, sing, play, and tell stories to a sick man by the hour. Fifteen to twenty young fellows, naturally selected for the strength of their lungs, will seat themselves round his bed and make night hideous by singing in chorus at the top of their voices, while from time to time one of their number will create an agreeable variety by banging with a hammer on a ploughshare which has been thoughtfully placed for the purpose by the sick man's bed. But if, in spite of these unremitting attentions, the sick man should have the misfortune to fall asleep—mark what follows—they immediately dash water over his face.† The intention of this latter proceeding can hardly be doubtful

—it is a last effort to stop the soul about to take flight for ever. So among the Abipones, a dying man is surrounded by a crowd of old crones brandishing rattles, stamping and yelling, while every now and then one of them flings water over his face so long as there is breath left in his body.\* The same practice of throwing water over the sick is observed also in China, Siam, Siberia, and Hungary.†

By analogy, the origin of the Kaffir custom of kindling a fire beside a sick person,‡ the Russian practice of fumigating him,§ and the Persian practice of lighting a fire on the roof of a house where any one is ill,|| may perhaps be found in the intention of interposing a barrier of fire to prevent the escape of the soul. For with regard to the custom of lighting a fire on the roof, it is a common belief that spirits pass out and in through a hole in the roof.¶ In the same way I would explain the extraordinary custom in Lao and Siam of surrounding a mother after childbirth with a blazing fire, within which she has regularly to stay for weeks after the birth of the child.\*\* The object, I take it,

\* Dobritzhofer, "Account of the Abipones," ii. p. 266. Amongst the Indians of lower California, if a sick man falls asleep, they knock him about the head till he wakes, with the sincere intention of saving his life (Bancroft, i. p. 569). Similarly, Kaffirs when circumcised at the age of fourteen are not allowed to sleep till the wound has healed (Campbell, "Travels in South Africa," p. 514).

† Gray, i. p. 278; Pallegoix, i. p. 294; Bowring, i. p. 121; Klemm, x. 254; "Folklore Journal," ii. p. 102. In three a wet shirt is put on the patient, *id.* i. p. 167.

‡ Lichtenstein, i. p. 258.

§ Ralston, "Songs of the Russian People," p. 380.

|| Klemm, vii. p. 142.

¶ Wutke, §§ 725, 755; Bastian, "Mensch," ii. pp. 319, 323; *id.*, "Die Seele," p. 15; Ralston, "Songs," p. 314; J. T. Brent, "The Cyclades," p. 437; Dennys, "Folklore of China," p. 22; Lammert, "Folkmedezin," p. 103.

\*\* Carl Bock, "Temples and Elephants," p. 259; Bowring, i. p. 120; Pallegoix, i. p. 223. Cf. Forbes, "British Burma," p. 46; Darmestetter, "Zend-Avesta," i. p. xciii.; Ellis, "History of Madagascar," i. p. 151. A relic of this custom is seen in the old Scotch practice of whirling a fir-candle three times round the bed on which the mother and child lay (C. Rogers, "Social Life in Scotland," i. p. 135.) Amongst the Albanians a fire is kept constantly burning in the room for forty days

\* Huc, "L'Empire Chinois," ii. p. 241.

† Klemm, iv. p. 34.

is to hem in the fluttering soul at this critical period with an impassable girdle of fire. Conversely, among the Kaffirs a widow must stay by herself beside a blazing fire for a month after her husband's death—no doubt in order to get rid of his ghost.\* If any confirmation of this interpretation of the Siamese practice were needed, it would seem to be found in the fact that, during her imprisonment within the fiery circle, the woman washes herself daily for a week with a mixture of salt and water,† for salt and water, as we know from Theocritus,‡ is a regular specific against spirits.

Of course it is possible that these fiery barriers may also be intended to keep off evil spirits, and this is the *second* supplementary use to which the proceedings for barring ghosts may be turned. This would appear to have been the object with which, in Siberia, women after childbirth cleansed themselves by leaping several times over a fire, exactly as we saw that in Siberia mourners returning from a funeral leap over a fire for the express purpose of shaking off the spirit of the dead.§

In China, the streets along which a funeral is to pass are previously sprinkled with holy water, and even the houses and warehouses along the street come in for their share, in case some artful demon might be lurking in a shop, ready to pounce out on the dead man as he passed.|| Special precautions are also taken by the Chinese during the actual passage of the funeral; in addition to the usual banging of gongs and popping of crackers, an attempt is made to work on the cupidity of the demons. With this view, bank-notes are scattered, regardless of expense, all along the road to the grave. The notes, I need hardly

observe, are bad, but they serve the purpose, and while the ingenuous demons are engaged in the pursuit of these deceitful riches, the soul of the dead man, profiting by their distraction, pursues his way tranquilly behind the coffin to the grave.\*

In the Hervey Islands, in the South Pacific, after a death the ghosts or demons are fought and soundly pummelled by bodies of armed men, just as the Samogitians and old Prussians used to repel the ghostly squadrons by sword-cuts in the air.†

In Christian times bells have been used for a like purpose; this, of course, was the intention of the passing bell.‡ The idea that the sound of brass or iron had power to put spirits to flight prevailed also in classical antiquity,§ from which it was perhaps inherited by mediæval Christianity.

I have still one observation to make on the means employed to bar ghosts, and it is this. The very same proceedings which were resorted to *after* the burial for the purpose of barring the ghost, were *avoided* so long as the corpse was in the house, from fear no doubt of hurting and offending the ghost. Thus we saw that an axe laid on the threshold or a knife hung over the door after the coffin has been carried out, have power to exclude the ghost, who could not enter without cutting himself. Conversely, so long as the corpse is still in the house, the use of sharp-edged instruments should be avoided in case they might wound the ghost. Thus for seven days after a death, the corpse being still in the house, the Chinese refrain from the use of knives and needles and even of chopsticks, eating their food with their fingers.|| So at the memorial feasts to which they invited the dead,

after birth; the mother is not allowed to leave the house all this time, and at night she may not even leave the room; and any one during this time who enters the house by night is obliged to leap over a burning brand (Hahn, "Albanesische Studien," p. 149). In the Cyclades, for many days after a birth, no one may enter the house by night. The mother does not go to church for forty days after the birth (Brent, pp. 180, 181).

\* Lichtenstein, i. p. 259.

† Bock, *op. cit.* p. 260. ‡ xxiv. 95-96.

§ Meiners, "Geschichte der Religionen," ii. p. 107.

|| Gray, "China," i. p. 299.

\* Huc, "L'Empire Chinois," ii. p. 249; Gray, *l. c.*; Doolittle, "Social Life of the Chinese," p. 153 (ed. Paxton Hood).

† Gill, "Myths and Songs from the South Pacific," p. 269; Bastian, ii. p. 341. Cf. Wood, "Nat. Hist. of Man," ii. p. 562.

‡ Brand, "Popular Antiquities," ii. p. 202; Forbes Leslie, "Early Races of Scotland," ii. p. 503.

§ Lucian, "Philopseudes," c. 15; Ovid, "Fasti," v. 441; cf. Prof. Robertson Smith in "Journal of Philology," vol. xiii. No. 26, p. 283, *note*.

|| Gray, "China," i. p. 288.

the Russians ate without using knives.\* In Germany a knife should not be left edge-upward, lest it hurt the ghosts or the angels.† They even say that if you see a child in the fire and a knife on its back, you should run to the knife before the child.‡ Again, we saw that the Romans and the Germans swept the ghost, without more ado, out of his own house. On the other hand, the more considerate negroes on the Congo abstain for a whole year from sweeping the house where a man has died, lest the dust should annoy the ghost.§ Again, we have seen the repugnance of ghosts to water. Hence, when a death took place, the Jews used to empty all the water in the house into the street, lest the ghost should fall in and be drowned.|| In Burma, when the coffin is being carried out, every vessel in the house containing water is emptied.¶ In some parts of Bohemia, after a death, they turn the water-butt upside down, because if the ghost happened to bathe in it and any one drank of it afterwards, he would be a dead man within the year.\*\* We can now appreciate the significance of the fact mentioned above, that in Greece the lustral water before the door of a house where a dead body lay, had always to be fetched from a neighboring house. For if the water had been taken from the house of death, who could tell but that the ghost might be disporting himself in it?†† In Pomerania, even *after* a burial, no washing is done in the house for some time, lest the dead man should be wet in his grave.‡‡ Amongst the old Iranians no moisture was allowed to rest on the bread offered to the dead, for of course

if the bread was damp, the ghost could not get at it.\*

Once more, we saw that fire was a great stumbling-block to ghosts. Hence in the Highlands of Scotland and in Burma the fires in a house used always to be extinguished when a death took place, no doubt lest they should burn the ghost.† So in old Iran no fire was allowed to be used in the house for nine days after a death,‡ and in later times every fire in the Persian empire was extinguished in the interval between the death and burial of a king.§

It might perhaps be thought that the common practice of *fasting* after a death was a direct consequence of this disuse of fire; and there are facts which appear at first sight to show that it was so. Thus the Chinese, though they are not allowed to cook in the house for seven days after a death, are not prohibited from eating food which has been prepared elsewhere; indeed, during this period of mourning their wants are regularly supplied by their neighbors.|| From this it would appear that the prohibition only extends to food cooked in the house of mourning. But this explanation will not suit the German superstition, that while the passing bell is tolling no one within hearing should eat.¶ For here the prohibition evidently extends to all the food in the neighborhood. The key to the solution of this problem will perhaps be found in the Samoan usage.\*\* We are told that in Samoa "while a dead body is in the

\* Ralston, "Songs of the Russian People,"

p. 321.

† Grimm, "Deutsche Mythologie," iii. pp. 441, 454; Tettau u. Temme, p. 285; Grohmann, p. 198.

‡ Grimm, *ibid.* p. 469.

§ Bastian, "Mensch," ii. p. 323. On the day of the funeral the Albanians refrain from sweeping the place on which the corpse lay. Hahn, "Albanesische Studien," p. 152.

|| Gardner, "Faiths of the World," i. p. 676.

¶ Forbes, "British Burma," p. 95.

\*\* Grohmann, § 193.

†† Hence among the Jews all *open* vessels in the chamber of death were "unclean" (Numbers xix. 15).

‡‡ Wuttke, § 737.

\* Spiegel, "Eranische Alterthumskunde," iii. p. 705.

† Brand, ii. p. 235; James Logan, "The Scottish Gael," ii. p. 387; Forbes, "British Burma," p. 94.

‡ Spiegel, *ibid.* p. 706.

§ Diodorus, xvii. c. 174.

|| Gray, "China," i. pp. 287-8. Cf. Apuleius, "Metam.," ii. c. 24. Similarly amongst the Albanians there is no cooking in the house for three days after a death, and the family is supported by the food brought by friends. Hahn, "Albanesische Studien," p. 151. So amongst the Cyclades, Brent, "The Cyclades," p. 221.

¶ W. Sonntag, "Todtenbestattung," p. 175. Similar superstition in New England "Folklore Journal," ii. p. 24.

\*\* Turner, "Nineteen Years in Polynesia," p. 228; cf. Taylor, "New Zealand," p. 163; "Old New Zealand, by a Pakeha Maori," p. 124 *sqq.*; Ellis, "Polynesian Researches," i. p. 402.

house, no food is eaten under the same roof; the family have their meals outside or in another house. Those who attended the deceased were formerly most careful not to handle food, and for days were fed by others as if they were helpless infants." Observe here, firstly, that the objection is not to *all* eating, but only to eating under the same roof with the dead; and, secondly, that those who have been in contact with the dead may eat but may not touch their food. Now considering that the ghost could be cut, burned, drowned, bruised with stones, and squeezed in a door (for it is a rule in Germany not to slam a door on Saturday for fear of jamming a ghost),\* it seems not unreasonable to suppose that a ghost could be eaten, and if we make this supposition I venture to think that we have a clue to the origin of fasting after a death. People in fact originally refrained from eating just in those circumstances in which they considered that they might possibly in eating have devoured a ghost.† This supposition explains why, so long as the corpse is in the house, the mourners may eat outside of the house but not in it. Again, it explains why those who have been in contact with the dead and have not yet purified themselves (*i.e.*, have not yet placed a barrier between themselves and the ghost) are not allowed to touch the food they eat; obviously the ghost might be clinging to them and might be transferred from their person to the food, and so eaten.

This theory further explains the German superstition mentioned above, that no one within hearing must eat while the passing bell is tolling. For the passing bell is rung when a soul is issuing for the last time from its mortal tabernacle, and if any one in the neighborhood were at this moment to eat, who knows but that his teeth might close on the passing soul. This explanation is confirmed by the companion superstition that no one should sleep while the passing bell is tolling, else will his sleep be the sleep of death.† Put into primitive language,

\* Wuttke, § 752.

† Sonntag, *ibid.*; cf. Wuttke, § 726. In Scotland it was an old custom not to allow any one to sleep in the house where a sick person was at the point of death (C. Rogers, "Social Life in Scotland," i. p. 152).

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this means, that as the soul quits the body in sleep, if it chanced in this its temporary absence to fall in with a soul that was taking its eternal flight, it might, perhaps, be coaxed or bullied into accompanying it, and might thus convert what had been intended to be merely a ramble, into a journey to that bourne from which no traveller returns.

All this time, however, Plutarch has been waiting for his answer; but, perhaps, as he has already waited two thousand years, he will not object to be kept in suspense a very little longer. For the sake of brevity in what remains, I will omit all mention of the particular usages, upon a comparison of which my answer is based, and will confine myself to stating in the briefest way their general result.

We have seen the various devices which the ingenuity of early man struck out for the purpose of giving an "iron welcome to the dead." In all of them, however, it was presupposed that the body was in the hands of the survivors, and had been by them securely buried; that was the first and most essential condition, and if it was not fulfilled no amount of secondary precautions would avail to bar the ghost.

But what happened when the body could not be found, as when the man died at sea or abroad? Here the all-important question was, What could be done to lay the wandering ghost? For wander he would, till his body was safe under the sod, and by supposition his body was not to be found. The case was a difficult one, but early man was equal to it. He buried the missing man *in effigy*,\* and according to all the laws of primitive logic, an effigy is every bit as good as its original.† Therefore,

\* The practice of burial in effigy prevailed in ancient Greece, Mexico, and Samoa, and it prevails to this day in modern Greece, Albania, India, and China. See Chariton, iv. c. 1; Bancroft, "Native Races of the Pacific States," ii. p. 616; Turner, "Samoa," p. 150; C. Wachsmuth, "Das alte Griechenland im neuem," p. 113; Hahn, "Albanesische Studien," p. 152; Monier Williams, "Religious Thought and Life in India," p. 300; Gray, "China," i. p. 295. Compare Doolittle, "Social Life of the Chinese," p. 164; Apuleius, "Metamorphoses," i. c. 6; Brent, "The Cyclopes," pp. 223, 224; Servius on Virgil, "Æn." vi. 366.

† For evidence, see Tylof's "Early History of Mankind," p. 116 *seq.*

when a man is buried in effigy with all due formality, that man is dead and buried beyond a doubt, and his ghost is as harmless as it is in the nature of ghosts to be.

But it occasionally happened that this burial by proxy was premature—that in fact the man was not really dead, and if he came home in person and positively declined to consider himself as dead, the question naturally arose, was he alive, or was he dead? It was a delicate question, and the solution was ingenious. The man was dead, certainly—that was past praying for. But then he might be born again—he might take

a new lease of life. And so it was; he was put out to nurse, he was dressed in long clothes—in short, he went through all the stages of a second childhood.\* But before he was eligible even for this pleasing experience, he had to overcome the initial difficulty of getting into his own house. For the door was as ghost-proof as fire and water could make it, and *he* was a ghost. As such, he had to do as ghosts do: in fact, not to put too fine a point on it, he had to come down the chimney.† And down the chimney he came—and this is an English answer to a Roman question.—*Contemporary Magazine*.

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BECKET.‡

LORD TENNYSON'S third historical drama is decidedly his best. As of old its wont, the third wave has reached a higher line than the two which went before it. His Henry II. is a more thoroughly living man than his Harold; his Rosamond interests us more than his Edith; if he has not altogether succeeded with his hero's many-sided character, he has at least produced an ideal portrait of Becket which must be contemplated with pleasure. The situations in his new tragedy are much more striking, its catastrophe more dramatic, than those of "Queen Mary," superior as that play is, in almost all respects, to its immediate successor. Few and feeble as they are compared with what they might have been, there are also in "Becket" more pathetic lines, more sayings worth remembering, more passages worth quoting, than in the two other dramas put together.

Yet to say this is, after all, to say but little, when we consider the vast superiority of the argument, which might well have enabled a genius inferior to Lord Tennyson's to rise to a very considerable height. Of the innumerable dramas sketched out for us in English history there is not a finer subject for a tragedy than the murder, with its causes, of the great Archbishop Thomas in his own cathedral, and there are few more touching among those presented to us by English legend than the tale of Fair Rosamond; therefore, while the poet who,

not adequately treating either theme, has yet skilfully combined the two, and given a measure of justice to each, must be held worthy of a prize, it is still a prize less magnificent and less lasting than those never-fading bays which the hand of Melpomene twines for her most favored votaries.

The very combination of history and legend which has here given the dramatist such splendid opportunities has proved a snare to him. He has suffered his underplot to encroach too much on his main plot. The true tragedy, the friends severed by stress of circumstances, and set to fight out till death the battle between Church and State—each, in the judgment of a contemporary, zealous for God, yet each at times doing what his own conscience condemns—is not, indeed, ever lost sight of; but it is interfered with by the perpetual intrusion of Rosamond Clifford. Considering the darker blots on Henry the Second's life, we need not, indeed, blame the poet who has materially deepened his guilt in relation to her by prolonging their mysterious connection and its consequent deceptions many years after the true date of the unacknowledged wife's retirement to the safe shelter of a convent: it is only thus that he can make the Archbishop's murder the result

\* Plutarch, "Rom. Quest.," v.

† See the passages cited in note ¶ to p. 414.

‡ Becket. By Alfred, Lord Tennyson, Poet-Laureate. Macmillan & Co.

of the Queen's wrath, braved by him in order to save Rosamond's life in this world, and the King's in order to save it eternally. But Becket's right conduct in that last and critical moment only makes his previous tolerance the more inexplicable: even harder to understand in a medieval Churchman than it is to explain how the very modern-looking plan of the retreat at Woodstock, which Henry and his Prime Minister are first seen poring over, came into their hands. The King's earliest and latest confidences to him concern Rosamond; Rosamond's name is on Eleanor's lips alike in private and in public; Rosamond's bower, from the prologue to the conclusion, is the great attractive or repulsive force—the mark at which the Queen's coarse and base plots aim—the spot round which she prowls for long in an ineffectual way wholly inexplicable in so clever and so powerful a woman—the place, in a word, from which all the great interests of the kingdom, all other loves and hatreds, await the signal before they finally move. Lord Tennyson is as much bewitched by Rosamond as Henry himself, and her influence on his drama is not wholly beneficial. When he should have been depicting the anguish of a loyal heart forced to seem disloyal to his King through the paramount claims of loyalty to his God, his gaze is distracted by the sight of the fair Clifford fleeing the unwelcome pursuit of Fitzurse through the streets of London. When his utmost strength should have been put forth to enable Henry to not wholly forfeit the spectator's sympathies in spite of the ungrateful part which circumstances allot to him throughout the drama, his attention is called off by warblings (not altogether melodious) in the forest of Woodstock, and by his heroine's sometimes childish, as well as childlike, talk.

This being so, it is the more remarkable that of the two great opportunities which his conception of Rosamond's character and story afforded, Lord Tennyson has deliberately passed over one. Rosamond's ignorance of her supposed husband's prior union with the heiress of Guienne is enlightened (fourteen years or so later than in actual fact) by a garrulous attendant. What follows? A scene between her and Henry, in

which the outraged dignity of the high-born lady is kept in check by the tenderness of the woman? in which love for her child's father restrains the full expression of her sense of the wrong which that child has suffered? in which a broken heart is seen preparing to lay itself on a holier altar than the earthly one where its offering has been so vain? Or if not this, at least a soliloquy showing how love and duty strive in a noble breast? Neither the one nor the other—only two lines importing that little Geoffrey is to be henceforth his mother's sole comfort:—

"Nay, if I lost him, now  
The folds have fallen from the mystery,  
And left all naked, I were lost indeed;"

And her subsequent declaration to Eleanor—

"I am not so happy I could not die myself."

Here, as in several other places, the painter has veiled Agamemnon's face, in despair of being able to portray its changing lineaments. For not here only—though here most conspicuously—we seem in reading "Becket" to be reading a clever sketch of a play, but not the completed work, and feel inclined to ask for the omitted and deeply important scenes. What we have is more or less good; but to bring us into full acquaintance with the persons represented we need much more, to make room for which many things here bestowed on us might well have been swept away.

The second great opportunity has been used; but how far well? To what extent is the Queen Eleanor, who finds her way at last into the bower of Woodstock, armed with the traditional poison and dagger, the meet companion of the Lady Macbeths and Clytemnestras of the stage? The poet's delineation of her throughout the rest of the play is true to what history tells us of her. The child of the sunny South, the lover of the troubadour's strains, herself a poetess, grieved and amazed to find her once peerless beauty waning, and those charms which Christian and Saracen have alike found irresistible proving now powerless to retain her youthful husband's heart, the Eleanor of the Prologue's pretty song gives us the poetic aspect of her situation and character:—

"Over! the sweet summer closes,  
The reign of the roses is done;  
Over and gone with the roses,  
And over and gone with the sun.  
Over! the sweet summer closes,  
And never a flower at the close;  
Over and gone with the roses,  
And winter again and the snows."

The prose which follows the song,—in those bitter words which show her heart to be an extinct volcano, and by those evil and foul designs which reveal into what black and writhing shapes the hot lava of her Courts of Love, of her unholy crusade, and of the manifold disgraces through which she dragged her royal robes at Paris, has petrified,—sets before us a repulsive picture, but a correct one, as far as it goes, of the divorced wife of Louis of France. True, years of sorrow are to purify this hopelessly bad woman, as she now seems, into something which in advanced age shall not be wholly unvenerable; England shall bless as a regent her whom it scorned as a queen. But this lies in the far future. Her sons, Henry and Geoffrey,—concerning whom Eleanor is one day to pen to the Pope these pathetic words, "The young King and the Count of Brittany sleep in the dust, while their most unhappy mother is constrained to live on, tormented irremediably by the memory of her dead,"—are as yet children; and the repentance which their sad fate is to work in her is far distant. Nevertheless its possibilities should somehow have been foreshadowed; as it is not either in the Prologue or in any of the other scenes in which Eleanor is an actress. But the more refined and diabolical the malice which the dramatist, without historical foundation, attributes to her against Rosamond, the less are his readers prepared for her entrance in the fourth act in the character which the old ballad assigns her. His Eleanor is herself unprepared for it. She has long sought her rival's secret retreat, she has armed herself with the fatal bowl and dagger; but when she stands face to face with Rosamond she does not know what to do with them, and the reader feels instinctively that she is in a false position, in which the dramatist has placed a puppet rather than the real woman; whose Southern refinement would have shrunk from shedding blood with her

own hand—whose Provençal quick-wittedness would have committed the deed to some trusty follower, to be sacrificed, if needful, to the King's anger in her own place. In short, Lord Tennyson has been too faithful to history, as far as Eleanor's main outline is concerned, to play it false with impunity. He has prepared no mighty lioness to rush with a leap and a roar on his defenceless lamb; and when the hybrid he turns loose upon it misses its spring, the spectator feels neither relieved nor disappointed. How much more life there is in Schiller's meeting of Queen Elizabeth with Mary Stuart than in this meeting of Eleanor and Rosamond! There indeed they speak daggers, though they use none. But here Eleanor's dagger is a feint, and her tongue not sharp, though vile.

Rosamond's demeanor, on the other hand, is beautiful and natural—natural when, to save her life for her little son's sake, she kneels to the wicked Queen; noble as well as natural when, using her lately gained knowledge of that Queen's guilt, she appeals to heaven against her, while she rejects with horror the degrading terms on which she offers to spare her and her child:—

"I am a Clifford,  
My son a Clifford and Plantagenet.

Both of us shall die,  
And I will fly with my sweet boy to heaven,  
And shriek to all the saints among the stars:  
'Eleanor of Aquitaine, Eleanor of England!  
Murdered by that adulteress Eleanor,  
Whose doings are a horror to the East,  
A hissing in the West! Have we not heard  
Raymond of Poitou, thine own uncle—nay,  
Geoffrey Plantagenet, thine own husband's father—  
Nay, even the accursèd heathen Saladden—  
Strike!  
I challenge thee to meet me before God.  
Answer me there."

Foiled by Becket's unexpected intervention, and restored quickly to her usual cool and sarcastic self, it is difficult to see why Eleanor's wrath should wax so hot against the man who has done her two most essential services—saved her from having to answer to the King for Rosamond's blood, and yet relieved her as effectually from her rival as death itself could have done, by taking the betrayed lady to Godstowe, there to hide that rival in the safe re-

treat of a cloister. So it is, however. With as sudden a change of character as that exhibited by the ornament given by her to Henry in the Prologue,—which, a crucifix when he bestows it on Rosamond to assist her devotions, becomes once more a jewelled cross with its great central diamond when reclaimed by its former owner at Woodstock,—Eleanor forces her way into the presence of her suspicious and indignant spouse, holds up before him the tell-tale cross, and, at considerable personal risk, proclaims to him Rosamond's retirement to Godstowe, to which, she says, the Archbishop has constrained her; and so, making the already all but overflowing cup of his indignation run over, causes him to utter the fatal words, "Will no man free me from this pestilent priest?" The dramatist's not unhappy device of closely linking Rosamond's fortunes with Becket's, and making the deliverance of the one in the spiritual, cause the death of the other in the temporal sphere, might have been executed with less violence to probability. Fitzurse,—a wretchedly contemptible being in the pages before us, who slinks after Eleanor's heels like a mongrel cur, and crouches before Becket like a beaten hound,—might have been allowed to avenge his own wrongs, and to show fidelity after his kind to his royal mistress, by telling for her the tale which would have exposed him to none of her risks in the telling. It is characteristic of the ideal criminal, thoroughly clever if thoroughly conscienceless, never to expend crime uselessly; and it is hard on a woman who is nothing if not clever, for Lord Tennyson to bring her for the last time before his audience while engaged in the perpetration of such a blunder.

If Queen Eleanor's figure is painted in the darkest colors, with too little to relieve them, that of St. Thomas will seem to most beholders of this great historical picture as too uniformly bright, and requiring here and there a little shading. Lord Tennyson has not brought out into any strong relief the conflict in his case between the worldling and the saint, between the habits learned in the court and those to be suddenly acquired in the cloister. "What work to make a saint of a fine

lady!" is the scarcely just remark of one of the personages in Kingsley's "St. Elizabeth"; but "What work to make a saint out of a courtier!" must have been often Becket's own exclamation, as well as that of his new friends. It was only when the monks of Canterbury began to strip his corpse for burial, that they discovered "what a true monk" their somewhat distrusted Archbishop had been. But nevertheless a fine portrait of Becket's nobler self is given us here; and his rapid growth up to the medieval standard of holiness is well indicated. Some of his gains are certainly at the expense of his great antagonist; for it is little but the worse and baser side of Henry's character that we are allowed to behold. The champion of the Christian laity's rights is too unchristian himself to defend them with any hope of success against the, at first unwilling, but, when once enlisted, most faithful maintainer of the opposite cause. Yet Tennyson's hero could have held his own against a nobler Henry,—against the lost friend implied in such lines as these:

"O Herbert, here  
I gash myself asunder from the King,  
Though leaving each, a wound; mine own, a  
grief  
To show the scar for ever—his, a hate  
Not ever to be healed."

Or again, as Becket sees how impossible it is to be the Church's man and yet the King's:—

"O thou Great Seal of England,  
Given me by my dear friend the King of Eng-  
land—  
We long have wrought together, thou and I—  
Now must I send thee as a common friend  
To tell the King, my friend, I am against him.  
We are friends no more: he will say that, not I.  
The worldly bond between us is dissolved,  
Not yet the love: can I be under him  
As Chancellor? as Archbishop over him?  
Go therefore like a friend slighted by one  
That hath climbed up to nobler company.  
Not slighted—all but moaned for: thou must  
go.  
I have not dishonored thee—I trust I have  
not;  
Not mangled justice. May the hand that next  
Inherits thee be but as true to thee  
As mine hath been! O, my dear friend, the  
King!  
O brother! I may come to martyrdom.  
I am martyr in myself already."

It is as martyr that Thomas is principally painted here. The third act closes

with his anticipations of martyrdom, as he is preparing to return from his exile in France to England after the King's hollow reconciliation with him :—

"The State will die, the Church can never die.  
The King's not like to die for that which dies:  
But I must die for that which never dies.  
It will be so—my visions in the Lord:  
It must be so, my friend! the wolves of Eng-  
land  
Must murder her one shepherd, that the sheep  
May feed in peace. False figure, Map would  
say.  
Earth's falses are heaven's truths. And  
when my voice  
Is martyred mute, and this man disappears,  
That perfect trust may come again between us,  
And there, there, there, not here I shall re-  
joice  
To find my stray sheep back within the fold."

In the fifth act, on the fatal Tuesday, after gently dismissing the disguised Rosamond, stolen from her nunnery to deprecate her late lord's excommunication, with the words—

"Daughter, my time is short, I shall not do it.  
And, were it longer—well—I should not do  
it,"

the tenderness for women and children, beast and bird, of the man "who withstood two kings to their faces for the honor of God," is beautifully sketched; though readers who wish they had been spared some of the loathsome horrors of the beggars in the first act will regret here that a more poetic death than leprosy has not been found for the "little fair-haired Norman" love of Becket's childhood, who revisits his thoughts as—

"The drowning man, they say, remembers all  
The chances of his life, just ere he dies."

Lord Tennyson's version of the meeting of the King's four knights with the Archbishop is uniformly good. The gentleness of his preceding talk with his trusted friend throws into stronger relief the courage with which he defies his assassins :—

"No!

Though all the swords in England flashed  
above me  
Ready to fall at Henry's word or yours—  
Though all the loud-lunged trumpets upon earth  
Blared from the heights of all the thrones of  
her kings,  
Blowing the world against me, I would stand  
Clothed with the full authority of Rome,  
Mailed in the perfect panoply of faith,  
First of the foremost of their files, who die  
For God, to people heaven in the great day  
When God makes up His jewels."

And it is every inch a medieval saint and archbishop who puts on mitre and pall, and with the words—

"I go to meet my King!"

moves forward calmly amidst the terrified monks to fall a Christian and a hero before St. Benedict's altar in Canterbury Cathedral.

Rosamond's ineffectual interference—merely invented, as it should seem, that the curtain may fall on her form kneeling beside the great Archbishop's dead body, while his murderers fly from the storm which they have raised—may be defended on two grounds,—either as the suggestion of one flaw in so much strength, the too easy condonement of the King's light dealing with his marriage vow, visited in this world by a death, if glorious, yet violent and untimely; or on the one diametrically opposite, that Rosamond's presence is meant to remind the spectator that Archbishop Thomas died, not merely for the Church, but for God, a sacrifice to Eleanor's wrath, provoked by his zeal for the Sixth Commandment, to Henry's, incurred by his reverence for the Seventh.

But it is very questionable whether in this case the saying holds true, that "a mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure." Where the actual fact is so grand as it is here, any tinsel additions to its pure gold seem impertinent; and had the irrepressible Rosamond been suffered to disappear from sight, though not from memory, like many a heroine of the Greek drama, before the catastrophe of the play, its effect would have been the weightier and the more solemn.

There are but few historical plays which, however great their other merits, fulfil the idea of a perfect tragedy. This is as often the fault of the subject as of the dramatist. In several of Shakespeare's the climax occurs too early for the perfection of art; in others the catastrophe is not sufficiently affecting, or the hero not sufficiently interesting. Both in Schiller's "Wallenstein" and in Goethe's "Egmont" the central figure is scarcely great enough for his large surroundings. To turn wholly from the real to the ideal, and where the facts do not readily lend themselves to artistic treatment boldly to invent

new ones, as Schiller did in his "Maid of Orleans," is to forfeit the character of a historical play—the profession of which is to present what actually occurred, although invested with ideal attributes, to the spectator—it is to evade instead of conquering the difficulty, and must have a displeasing effect upon the audience in proportion as the actual history so departed from is well known to them. When the historical dramatist is faithful to his vocation, he must often be so in spite of great temptations to a contrary course: often, not always; for, though even Shakespeare's genius could not make the end of his "Julius Cæsar" as interesting as its beginning, yet not even he could have more successfully arranged a complete tragedy, with a picturesque and affecting close, than those two bad people but good actors, Antony and Cleopatra, left ready to his hand.

Why, with his power of divining character and his amazing dramatic tact, Shakespeare left the story of Henry the Second untouched—perfect tragedy as it is according to all rules of art—and devoted his gifts instead to depicting that of his worthless son John, seems an astonishing oversight. No one can wish it rectified at the expense of "King John"; for who could bear to be deprived of the pleadings of Arthur and the sorrows of Constance? But what a splendid opportunity our great poet threw away when he deliberately passed over the checkered fortunes of the first Plantagenet king! His doing so is probably accounted for by the difficulty of speaking the truth concerning Becket while the throne of England was occupied by a queen whose father had uncanonised the saint, as well as plundered and destroyed his shrine. But whatever the cause, our loss in this is one of which it is impossible to think without deep regret.

Should a satisfactory "King Henry the Second" ever be written—and it is an object for the noblest ambition of a rising poet—it will fall into two parts: the first with its scenes mainly laid in England, the second principally in France. Its first part will traverse the same ground as the play before us, and end, as it does, with the death of Becket. In it the note of apprehension of the

evil doom that the witch-Countess of Anjou bequeathed to her descendants will be in some way early sounded, and Henry himself presented as one on whom the powers of ill who seek man's ruin have an especial claim. A powerful fascination, excusable in the case of one so young and inexperienced, will be seen attracting him to the still beautiful Queen of France; while a not wholly selfish ambition prompts him to covet the vast dominions which are her dowry, as a means of delivering England from anarchy and wretchedness. In spite of Becket's warnings, the first downward step is taken; his good genius, Rosamond, is forsaken for his evil genius, Eleanor; and Becket's decisive choice between the two masters, whom he for a time tries to serve together, is made in some way in connection with the resolve to leave the lover who has betrayed her trust, and to pray for him henceforth in the pious seclusion of Godstowe, formed by Rosamond Clifford; whom our desired poet is to make as lovable as Tennyson has made her, but a firmer-minded and more dignified woman,—one mated with whom Henry would have found in the partner of his throne a constant ally of his better against his worst self, and whose prayers might have disarmed the unseen adversary, whose deadliest weapon is about to be pointed against his breast. In this great poem of the future, Henry is to be seen struggling with some honesty of purpose to discern between the Church and the clergy, Christ and the Pope; but blindly and ineffectually, since he has himself put out the light which should have guided him, by acting against his conscience.

"Hate born of Love and blind as he,"

grows up in his soul against his early friend Becket, in proportion to the degree that, through tampering with his own sense of right and wrong, he loses his power to believe in the other's conscientiousness. Perhaps in his anxiety he once presents himself at the wicket of Godstowe, and receives wise counsel from a penitent sister there; and then allows himself to be scoffed out of it by his unscrupulous queen. At last, it may be, maddened by the discovery of Eleanor's infidelity to himself, and agonised

at the same moment by the tidings of Rosamond's holy death, Henry, in a temporary fit of insanity, speaks the frenzied words which his knights rashly accept as a command, and the first part closes, much as the drama before us, with the martyrdom in Canterbury Cathedral.

Thus the destiny of the house of Anjou accomplishes itself as fearfully as does the fate of the house of Atreus, when Agamemnon falls by his own wife's hand. A crime more terrible than even hers, the murder of a father in God, lies at the King's door. The spectators feel that it cries for a greater punishment than that which befell the guilty Clytemnestra; and they await with awe and trembling the second part, in which it is to be expiated.

That second part will begin by exhibiting Henry's horror when he finds what he has almost unwittingly done. His penance at Canterbury will be a real expression of remorse, a sincere lamentation for the friend of his youth.

But the Furies who rise from the dark abyss as the avengers of parricide are not to be so appeased. They take possession of the minds of Henry's own sons, and set them in horrid, unnatural warfare against their own father. Then the wide dominions which the King's early ambition was content to pay so great a price for, prove the cause of perpetual conflict in his divided house. The wife whom he has wronged, and been wronged by, rouses his children against him. Victorious, but unhappy, he is summoned to the death-bed of his undutiful heir, and is persuaded not to put himself into the hands of one who may only be feigning sickness in order to make his father his prisoner. The often-described scene of his anguish when he hears that his son has died, craving vainly his injured sire's forgiveness, will be most pathetic in our hoped-for poet's hands. So likewise will be that in which Henry extends to Bertrand de Born the pardon which the man who, as Dante says, cleft him and his son asunder, had so little right to expect; when the troubadour, who had boasted that his wits were so good that half of them would be enough to extricate him from any peril, asked by his stern captor to see whether either half or the whole

can now avail him, replies, "Neither the whole nor the half is left me, O King; they all departed when your son died;" and, so saying, opens the fount of tears, and finds the hand so lately raised to slay him grasping his, in loving memory of the dead.

By what underplot the dramatist will, in some degree, relieve the gloom of these scenes, it is hard to say. The love of a daughter of Henry and Rosamond for Bertrand is a possible expedient; or that of Richard Cœur de Lion for some beautiful Provençal lady, who, from passionate hatred to the King, whom she deems the alien and heartless oppressor of her native land, stirs the son to revolt against his father. But the main theme of the play must be Henry's sufferings at the hands of his undutiful children,—the result and the punishment of his early contempt for the sanctities of married life.

At last the end comes. Two sons are dead; of the remaining two, one, in open arms against his father, has, with the help of the French king, constrained him to accept unfavorable terms of peace; the youngest and best loved is discovered to be secretly in league with his father's enemies. The name of Prince John, standing at the head of the list of rebellious vassals to be amnestied, breaks that father's heart, who turns his face to the wall after reading it, with a cry of uttermost distress.

Accompanied only, out of all his numerous children, by Rosamond's son Geoffrey, he retires to Chinon to die. Dark visions haunt the bed where he tosses in the delirium of fever. The unhappy spirits of his two dead sons seem writhing before him under the curse which he hoped he had retracted. The witch-Countess appears to his distempered vision, summoning her unhappy descendant into the gloom which is now her everlasting habitation. Geoffrey prays beside him, and earnestly invokes the intercession of St. Thomas of Canterbury. The delirium changes its character. The King's face lights up with unexpected joy. "Rosamond," he exclaims, as though he saw an angel beckoning to him. Then, with recovered consciousness, he addresses "Geoffrey, my true son," and bids him have him carried to the adjoining church, and

laid before its high altar. There, round their dying sovereign, barons and men-at-arms, attendant priests and bishops, foremost among whom is the dutiful Geoffrey, stand silent and amazed as Henry's voice in broken accents falters forth a confession,—mostly inaudible, but of which an occasional half-sentence reaches the audience. It is addressed to no one of the clergy present, but to some one, unseen by the rest, evidently supposed by the King to be standing close beside him. The shades of evening are falling, and in unison with their dimness a deeper and deeper awe falls on the assemblage. Suddenly the com-

plete silence of the last few moments is broken, as the latest beam of the setting sun pierces the clouds and falls full on the dying man, who, raising himself as if to meet it, with his eyes still fixed as before, says in a clear, distinct voice, "And now, my Lord Archbishop, your blessing." Audibly to all comes the answer, "Absolvo te. Proficiscere in pace, anima Christiana;" and, as the King sinks back, smiling in death, and all present fall on their knees, one of the older barons whispers to his neighbor, "It is the voice of Becket."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

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LITERARY NOTICES.

THE SONG CELESTIAL; OR, BHAGAVAD-GITA. (From the Mahābhārata, Being a Discourse between Arjuna, Prince of India, and the Supreme Being, under the form of Krishna. Translated from the Sanscrit Text. By Edwin Arnold, author of "The Light of Asia," "Pearls of Faith," etc. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

The famous Sanscrit poem of the Mahābhārata has long been celebrated as one of the great poems of the world, at least since the efforts of Schlegel, Wilhelm von Humboldt, and other German Orientalists first made the treasures of Indian literature an unsealed treasure-house to scholars. In India itself it is reckoned one of the fine jewels of Devanāgiri literature, and is cited by the Brahmins themselves with the greatest reverence as a sacred book. It unfolds in simple but elevated language, and with great power of imagination, the philosophical belief, which to-day even prevails among the Brahmins, blending as it does the doctrines of the Vedas with those of Kapila and Patanjali. The German critic and scholar, Wilhelm Schlegel, after completing his study of this poem, burst forth into the following passionate praise: "By the Brahmins, reverence of masters is considered the most sacred of duties. Thee, therefore, first, most holy prophet, interpreter of the Deity, by whatever name thou wast called among mortals, the author of this poem, by whose oracles the mind is wrapt with ineffable delight to doctrines lofty, ineffable, divine, thee first, I say, I hail and shall always worship at thy feet." This splendid tribute has been re-echoed by others, and so

striking are the moralities inculcated, so close the parallelism between its teachings and those of the New Testament, that a controversy arose between the Hindu Pandits and the Christian missionaries whether the author borrowed from Christian sources, or the writers of the New Testament from him. It is believed by the most competent scholars that this episode was set into the Mahābhārata at a period considerably later than the original epic, though some strong arguments have been presented to prove its priority to the Christian books; but the weight of evidence seems to make it some three centuries after Christ. In any case, as Mr. Arnold very justly says, there is a very strong similarity between this Hindu poem and the lessons of the Galilean teachers.

The scene of it is in the level country between the Yumna and the Sarrooti rivers—now Kurnel and Thiend. The plot is mainly that of a dialogue between Prince Arjuna, brother of King Yudhisthira with Krishna, the Supreme Being, wearing the disguise of a charioteer. A great battle is impending, and the conversation is held in a war-chariot drawn up between the two hostile hosts. The poem has been translated into many languages, and Mr. Arnold here attempts to give a poetic rendering, which shall not only be clear and faithful, but preserve the nobility and grace of the rhythm, though any exact transference of the rhythmical form into English is not easily possible. Mr. Arnold uses with great modesty the words of Schlegel himself in speaking of the poem: "In the more recondite mysteries I dare not affirm that I have always rightly

divined the poet's meaning," but he assures us that the sense of the original has been faithfully preserved.

This poem teaches the lesson of right-mindedness, self-devotion, faithfulness to the loftiest ideals, and of the purest abnegation of all selfish ends. Often, indeed, the reader finds the closest verbal similarity with the New Testament, as well as identity in spirit. Krishna, the Supreme Lord, teaches his princely disciple concerning the issues of life and duty in eloquent words, which will find an echo in Christian hearts, as indeed they but represent the loftiest sentiments of sages in all times. We can best give the spirit of these teachings in an extract :

ARJUNA.

Thou whom all mortals praise, Janârdana !  
If meditation be a nobler thing  
Than action, wherefore, then, great Kesaava !  
Dost thou impel me to this dreadful fight ?  
Now am I by thy doubtful speech disturbed !  
Tell me one thing, and tell me certainly ;  
By what road shall I find the better end ?

KRISHNA.

I told thee, blameless Lord ! there be two paths  
Shown to this world ; two schools of wisdom. First  
The Sâṅkhyâ's, which doth save in way of works  
Prescribed by reason ; next, the Yôg, which bids  
Attain by meditation, spiritually :  
Yet these are one ! No man shall 'scape from act  
By shunning action ; nay, and none shall come  
By mere renouncements unto perfectness.  
Nay, and no jot of time, at any time,  
Rests any actionless ; his nature's law  
Compels him, even unwilling, into act ;  
[For thought is act in fancy]. He who sits  
Suppressing all the instruments of flesh,  
Yet in his idle heart thinking on them,  
Plays the inept and guilty hypocrite :  
But he who, with strong body serving mind,  
Gives up his mortal powers to worthy work,  
Not seeking gain, Arjuna ! such an one  
Is honorable. Do thine allotted task !  
Work is more excellent than idleness ;  
The body's life proceeds not, lacking work.  
There is a task of holiness to do,  
Unlike world-binding toil, which bindeth not  
The faithful soul ; such earthly duty do  
Free from desire, and thou shalt well perform  
Thy heavenly purpose. Spake Prajâpati—  
In the beginning, when all men were made,  
And, with mankind, the sacrifice—" Do this !  
Work ! sacrifice ! Increase and multiply,  
With sacrifice ! This shall be Kamadûk,  
Your ' Cow of Plenty,' giving back her milk  
Of all abundance. Worship the gods thereby ;  
The gods shall yield ye grace. Those meats ye crave  
The gods will grant to Labor, when it pays  
Tithes in the altar-flame. But if one eats  
Fruits of the earth, rendering to kindly Heaven  
No gift of toil, that thief steals from his world."

Who eat of food after their sacrifice  
Are quit of fault, but they that spread a feast

All for themselves, eat sin and drink of sin.  
By food the living live ; food comes of rain,  
And rain comes by the pious sacrifice,  
And sacrifice is paid with tithes of toil ;  
Thus action is of Brahmâ, who is One,  
The Only, All-pervading ; at all times  
Present in sacrifice. He that abstains  
To help the rolling wheels of this great world,  
Glutting his idle sense, lives a lost life,  
Shameful and vain. Existing for himself,  
Self-concentrated, serving self alone,  
No part hath he in aught ; nothing achieved,  
Nought wrought or unwrought toucheth him ; no  
hope

Of help for all the living things of earth  
Depends from him. Therefore, thy task prescribed  
With spirit unattached gladly perform,  
Since in performance of plain duty man  
Mounts to his highest bliss. By works alone  
Janak, and ancient saints reached blessedness !  
Moreover, for the upholding of thy kind,  
Action thou should'st embrace. What the wise choose  
The unwise people take ; what best men do  
The multitude will follow. Look on me,  
Thou Son of Prithâ ! in the three wide worlds  
I am not bound to any toil, no height  
Awaits to scale, no gift remains to gain,  
Yet I act here ! and, if I acted not—  
Earnest and watchful—those that look to me  
For guidance, sinking back to sloth again  
Because I slumbered, would decline from good,  
And I should break earth's order and commit  
Her offspring unto ruin, Bharata !  
Even as the unknowing toil, wedded to sense,  
So let the enlightened toil, sense-freed, but set  
To bring the world deliverance, and its bliss ;  
Not sowing in those simple, busy hearts  
Seed of despair. Yea ! let each play his part  
In all he finds to do, with unyoked soul.  
All things are everywhere by Nature wrought  
In interaction of the qualities.  
The fool, cheated by self, thinks, " This I did"  
And " That I wrought ;" but—ah, thou strong-armed  
Prince !—

A better-lessoned mind, knowing the play  
Of visible things within the world of sense,  
And how the qualities must qualify,  
Standeth aloof even from his acts. Th' untaught  
Live mixed with them, knowing not Nature's way,  
Of highest aims unwitting, slow and dull.  
Those make thou not to stumble, having the light ;  
But all thy dues discharging, for My sake,  
With meditation centred inwardly,  
Seeking no profit, satisfied, serene,  
Heedless of issue—fight ! They who shall keep  
My ordinance thus, the wise and willing hearts,  
Have quittance from all issue of their acts ;  
But those who disregard my ordinance,  
Thinking they know, know nought, and fall to loss,  
Confused and foolish. 'Sooth, the instructed one  
Doth of his kind, following what fits him most ;  
And lower creatures of their kind ; in vain  
Contending 'gainst the law. Needs must it be  
The objects of the sense will stir the sense  
To like and dislike, yet th' enlightened man  
Yields not to these, knowing them enemies.  
Finally, this is better, that one do  
His own task as he may, even though he fail,  
Than take tasks not his own, though they seem good.

To die performing duty is no ill;  
But who seeks other roads shall wander still.

ARJUNA.

Yet tell me, Teacher! by what force doth man  
Go to his ill, unwilling; as if one  
Pushed him that evil path?

KRISHNA.

Kama it is!

Passion it is! born of the Darkneses,  
Which pusheth him. Mighty of appetite,  
Sinful, and strong is this!—man's enemy!  
As smoke blots the white fire, as clinging rust  
Mars the bright mirror, as the womb surrounds  
The babe unborn, so is the world of things  
Foiled, soiled, enclosed in this desire of flesh.  
The wise fall, caught in it; the unresting foe  
It is of wisdom, wearing countless forms,  
Fair but deceitful, subtle as a flame.  
Sense, mind, and reason—these, O Kunti's son!  
Are booty for it; in its play with these  
It maddens man, beguiling, blinding him.  
Therefore, thou noblest child of Bharata!  
Govern thy heart! Constrain th' entangled sense!  
Resist the false, soft sinfulness which saps  
Knowledge and judgment! Yea, the world is strong,  
But what discerns it stronger, and the mind  
Strongest; and high o'er all the ruling Soul.  
Wherefore, perceiving Him who reigns supreme,  
Put forth full force of Soul in thy own soul!  
Fight! vanquish foes and doubts, dear Hero! slay  
What haunts thee in fond shapes, and would betray!

Scattered throughout the poem, which is given, for the most part, in the free, flexible forms of English blank verse, are many striking and beautiful lyrics, which will warmly commend themselves to lovers of poetry.

#### FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

MESSRS. TILLOTSON, of Bolton, have bought from Mrs. Fergus the MSS. of three unpublished short stories found amongst the papers of the late "Hugh Conway." The longest and most ambitious is entitled "The Story of a Sculptor." Some time prior to his death Mr. Fergus had agreed to write a serial for Messrs. Tillotson, to run for six months in newspapers published simultaneously at home and abroad; but this arrangement was broken by his sudden decease.

THE *Schwäbische Merkur* of Stuttgart will celebrate its centenary this year. Its first number appeared on October 3rd, 1785, and it has been in possession of the Elben family from that date until the present time. On July 1st a history of the newspaper was commenced in its columns.

PROF. HERMANN PALM, late Prorektor of the Magdalenen-Gymnasium in Breslau, has

just died in that city. He is best known by his exhaustive researches in the literary history of Silesia, especially in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, as in his work on Martin Opitz and Andreas Gryphius. He was also a foremost expert in the political history of Silesia.

A SUBSCRIPTION list is being formed in England with a view to presenting a free-will offering to the American poet, Walt Whitman. The poet is in his sixty-seventh year, and has since his enforced retirement some years ago from official work in Washington, owing to an attack of paralysis, maintained himself precariously by the sale of his works in poetry and prose, and by occasional contributions to magazines.

THE next number of the "Anecdota Oxoniensia" (Aryan Series), which is ready for publication, contains the "Dharmasamgraha," a collection of Buddhist technical terms. The materials were collected by Kenyū Kasawara, one of the Buddhist priests who came from Japan to Oxford to study Sanskrit, and who died soon after his return to Japan. Prof. Max Müller has superintended the publication, assisted by Dr. Wenzel, the well-known Tibetan scholar, who has been resident at Oxford for several years. The book contains copious notes and indices.

MR. FISHER UNWIN is about to publish in this country the selection of American speeches, from the colonial period to the present time, which Prof. Alexander Johnston, of the College of New Jersey, has issued in the United States under the title "Illustrations of History and Examples of Oratory." The work will include speeches by Patrick Henry, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Wendell Phillips, and General Garfield.

It seems that the practice of publishing novels as *feuilletons* in newspapers is becoming firmly established in both England and America, though still confined, for the most part, to the provincial press. Messrs. Tillotson & Son, of Bolton, England, who claim to be the originators of the practice, have certainly carried it to an extraordinary development. They have on their list some dozen novelists, including the names of Mrs. Oliphant, Miss Braddon, Mr. Wilkie Collins, Mr. William Black, and Mr. Walter Besant, who have promised to supply them with stories for serial publication in newspapers for the next two years. We are assured, says the London *Academy*, that pub-

lication in this form does not injure the subsequent circulation of the book in the orthodox three volumes, which shows that an entirely new class of readers has thus been found for writers who are already popular.

A CURIOUS question concerning the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* is reported from America, says the *Athenæum*. It is said that the proprietors—presumably the English proprietors—have sold the original plates to Messrs. Scribners, who intend to bring out a cheap edition for circulation in the United States and also in Canada. But when Messrs. Scribners sent to Canada a large consignment of unbound copies, the Customs authorities at Montreal demanded that the *ad valorem* import duty should be determined not by the price proposed to be asked for the cheap edition, but by the price charged in England.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. have made arrangements for the publication of a history of English literature in four volumes, each the work of a writer who has devoted special attention to the period under review. The pre-Elizabethan literature will be dealt with by Mr. Stopford Brooke. Mr. Saintsbury has undertaken the age of Elizabeth, Mr. Gosse will take the succeeding period, and Prof. Dowden, beginning probably with Cowper, will carry the narrative to a conclusion. The idea of such a joint history was originally due to a suggestion of the late Mr. J. R. Green, at that time the editor of the series for which Mr. Brooke's "Primer of English Literature" was written.

THE committee appointed some time ago to draw up a code for the transliteration of the Japanese characters into the Roman letters is reported to have concluded its task, and to have commenced the publication of a dictionary and various school-books in the newly adopted alphabet.

THE last issue of Mr. Quaritch's (the great London collector and bookseller) catalogues deals with the history, ethnology, and philology of America. Among the rarities included are several Aztec painted records; copies of Lord Kingsborough's *Antiquities of Mexico* and of Audubon's *Birds of America*; a large number of MSS., treating of the early Spanish settlements, from the collection of the late Don J. F. Ramirez; and a series of autograph letters of American statesmen between 1796 and 1821.

THE first part of an encyclopædic dictionary in Bengali, edited by two native scholars, has

just been published in India. It contains descriptive derivations of Sanskrit and Bengali words, with Sutras quoted from Panini the grammarian; Arabic, Persian, and Hindu words introduced into the Bengali language; notes on the ancient and modern religious beliefs of India, the Vedans, Purans, Tantras, and other sacred books; besides short articles embracing the whole range of modern science.

DR. GEORGE MOBERLY, bishop of Salisbury and formerly headmaster of Winchester School, died on July 4th at the ripe age of eighty-two years. The period of his headmastership was in length just double the period of his episcopate; and it is by his connection with Winchester that his name will always be best known. He was a headmaster of a type now old-fashioned—a scholar, a gentleman, and an ecclesiastic, rather than an administrator. Himself a Winchester boy, and the father of Winchester boys, he helped to preserve the traditions of the school unimpaired through several generations. If he was not a great teacher, he exercised a permanent influence on his pupils by reason of his personal character and the wide range of his sympathies. Most of his published works are sermons, but while a tutor at Oxford he wrote an *Introduction to Logic*.

MESSRS. SOTHEY, of London, recently sold the large collection of literary autographs formed by the late F. Naylor. Among the chief rarities were a holograph letter of Catharine of Aragon to Cardinal Santa Cruz; a long letter of Queen Elizabeth to Henri IV., referring to recent attempts on his life and her own; several letters of Nelson to Lady Hamilton and others; and a letter of Oliver Goldsmith to Garrick, referring to the rejection of his play, "She Stoops to Conquer." The original MS. of Byron's "Siege of Corinth," belonging to another collection, was also sold at the same time.

PROF. LUDWIG GEIGER, of Berlin, has reprinted from the *Deutsche Literaturzeitung* a paper describing the Goethe Society which it is proposed to found at Weimar. The Grand Duke has given his patronage to the scheme, and has promised to open to the society the Goethe Museum, which contains a large body of MSS. relating to the poet, including early drafts of some of his works, letters and diaries. It is intended to hold meetings at Weimar for the reading of papers and discussion, and to publish at some future time a critical edition of the complete works of Goethe.

## MISCELLANY.

TRADE ON THE CONGO.—The constant activities of trade tend to develop the intellectual faculties of the people. Cute, long-headed men, with wonderful memories, having no account-books or invoices, they ask you sensible questions; and if you can speak their language, an hour's chat may be as pleasant with them as with some whiter and more civilised folk. If you have a bargain to drive with them you need all your wits and firmness, while if they are stronger than you, or have no reason to respect you, they will have their way. Clever in pottery and metal-work, making hoes and knives, casting bracelets, anklets, and even bells, from the brass rods of trade, beating out brass wire and ribbon, they strike you at once as being of a superior type. But there are districts where there seems to be no energy in the people. Take, for instance, the Majinga or the Lukunga Valley, as we knew them two years ago. Here the natives live in the midst of plenty, for the soil is not to be equalled in richness. The proceeds of a goat sold on one of the markets will find a large family in palm fibre cloth for a year, while a crate or two of fowls will provide salt, gunpowder, and an occasional hoe or plate. A boy grows up in this rich country, and for a while his intellect expands as he learns about the little world around him. As he grows older he may bestir himself to find means to buy a gun, and then a wife. That accomplished, he has practically nothing more to learn or live for. He sleeps or smokes all day, unless just about September the grass is burnt and there is a little hunting, though a war or a palaver may sometimes break the monotony. Otherwise his wife cultivates the ground and feeds him; he eats and sleeps. Living such an animal life his intellect stagnates, he becomes quarrelsome and stupid to a degree almost hopeless. Here lies all the difference between the degraded and the higher types of the African. The intellect of the one is stagnant, while the other has everything to quicken it.—*Sunday at Home.*

CORDOVA, SEVILLE, AND CADIZ.—Andalusia, the southernmost, is in many respects the most interesting province of Spain. Highly favored by Nature, dominant races from the earliest periods gladly made it their home. The Tarshish of Holy Writ, whence Solomon drew his supplies of the precious metals, the richness of the soil no less than its mineral wealth soon attracted those sharp men of business, the Phœnicians, who converted it into a centre of

commercial activity. Next the Romans colonised it. Under them Cordova was a crowded city, the favorite residence of patrician families; Italica, near modern Seville, a splendid place, where emperors and poets were born; Gades, the modern Cadiz, was a seaport full of merchant-princes and marble palaces, the mart and emporium of the then known world. To the Vandals, who by the right of conquest administered to the Roman inheritance, it owes the name it still bears; a single letter only is lacking to the "Vandalusia" of their time. Last of all came the Moors; and as the tide of their invasion was rolled back from the north they consolidated here a kingdom which for several centuries was pre-eminent in Europe for learning, opulence, and strength. The climate was congenial; the soil, naturally rich, became marvellously productive under the scientific system of irrigation which they introduced. The caliphs controlled vast revenues, derived no less from conquest than from the industry of their subjects, and had, therefore, the command of untold wealth, which they freely lavished to enrich the land of their adoption. They raised stately edifices—mosques second to none in splendor and sanctity, palaces such as that of Azzarah, which, if contemporary historians are to be believed, outshone the most highly colored pictures in the "Arabian Nights." Built as a tribute of affection from a fond husband to his wife, it contained thousands of marble pillars, fountains of quicksilver and of sweet waters falling into basins of porphyry and jasper, gardens filled with costly exotics, and vocal with singing birds; doors, ceilings, walls of precious wood inlaid with gems and solid gold; 10,000 skilled workmen, under the eye of architects from Bagdad, had labored in its construction; Constantinople supplied furniture rich and rare. When completed, 25,000 servants ministered to the wants of those who dwelt within its gorgeous precincts. Cordova, as the capital of this powerful and independent caliphate, the successful rival of Damascus and Bagdad, reached then to a height of prosperity nearly inconceivable when compared with the present poverty-stricken prostration of the place. It numbered then, say Arabic writers of the time, nearly 1,000,000 inhabitants, who dwelt in 200,000 houses, owned 80,000 palaces, worshipped Allah in 600 mosques, and obeyed the precepts of cleanliness and constant ablutions in 900 splendid baths. The suburbs of the city consisted of 12,000 villages. Well-filled libraries and innumerable schools provided for educa-

tion ; and the atmosphere of Cordova then, as in every age, seemed especially favorable to the development of learning and *belles lettres*. It has produced as many poets and philosophers, ripe scholars and men of science, as any city of its size and time. Among Romans, the two Senecas and Lucan were Cordovans by birth ; so were Gongora, Sepulveda, and Cespedes in the days when Spanish supremacy was restored. It was a focus and centre of literary talent under the beneficent rule of its cultured and enlightened caliphs. Scholars of world-wide renown filled its professorial chairs. One of these, Averroes, in a measure revealed Aristotle to the world ; others contributed largely to our knowledge of the stars ; hundreds were noted as historians, or as the authors of treatises on logic and metaphysics, many of which are still preserved in the Escorial.—*Picturesque Europe.*

EARLY HISTORY OF THE RUSSIAN NAVY.—The Russian navy had no real existence until the year 1581, when Ivan, the fourth Vassilievitch, invited some Dutch ship-builders to Archangel, in the White Sea, the only port then possessed by Russia. A century later, Alexis Mikhailovitch established an inland dockyard on the river Oka, near Moscow, and secured the services of a Dutchman, one David Butler, who constructed a ship of war and a small flotilla. The fate of this first beginning of the now powerful Russian navy was disastrous. The little squadron descended the Volga to the Caspian Sea, but was almost immediately destroyed by the revolt of Stianka Rasene, which broke out about the same time on that coast. All the crew perished, with the exception of the surgeon, and a Dutchman named Karsteen Brandt, destined by fate to second, at a subsequent period, the son of this Czar in his great work of creating a navy. This prince, known to history as Peter the Great, the most remarkable sovereign that ever reigned in Russia, when he was at Ismailof visited several edifices containing various objects of curiosity, collected by his grandfather, Nikita Ivanovitch Romanof, and discovered in a loft a sloop built by order of his father. Struck with its form and construction, the young prince asked his tutor, Zimmerman of Strasburg, if it were yet possible to make use of it. The tutor commissioned Brandt to repair it, and the young prince was impatient to make a trial of the little vessel. Shortly afterwards, Brandt built, by his orders, two small frigates and three yachts, and, in 1649, the young Czar re-

paired with his squadron to Archangel, where, to his inexpressible joy, he embarked, for the first time, on the open sea. His wars with the Turks first gave him the idea of establishing a dockyard at Voronej on the Don, and in 1696 he launched upon this river two ships, two galleots, twenty-three galleys, and four fire-ships. This squadron contributed powerfully to the capture of Azof, which opened to the Czar the navigation of the inland sea of that name, with which view he established the port of Taganrog. Under Anna Ivanovna and Elizabeth Petrovna the Russian marine was neglected until the reign of the great Catherine, who, constantly at war, either with the Turks or the Swedes, increased it rather too hastily to a prodigious force. This immense naval force was not suffered to remain idle, and all Europe was electrified when it achieved one of the most decisive and crushing victories recorded in naval history. This was the battle of Tchesmè. In the year 1770, the Russian Government, with a view of assisting the Greeks to throw off the Turkish yoke, sent a squadron of nine sail-of-the-line, and several frigates, with a large body of troops, to the Mediterranean, under the command of Count Orloff, who had under his orders Admirals Spiritdoff, Greig, and Elphinstone, besides several other distinguished British officers. On Saturday, July 7, 1770, information was obtained from a Greek telucca that the Turkish squadron was at anchor off Scio. The Capitan Pacha's ship was about half a mile from the shore to windward of the rest, and near a very small, flat island, on which the Turks had neglected to throw up batteries, and so unskilfully was their line formed, that only five of their largest ships could bring their broadsides to bear upon an advancing enemy at one time, thus losing all advantage of their immense superiority of force. At 11 each Russian captain was on board his ship, and the signal was made for prayers. Every preparation for battle having been made, Captain Orloff at noon threw out the red flag, as a signal for attack ; upon which the whole fleet, ranged in order of battle, moved towards the enemy. Admiral Spiritdoff led the van, and bore down on the headmost ship of the enemy, the *Capitana Ali Bey*, of 100 guns. Besides the fire of this ship, the Admiral received that of four others, by which 150 of his men were killed or wounded. The admiral endeavored to stand out of the fire to repair damages, but was prevented. The Turks leaped in crowds upon her deck with headlong fury, but the steady gallantry of the Russians repulsed them,

and, boarding in their turn, they struck the colors. On this occasion a troop of Cuirassiers of the Imperial Guard, who, on their embarkation at Kronstadt had excited the jests of the sailors, greatly distinguished themselves. The Turks, led on by the Capitan Pacha, who displayed great bravery, returned to the attack. The conflict between these two ships engaged the attention of both fleets. Grappled together, they fought hand to hand for fifteen minutes, when a column of flame and smoke burst from the Turkish admiral's starboard quarter-gallery. The fire increased every moment, and with irresistible fury communicated to the rigging and masts of Admiral Spiridoff's ship, on which the crews of both ships, exposed to the same calamity, forgot their animosity, suspended firing, and were only intent how to escape the impending destruction. The gallant and unfortunate Capitan Pacha was one of the last to quit his ship, and, though wounded, succeeded in reaching the shore by swimming. The Turkish ship was now in one general flame, and being to windward, some of their fleet were endangered by her. The whole Turkish fleet was overcome with panic, and, to avoid the same fate, they adopted the fatal measure of cutting their cables and running into the Bay of Tchesmè. The brilliant and crushing victory achieved at Tchesmè astonished the world, and revealed to Europe the fact that a naval power had arisen of the first magnitude, able to cope with and overcome the fleets of the Ottoman. The fruits of his policy indicated the prescient wisdom of the Czar Peter. The immediate results were the peace of Koutschom-Kainardji, securing for Russia the Crimea and the free navigation of the Black Sea. Subsequently Kherson, Odessa, and Sebastopol became the principal naval stations of Russia in the south.—*Army and Navy Magazine*.

VICTOR HUGO ON THE "UNITED STATES OF EUROPE."—If, four centuries ago, at the period when war was made by one district against the other, between cities, and between provinces, if, I say, some one had dared to predict to Lorraine, to Picardy, to Normandy, to Brittany, to Auvergne, to Provence, to Dauphiny, to Burgundy,—“A day shall come when you will no longer make wars, when you will no longer arm men one against the other, when it will no longer be said that the Normans are attacking the Picards, or that the people of Lorraine are repulsing the Burgundians—you will still have many disputes to settle, interests to contend for, difficulties to resolve; but do you know

what you will substitute instead of armed men, instead of cavalry and infantry, of cannon, of falconets, lances, pikes, and swords? You will select, instead of all this destructive array, a small box of wood, which you will term a ballot-box, and from which shall issue—what?—an assembly—an assembly in which you shall all live—an assembly which shall be, as it were, the soul of all—a supreme and popular council, which shall decide, judge, resolve everything—which shall make the sword fall from every hand, and excite the love of justice in every heart—which shall say to each, “Here terminates your right, there commences your duty: lay down your arms! Live in peace!” And in that day you will all have one common thought, common interest, as common destiny; you will recognise each other as children of the same blood, and of the same race; that day you will no longer be hostile tribes—you will be a people; you will no longer be Burgundy, Normandy, Brittany, or Provence—you will be France! You will no longer make appeals to war—you will do so to civilisation.” If, at the period I speak of, some one had uttered these words, all men of a serious and positive character, all prudent and cautious men, all the great politicians of the period, would have cried out, “What a dreamer! what a fantastic dream! How little this pretended prophet is acquainted with the human heart! What ridiculous folly! what an absurd chimera!” Yet time has gone on and on, and we find that this dream, this folly, this absurdity, has been realised! And I insist upon this, that the man who would have dared to utter so sublime a prophecy would have been pronounced a madman for having dared to pry into the designs of the Deity. Well, then, a day will also come when war will appear as absurd, and be as impossible, between Paris and London, between St. Petersburg and Berlin, between Vienna and Turin, as it would be now between Boston and Philadelphia. A day will come when France, Russia, Italy, England, Germany, will all, without losing their distinctive qualities and glorious individuality, be blended into a superior unity, and constitute an European fraternity, just as Normandy, Brittany, Burgundy, Lorraine, Alsace, have been blended into France. A day will come when bullets and bomb-shells will be replaced by votes, by the suffrage, by the venerable arbitration of a great Sovereign Senate, which will be to Europe what the Parliament is to England, what the Diet is to Germany, what the Legislative Assembly is to France. A day will come when those two im-

mense groups, the United States of America and the United States of Europe, shall be seen placed in presence of each other, extending the hand of fellowship across the ocean, exchanging their produce, their industry, their arts, their genius, clearing the earth, peopling the deserts, improving creation under the eye of the Creator, and uniting, for the good of all, the power of God and the fraternity of men.

PARIS MARKETS.—The Paris markets are probably the finest in the world. The Halles Centrales were built on the model of the Crystal Palace, and though the other markets in the various quarters of Paris are not so large and so fine they are all managed on the same principles, and are examples of what can be done when a people have an inkling that they are a real society and that the common good is the truest way of arriving at the individual good. This, however, cannot be said of the sewerage system as it is carried out in our neighborhood. It is stated that there is beneath the city a great network of sewers tunnelled over and kept in such a manner that through a portion of it visitors are conveyed in trams until they come to the great reservoir under the Rue Royale; but of this apparently perfect system we reaped no advantage. Instead, we were subjected for two or three nights every few months to the primitive and barbarous custom of pumping up the sewage into great cylinders, which were dragged away by a team of horses. In lying awake at night I always found that the only time out of the 24 hours in which there was absolute silence in Paris was about two o'clock in the morning. Shortly after this hour the market wagons began to pass on their road to the Halles Centrales, where they arrive about 3 A.M. They are there unloaded by a regiment of nearly 500 porters, called "les forts de la Halle," and who are only admitted after their physical capacity and moral character has been found satisfactory. The greatest care is taken to prevent bad goods from being sold. The inspectors weigh and test every pound of butter. The annual consumption of eggs in Paris is said to reach the fabulous number of 250,000,000. Those brought into the market are each inspected, and similar care is exercised over the meat; whatever is condemned is covered with quicklime and buried. The butchers' shops in Paris are models of cleanliness and good order, and instead of making difficulties about small joints you are readily served with any amount you require. There

are many reasons for this great superiority if compared with the same sort of shops in London—the markets, the supervision of the authorities, the great economy of French house-keeping, and the practice among Parisian housekeepers of doing their own marketing.—*Good Words.*

LUNACY LAWS IN BELGIUM.—It will be remembered that on August 14, 1884, Lord Granville wrote a circular letter to Her Majesty's representatives in Europe and the United States, asking for some account of the lunacy laws in the States to which they were severally accredited. A Parliamentary paper was issued a few weeks ago, and noticed in the *Times* at the time, containing the reports of several of the representatives abroad, and now a second paper is published containing a report on the lunacy laws in Belgium, prepared by Mr. W. J. G. Napier, second secretary attached to that Legation. The chief interest in these reports lies in the checks against improper admission or detention in asylums, and in the supervision of the latter. With regard to the checks, those provided by the Belgian law seem ample. No patient can be received into an establishment except at the written request of his proper guardian, backed by the *conseil de famille*, and the application must be indorsed by the Burgomaster of his commune, and tested in other ways. Notice must be given within twenty-four hours of admission to the governor of the province, to the local *Procureur de Roi*, to the *Juge de Paix*, to the Burgomaster, and to the Visiting Committee of the asylum. Upon each of the first five days after admission the patient must be visited by the medical officer of the asylum, an officer appointed by Government. The patient may at all times appear before the President of the Tribunal and demand an inquiry, and the President may discharge him at once. Lastly, the *Procureur de Roi* is bound to visit the asylums in his district every three months, and must have all patients who have been admitted since his last visit produced before him. With regard to supervision, every asylum is under Government inspection, and is visited by an inspector-general and his commissaries, and by commissions of inspection, all of whom are appointed by, and have to report to, the Government. The *Procureur de Roi* at Brussels can only recall one case in which the law has had to be appealed to to procure the investigation of a reported case of wrongful detention in a lunatic asylum.

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